

LIFE AND TIMES
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY
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OF THE INNER TEMPLE, BARRISTER AT LAW.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

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TO
CHARLES DICKENS.



GENEVE AND ITS REWARDS ARE BRIEFLY TOLD :

A LIBERAL NATURE AND A NIGWARD DOOM,

A DIFFICULT JOURNEY TO A SPLENDID TOMB.

NEW WHIT, NOR LIGHTLY WISHED, THAT STORY OLD

IN GENTLE GOLDSMITH'S LIFE I HERE UNFOLD :

THOU' OTHER THAN LOVE WILD OR DECKT ALONE,

IN ITS MERE JOY AND PAIN, ITS BRIGHT AND DIM,

ALWAYS BEEN. COME WITH ME AND BEHOLD,

A FRIEND WITH HEART AS GENTLE FOR DISTRESS,

AS WOULDST WITH WISE TRUE THOUGHTS TO BIND

THE HAPPIEST TO THE UNHAPPIEST OF OUR KIND,

THAT THOU IN FISHER CROWDED MERRY

IN MARCH TIDE AND LONDON LAMPELLED

THOU IN CROWNED SOLAR'S MID THE FARE-TOY BEA.

JOHN FORSTER.

PREFACE.

WHATEVER the work may be which a man undertakes to do, it is desirable that he should do it as completely as he can; and this is my reason for having endeavoured, amid employments that seemed scarcely compatible with such additional labour, to render this book more worthy of the favour with which the First Edition was received.

With this remark these volumes should have been dismissed, to find what acceptance and appreciation the new facts and illustrations they contain may justly win for them, but for the circumstance of an attack made upon the writer by the author of a former life of Goldsmith, on grounds as unjustifiable and in terms as insolent as may be found in even the history of literature.*

Briefly, Mr. Prior's charge against me was this. That I had taken all the facts relating to Goldsmith contained in the present biography from the book written by himself; that the whole of the original matter connected with the poet supplied in my work might have been comprised in

other persons, or illustrations of the time, were a wholesale abstraction from the *Life* by Mr. Prior. My answer (to describe it as briefly) was, that the charge so brought against me was in all its particulars unfounded and false ; that I had mentioned Mr. Prior's name in connection with everything of which he could in any sense be regarded as the discoverer ; that so far from my book being slavishly copied from his, I had largely supplied his deficiencies, and silently corrected his errors ; and that, in availing myself with scrupulous acknowledgment of the facts first put forth by him, as well as of the far more important facts related in other books without which he never could have written his, I had contributed to them many new anecdotes and some original letters, had subjected them to an entirely new examination and arrangement, and had done my best to transform an indiscriminate and dead collection of details *about* a man, into a living picture of the man himself surrounded by the life of his time.

The reader will observe that the accusation which thus unexpectedly placed me on my defence, implied neither more nor less on the part of the person who made it, than a claim to absolute property in certain facts. It was not pretended that my book contained a line of Mr. Prior's writing. Not even the monomania which suggested so extraordinary a charge could extend it into an imputation that a single word of original comment or criticism, literary or personal, had been appropriated by me ; or that I had

which he assumed to have discovered, and the repetition of which he would prohibit to all who came after him. The question broadly raised was, whether any man who may have published a biography, contributing to it certain facts as the result of his own research, can from that instant lay claim to the entire beneficial interest in those facts, nay, can appropriate to himself the subject of the biography, and warn off every other person as a trespasser from the ground so seized.

Now, upon the reason or common sense of such a proposition, I should be ashamed to waste a word. Taking for granted the claim of discovery to the full extent asserted, the claim to any exclusive use of such discovery is sheer folly. No man can hold a patent in biography or in history except by a mastery of execution unapproached by competitors. He only may hope to have possessed himself of a subject, who has exhausted it; or to have established his originality in dealing with facts, who has so happily disposed and applied them as to preclude the chances of more successful treatment by any subsequent writer. But between me and my accuser in this particular case a really practical question *was* raised under cover of the extravagant and impossible one. The substance of Mr. Prior's pretensions as a discoverer in connection with Goldsmith came in issue; and the answer could only be, that these had been enormously exaggerated. It became necessary to point

assert, that the most important particulars of Goldsmith's life, except as to bibliography, where the books themselves furnished easy hints for the supply of every defect, had been published long before by Cooke, Glover, Percy, Davies, Hawkins, Boswell, and their contemporaries or commentators; and that were each fact again expressly assigned to its original authority, what Mr. Prior might claim for his would be found ridiculously small compared with the bulk of his volumes.

In support of that assertion I now place before the public the present book. Not only are very numerous corrections to every former publication on the subject here made, and a great many new facts brought forward, but each fact, whether new or old, is given from its first authority, and no quotation has been made at second hand.

The gravest defect in my first edition is thus remedied. I no longer, from a strained sense of the courtesy due to a living writer, and an immediate predecessor on this ground, confine my acknowledgments chiefly to him. The reader is enabled to see exactly the extent of my obligations to Mr. Prior, and also, for the first time, the extent of *his* obligations to books which he has largely copied, and never remembered or cared to name. For, nothing is so noteworthy in this stickler for a property in facts originally derived, as the perpetual false assumption of an original air by quoting as from the communication of

book would expect to find already printed in a magazine of the last century not a few of its most characteristic "original" anecdotes. To the highly curious and valuable series of *published* recollections of Goldsmith, written by one of his intimate companions, William Cooke of the 'Temple, before even Percy's edition of the *Miscellaneous Works*, Mr. Prior never once refers. He preserves almost as close a silence in respect to the *Percy Memoir* itself, which, though remaining still by far the fullest and most authentic repository of "original" information about Goldsmith, he sedulously avoids to name in connection with any of the interesting matter he abstracts unscrupulously from it. When, in the course of repelling his attack, I had occasion to repeat my obligations to what I regard as the most valuable details in his book, namely, Goldsmith's accounts and agreements with his publisher Newbery, and the bills of his landlady Mrs. Fleming, it never occurred to me to doubt that those papers were Mr. Prior's, and remained in his possession. The truth, however, is that they were placed at his disposal by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, whose son and successor has most kindly placed them at mine; and though I have quoted them throughout my volumes as originally published by him, it will be found that I have corrected several mistakes in his transcription of them, and printed some part of their contents for the first time. Even to the entertaining tailor's bills which in Mr. Prior's book

discovery of yet earlier date, connecting with his very outset in life as a medical student his indulgence in those innocent foibles.

The reader will do me the justice to remember that any apparent depreciation of the labours of a predecessor in the same field with myself has been forced upon me. I had no thought towards this gentleman but of gratitude in connection with the pursuit which had occupied us in common, until he repelled the expression of that feeling. Of course I did not think his book a good one, or I would not have written mine; but I liked his liking for the subject, had profited not a little by his exertions in connection with it, valued the new facts he had contributed to its illustration, and was content, without the mention of any adverse opinion as to the mode in which he had used those materials, to let the reader silently infer the reason which had induced my own attempt. For why should I now conceal that the very extent of my sympathy with the purpose of his biography had unhappily convinced me of its utter failure in his hands; and that for this reason, with no dislike of him, but much love for Goldsmith, the present biography was undertaken? It seemed no unworthy task to rescue one of the most fascinating writers in the language from one of its dullest books, from a posthumous admiration more harassing than any spite that vexed poor Goldsmith while he lived, from a clumsy and incessant exaltation far worse than Hawkins's absurd

to supply many omissions, and to restore point to many anecdotes mistold or misunderstood; but while all this was done silently, Mr. Prior's name was introduced into the text of my narrative not less than fifteen times, and a brief advertisement at its close was devoted to the eulogistic statement (for which I can only now implore the pardon of my readers) that the "diligent labour, enthusiasm, and ability displayed in his edition and elaborate memoir twelve years ago, had placed every subsequent writer under weighty obligations to him."

If any one then had warned me of the impending wrath of Mr. Prior, it would have appeared to me simply ridiculous. With some reason, perhaps, any new biographer may demand a brief interval for public judgment before a successor shall occupy his ground, but even this in courtesy only; and it never occurred to me to question Mr. Washington Irving's perfect right to avail himself to the uttermost of the present work, though he did so within as many weeks as I had waited years before encroaching on Mr. Prior's. But if any one had gravely assured me that the author of a book published twelve years, and which, with no encouragement for a second edition, had for more than half that time been transferred to the shelves of the cheap bookstalls, would think himself entitled coarsely to assail me for reopening his subject anew, I should have laughed at a suggestion so incredible; and if, in support of the statement, details of the proposed attack had been given, based chiefly on the imputation of borrowing

At page 13 of Mr. Prior's first volume, in giving several details of the childhood of the poet, he expresses his thanks to "the Rev. Dr. Streat, of Athlone, to whom I feel obliged "for the inquiries he has made." So at pages 22, 23, 110, and in other places (in the second volume, 255, &c). Yet the obligation was really incurred, not to Dr. Streat, but to an *Essay* only once very slightly and cursorily alluded to (102), containing (139—149) the whole of Dr. Streat's information, and published in 1808 by Mr. Mangin, who not without reason complained, on the appearance of Mr. Prior's book, that, though Dr. Streat had placed it in Mr. Prior's hands telling him it contained all he had to say about Goldsmith, he had "employed much of what he found in "the *Essay* without having the courtesy to use marks of "quotation." (*Parlour Window Book*, 4-5.)

At pp. 28-29, 45-47, 109, 118, 128, and in other parts of the description of Goldsmith's boyhood, all the characteristic anecdotes are given generally as on the authority of his sisters or friends; but any particular mention of the *Percy Memoir*, in which (5-6-7-9-13-14) they were first published, is studiously avoided. In like manner the account of his first adventures in Edinburgh, told with an original air at p. 134-135, the notice of Mr. Contarine at p. 50-51, and of Mr. Lawder at p. 130 are taken without acknowledgment from the same

described as from the communication of a reverend gentleman, who had already communicated it to all the world at a public meeting fifteen years before (*Gent. Mag.* xc. 620).

At p. 76, coupled with a previous intimation at p. 63, the reader is left to infer that Dr. Wilson's account of the college riot in which Goldsmith took part is laid before him from unpublished letters, whereas all the facts, on the special authority of Dr. Wilson, are stated in the *Percy Memoir* (16-17), to which no allusion is made; and in like manner the characteristic expression in that memoir, that "one of his contemporaries describes him as *perpetually lounging about the college gate*" (15), is appropriated as a piece of original information at p. 92, and assigned to Dr. Wolfen.

At p. 98 much is made of the loss of the formal registry proving Goldsmith to have taken his bachelor's degree (all which is in the *Percy Memoir*, 17, though Mr. Prior does not tell his readers so), and a self-glorifying announcement is made of the satisfactory settlement of that interesting question, even in the absence of so important a piece of proof, by the fact that "his name was *first found by the present writer* in the list of such as had right of access to "the college library, to which by the rules graduates only "are admissible." Yet Mr. Prior had before him Mr. Shaw Mason's *Statistical Account or Survey*, published nearly twenty years before, where, for satisfactory evidence that

the same most authentic narrative. Let me add, that though Dr. Percy omits some valuable points in this letter, Mr. Prior is not entitled to say that all copies of it hitherto printed have been taken from "imperfect transcripts," saving only that which "has been submitted to the present "writer," &c., &c. In the 25th volume of the *European Magazine* (332-333) there is a copy, postscript and all, word for word the same as Mr. Prior's, except that the close is more characteristic than his, of the writer's spirit in those boyish days.

At p. 169-170 there is much parade about certain discoveries in connexion with Dr. Ellis, and we are told that "from accounts given by this gentleman in conversation in "various societies in Dublin, it appears that, &c;" but what appears is literally no more than had been told far more characteristically at p. 33-34 of the *Percy Memoir*, to which no allusion is made, either here or a few pages on (174), when one of the prettiest of all the stories of Goldsmith's improvidence is given on Dr. Ellis's authority, without a hint of the book (*Percy Memoir*, 33-34) in which it first appeared.

At p. 176, the same sort of parade is made about a lost letter of Goldsmith's descriptive of his travels "communicated to the writer by &c. &c. &c. to whose father &c. &c."—the fact of the letter, as well as of the accident that destroyed it, having been published nearly half a century before by Dr. Campbell, in his *Survey of the South of*

could have written no such letter; and Mr. Prior had, in truth, simply copied the fact from Northcote's *Life of Reynolds* (i. 332-333). An original letter is given at pp. 246-251, full of interest and character, without anything to inform the reader that he might have found it at pp. 40-45 of the *Percy Memoir*; nor would it be very clear to him, even though Bishop Percy is mentioned in a note, that the letter at pp. 259-262 had been copied from the same source (50-52); still less that the long and characteristic fragment of a letter at pp. 275-278 is also but a verbatim copy from pp. 46-49 of the same ill-treated authority, and that the master-piece of all Goldsmith's epistolary writing, for the varied interest of its contents, has been bodily transferred without acknowledgment from pp. 53-59 of the one book to pp. 297-303 of the other.

At pp. 370-372, an anecdote is related as having been told by Goldsmith himself "with considerable humour;" but the story is ill-told, and with no mention of the printed authority from which it was derived (in the *European Magazine*, xxiv. 259-260). Precisely the same remark I have to repeat of the stories at pp. 422-424, and of the statement at p. 495 for which an erroneous authority is given. These will be found in the *European Magazine*, xxiv. 92, 93, and 94. "The remembrance of Bishop "Percy" is invoked for another whimsical anecdote at p. 377, when the exact page of the memoir (62-63)

as he had borrowed them himself, except that I never sought to put them forth as my own discoveries, I was not assailed and insulted by him. I now proceed in the same way, with all possible brevity, through the second volume of his book: merely premising, as a help to those who would have some clue to this perpetual and strange desire to represent as from oral or written communication facts derived from printed sources, that Mr. Prior took occasion in the course of his attack upon me expressly to lay down the doctrine, that what has been printed for any given number of years can no longer be held new, or regarded in the light of a discovery; and as, in his own esteem, he is nothing if not a discoverer, and by consequence a proprietor, of facts, there ought to be little perhaps to surprise the reader in the foregoing and following examples.

At pp. 1-11 of the second volume there is a vast deal about Goldsmith's Oratorio of the *Captivity*, about the fact of two copies being still extant in his handwriting, and about Mr. Prior being enabled to print for the first time "from that which appears the most correct transcript;" the reader being kept quite ignorant that already this poem had been printed, from a copy in Goldsmith's handwriting at the

for July 1797. In pp. 80-94 a great clutter is made about the ballad of *Edwin and Angelina*, as to which all that was really essential is told in pp. 74-76 of the *Memoir* by Percy, whose personal connection with the dispute arising out of it gives peculiar authority to his statement.

At p. 130 the assertion about Goldsmith's having got a large sum for what might seem a small labour, put forth as an exaggeration reported by others which "he took no pains to contradict," but to which he would "in substance reply" &c, is all taken without acknowledgment from Cooke's narrative in the *European Magazine* (xxiv. 94); in which the exaggeration, such as it is, is most emphatically assigned to Goldsmith himself. At p. 135 the whimsical anecdote described to have been told to Dr. Percy, "with some humour by the Duchess of Northumberland," might more correctly have been quoted from p. 68-69 of the *Percy Memoir*.

At p. 139 there occurs, at last, formal mention of a person "admitted to considerable intimacy with him, Mr. William Cooke, a barrister, known as the writer of a work on "dramatic genius, and of a poem, &c"; of whom it is added that "he related many amusing anecdotes of the "poet from personal knowledge;" but *where* the anecdotes are to be found is carefully suppressed, nor indeed could any one imagine that they had ever found their way into print. At p. 139-140 a highly characteristic story of Goldsmith is given as from the relation of this Mr. Cooke, "corroborated to the writer by the late Richard St.

years before Mr. Prior wrote.

At p. 140-141, one of Cooke's most amusing stories is ill-told without a mention of its printed source (*Europ. Mag.* xxiv. 260). At p. 167 an incident is given from Mrs. Piozzi's relation, though with no mention of her book (*Anecdotes*, 244-246); and connected with it is a formal confirmation of her mistake as to the club's night of meeting, which the very slight diligence of turning to p. 72 of the *Percy Memoir* would have enabled Mr. Prior to correct. And at pp. 175, 178 (where certain lines are quoted without allusion to an anecdote current at the time that had given them their only point), 181, 182, and 197, circumstances and traits of character are set forth without the least acknowledgment from Cooke's printed papers (*European Magazine*, xxiv. 170, 422, xxv. 184, xxiv. 172, 261, and 429), with only such occasional mystification of the reader as that "a jest of the poet "was repeated by Mr. Cooke" (197), or that "Bishop "Percy in conversation frequently alluded to these "habits" (182).

At pp. 194-196, a long passage is given from Colman's *Random Records* (i. 110-113); at p. 207 a business-agreement of Goldsmith's as "drawn up by himself" is given from the *Percy Memoir* (78); and at pp. 220-223 a letter from Oliver to Maurice Goldsmith is copied from the same source (86-89),—without a clue in any of these cases to the book which contains the original.

"fiction, his friend, and whom the writer has likewise the
"honour, &c. &c. &c." And then the anecdote, professing
to be transcribed by Miss Jane Porter from the manuscripts
of Mr. Stockdale, turns out to be a literal transcription from
that very *Memoirs* of the worthy gentleman (ii. 136-137),
which had been published nearly thirty years before Mr.
Prior's book, and in which Mr. Prior had been able to find
"scarcely an allusion" to Goldsmith.

At pp. 254-269 there is a long rigmarole about the
identity of Lissoy and Auburn, and about the alehouse &c.
rebuilt by Mr. Hogan,—all professing to be the result of
written communication or personal inquiry,—not a syllable
of which may not be found in Mangin's *Essay* (140-143);
in Mr. Newell's elaborate and highly illustrated quarto
edition of the *Poetical Works* (1811: "with remarks
"attempting to ascertain chiefly from local observation the
"actual scene of the *Deserted Village*:" 61-80), and in
Mr. Hogan's own account in the *Gentleman's Magazine*
(xc. 618-622),—not one of these authorities being once
named by Mr. Prior.

At p. 288-289 we have a charming fragment of a letter
to Reynolds transferred without acknowledgment from the
Percy Memoir (90-91); at p. 300, an agreement with
Davies is silently taken from an earlier page (79); at p. 375,
a curious letter of Tom Paine's to Goldsmith is so taken
from a later page (96-98); and at pp. 328-330, a capital
letter is in like manner copied, and not even correctly

At p. 309 an anecdote is given from an earlier volume of the magazine which contained the printed papers by Cooke (*European Magazine*, xxi. 88), but with careful avoidance of any clue to the authority. At pp. 313-321 not a few of the traits of Hiffernan are borrowed from one of Cooke's papers respecting him (*European Magazine*, xxv. 110-184), still with no hint of any such source. At p. 349-350, a very characteristic story of Goldsmith is copied without allusion from the *Percy Memoir* (100). At p. 353 an incident is mentioned as "according to the "late Mr. John Taylor," which is simply copied from Taylor's *Records* (i. 118). And so, at pp. 370 and 401, where the incidents given are silently transcribed from Northcote (*Life of Reynolds*, i. 288 and 286).

At p. 381 a pleasant anecdote appears as though originally told, but which Cooke had long before related in print (*European Magazine*, xxiv. 261); at p. 386-387, two letters are appropriated without allusion to Colman's *Posthumous Letters* (1820: 180), or to Garrick's *Correspondence* (1830: i. 527), where they first appeared; at pp. 389, 465, and 481, anecdotes, full of character, which Cooke certainly deserved the credit of having told in print (*European Magazine*, xxiv. 173, 261, and 262), are given without an allusion to him; at pp. 421 and 473, two anecdotes, the former being one of the most charming recorded of Goldsmith, which had been told in the same magazine, but in a later and an earlier number than those

the libel at p. 408-409, the unfinished fragment at p. 410, the address to the public at p. 413-414, the amusing verses at p. 419, and the Oglethorpe letter at p. 422-423, are all drawn, with the same extraordinary absence of all mention of their source, from that first authentic record of Goldsmith's career (103-105, 105-106, 107-108, 102-103, and 95-96).

To close the ungracious task which has thus been forced upon me. Letters quoted by Mr. Prior are never referred to the place from which he draws them, except in the few instances where a really original letter happens to have fallen in his way. Whether it be at p. 390, where a letter of Goldsmith's to Cradock (in *Memoirs*, i. 225) is misplaced, and referred to what it has no connection with; or at p. 429, where a letter of Goldsmith's to Garrick (in *Memoirs of Doctor Burney*, i. 272-273), is given as though personal communication had drawn it from Madame d'Arblay; or at p. 470, where a letter of Beattie's (in *Forbes's Life*, ii. 69) is made use of; or at pp. 369, 472, 482, 488, and 510, where quotations are printed, and in two instances misprinted, from letters of Beauclerc's (in *Hardy's Life of Lord Charlemont*, 178, 163, 177, 178, and 179); or at p. 526, where we find a letter from Maurice Goldsmith to Mr. Hawes (in *Hawes's Account*, 22),—still the reader is left without a clue to the source of these letters, in any single instance, and may suppose, for anything to the contrary revealed to him by Mr. Prior, that all have proceeded from that amazing fund of private and exclusive

my own volumes may possess, on the completeness contrast to his, and on the conviction that no two utterly unlike each other were ever before written on the same subject. For a help to the reader's judgment in one direction only, I subjoin a mention of those pages of the volumes which contain facts, anecdotes, or personal particulars exclusively relating to Goldsmith himself, here and there for the first time in any Life of him; and I have placed an asterisk before the new facts or characteristics of him personally, added to the present edition. I have not attempted so to distinguish the new matter in the other volumes, having relation to the time, and filling up the gaps in the present of Goldsmith's associates and friends. This would involve a specification of almost every page.

In the first volume, 14, *39, *53-54, *61, *82-83, *83-85, *85-87, 129, 157-158, 169, *280, 287, *289, *296, 307, *311, 313, *325, 367, *379-380, *395, 397, *405, and *441-443.

In the second volume, 9, 18, 19-20, 22, 42-43, 56, 59-60, 61, 65-68, 70, 71, 75, 76-101, 102, *104-105, *106-107, 108, 114-115, 120, 121-122, 125, *126, 128, *130-131, 131, 134, 139, 141, 142-143, 144-145, 148, 157-158, *159, 160, 163-164, 168, 179, 180, 194, 205, 213, 220, *221, 227, *233, 237, *255-257, 274, 275, 278-280, 282, 287, *293, *294-295, *

*378, 379, *381-382, 390, 398, *402-404, *
*414-416, 418, 420-421, 428-429, 430-431,
438-440, *441-444, *451, *453, *456, *458-
464, 466, 467, and *470.

In conclusion, with particular reference to a
the title of this biography, intended more to
express the extended aim and character it no
perhaps the reader may be requested to remember
while "the times," as well as "the life," are
be comprised, the persons introduced appear all
as possible in the character and proportions which
to the society of their day, *during* the life, and in
it; that Burke is not yet the impeacher of Hume,
Boswell the biographer of Johnson, and the
bringing within the circle of view not a little of
as well as literary characteristics, of the arts, the
and the politics, of this fragment of the eighteenth
still the object has strictly been to show in
lights from each, the central figure of Goldsmith
not exaggerated, not unduly exalted, but with
there was in him to admire and love, and all
around him to suggest excuse or pity.

ADDITIONAL NOTES, AND CORRECTIONS.

No one who observes the immense number of references made in this book, will be surprised that on glancing back through the completed sheets I should have still some errors to correct and omissions to supply ; nor can I hope that these will be altogether repaired by such additional notes as I now request the reader to insert in the places indicated below. In every case the edition of the authority used is specified at its first introduction, and always afterwards adhered to.

VOLUME I.

Page 16. *Labour*, in the title of Shakspeare's comedy, should be *Labour's*. Page 18, and in other places up to page 94, Goldsmith's *Enquiry* is wrongly spelt with an *I*. Page 25, *Lavoder* is printed incorrectly *Lauder*.

P. 25. In support of my remark that the sore disadvantage under which Goldsmith sank at College, might have been mastered by a stronger judgment and more resolute purpose, let me quote from the *Anecdotes of the Life* (i. 13) of Bishop Watson, who was himself a sizar at Cambridge exactly ten years after this date. "Perceiving that the sizars were not so respectfully looked upon by the pensioners and scholars of the house, as they ought to have been, inasmuch as the most learned and leading men in the University have ever arisen from that order, I offered myself for a scholarship a year before the usual time of the sizars sitting, and succeeded, &c. &c."

P. 26. I ought to have recollected, in making the remark on Flood, that he was four years younger than Goldsmith, and a fellow-commoner.

P. 39. In regard to the otter-hunting I ought not here to have omitted the mention of a passage in the *Animated Nature*. After giving Buffon's description of the otter coupling in winter and bringing forth in the beginning of spring, he adds : "It is certainly different with us, for its young are never found till the latter end of summer ; and I have frequently, when a boy, discovered their retreats, and pursued them at that season." iii. 240. A curious account follows of his personal experience as to their being trained for hunting fish. 242-3.

P. 50. An incident of his residence at Edinburgh ought here to have been included. It would seem from an entry in the books of the Medical Society that he became a

Gay and Hanway (see Coryat's *Crudities*, i. 134) ; and Drayton's lines must be held simply to refer to a protection from sun and wind. What Wolfe writes from Paris to his mother in 1752 bears out exactly what I say of the custom in Hanway's time. "The people" he says "here use umbrellas in hot weather to defend them from the sun, and something of the same kind to secure them from snow and rain. I wonder a practice so useful is not introduced in England, where there are such frequent showers ; and especially in the country, where they can be expauded without any inconvenience." I may add that Southey quotes this letter in his *Common Place Book* (i. 574), and accompanies it with the remark : "My mother was born in the year when this was written. And I have heard her say she remembered the time when any person would have been hooted for carrying an umbrella in Bristol."

P. 124. In the letter quoted from Gray to Hurd, "*many* topics of consolation" should be "*moving* topics of consolation ;" and the authority for it should have been subjoined as *Works*, iii. 166, 169, 177-178.

P. 128. This Temple Exchange Coffee-house was called "George's," and some curious notices of it may be seen in Cunningham's *Hand-Book of London*, 197.

P. 150-153. I have an impression that this letter was printed before, but the authority from which it is here taken is *Prior*, i. 268, 273. The passage in it about the starving of Butler and Otway, coupled with the remark, written at the same date for the first edition of the *Polite Learning*, as to its sufficing for one age to have neglected "Sale, Savage, Amhurst and Moore" (he struck Savage and Amhurst out of the second edition, though he had meanwhile again introduced them in the 8th number of the *Bee*), seems to connect itself with Dryden's affecting remark in his letter to Lord Rochester, "Tis enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and starved Mr. Butler."

P. 171. In support of my statement about Mr. Griffiths, see *Monthly Review*, ii. 431, March 1750. For other evidences of the man's taste in such matters, see the *Monthly Review*, v. 43, 70, June 1751 ; and, at the close of volume vii, the list of books "published by R. Griffiths." The book to which I allude is that which was written by the son of a Colonel Cleland, who is generally supposed to have been Pope's Cleland, but is more likely to have been his brother or cousin. Pope's friend is described always as Major Cleland. A letter from his infamous descendant or kinsman is printed in the *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 56-59.

P. 185. In giving the reference for the review of Murphy's *Orphan of China* as the *Critical Review*, vii. 434-440, May 1759, I might have added that the remarks in it both as to Shakspeare and Voltaire are better than usual. On the next page I have omitted the reference for the notice of Formey's *Miscellanies* (*Critical Review*, vii. 486, June 1759 ; in which, by the way, occurs an expression repeated both in his letters and his novel, where he laughs at professors in college with "their whole lives passed away between the fireside and the easy chair") ; and also the reference for the paper on Van Egmont's *Travels* in the *Critical Review*, vii. 504-512, June 1759. On the page following, in second note, "98" ought to have been "89."

P. 215. Mrs. Thrale (*Anecdotes*, 232-233) is the best authority for the knocking down of bookseller Osborne. "And how was that affair, in earnest? Now, do tell me, Mr. Johnson?" "There is nothing to tell, dearest lady, but that he was insolent and I beat him, and that he was a blockhead and told of it, which I should never have done; so the blows have been multiplying, and the wonder thickening for all these years, as Thomas was never a favourite with the public. I have beat many a fellow, but the rest had the wit to hold their tongues."

P. 224. The definition of philosophy as the moral of the essay in the second number of the *Bee* was not inserted till its reprint in 1765.

P. 249. The passage quoted from Cumberland will be found in his *Memoirs*, i. 80-81.

P. 254. In a note to this page, misled by a note in a recent publication, I regret to say that I have prematurely killed a very worthy man, Mr. Glover, who, though he certainly suffered much from the neglect of the great people who deserted him on the decline of his political fortunes, instead of wreaking their spite upon himself by doing the silly thing here mentioned, more sensibly retrieved his position by a successful speculation in the copper trade, and lived not only sufficiently long (as indeed I admit in a later passage in this volume, 411) to punish Mr. Pitt by writing him down in a book, but to be mistaken, with his small cocked hat, his accurately dressed wig, and his bag, for "the tall gentleman," the veritable author of *Junius*, who was seen throwing a letter into Woodfall's office in Ivy-lane.

P. 262. I might have added a good illustration of Goldsmith's remark on Hawkins Browne's imitations by quoting what is so sensibly said by Pope (*Spence's Anecdotes*, 157-158): "Browne is an excellent copyist; and those who take it ill of him are very much in the wrong. They are very strongly mannered, and perhaps could not write so well if they were not so; but still 'tis a fault that deserves the being pointed out."

P. 273. In mentioning the *Lettres Persanes* as having preceded the Chinese Letters, I ought not to have forgotten a delightful paper in the *Spectator* (No. 50) which preceded the *Lettres Persanes*. I quote Swift's Journal to Stella (*Works*, ii. 248). "The *Spectator* is written by Steele with Addison's help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too; but I never see him or Addison."

P. 276. The allusion to Russia should have been given as from Letter lxxxvii; and the word "would" at the close of the first line of the note at page 278, "if he desire," should be transferred to the third line, "and would introduce."

P. 290. I ought to have added, to my mention of the application from the Bow-street magistrates on the subject of the *Beggar's Opera*, that Colman's answer was very spirited. He declined to be a party to Garrick's consent, and "for his own part cannot help differing in opinion with the magistrates, thinking that the theatre is one of the very few houses in the neighbourhood that does not contribute

of Albemarle-street, the text of the receipts referred to. "Received from Mr. Newbery three guineas for a pamphlet respecting the Cock-lane Ghost. OLIVER GOLDSMITH, March 5th 1762." "Received from Mr. Newbery eleven guineas and an half for an Abridgment of Plutarch's Lives, March 5th 1762. OLIVER GOLDSMITH." The notes to Newbery quoted as to the latter compilation are on scraps of paper, wafered, or sent open, and evidently sent by hand. The receipt at the bottom of page 300-301 is dated 5th March, 1762, and written on the back of a torn receipt for the Chinese Letters also in Goldsmith's handwriting; and I might have added that though fourteen guineas would seem thus to have comprised the entire munificent payment for the *Life of Nash*, he made some curious and important additions, dictated doubtless by a real love of the subject, in his second impression of the book. And for an interesting recollection of Goldsmith's occasional visits to Bath, here mentioned, let me refer the reader to Mr. Mangin's letter to myself, at p. 442-443.

P. 302. "Hitherto careless" at line 17, should have been "As yet restricted." At p. 307 and p. 308, I ought to have given a reference to Grainger's *Letters*, 25, 26, &c.

P. 308. I meant to have added to that admirable saying of Johnson's at the end of the last note, these lines from Swift's *Journal to Stella*. "There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief." *Works*, iii. 196.

P. 309-310. In further proof of the not unkindly feeling of Johnson to Foote, a characteristic letter to Mrs. Thrale on hearing of his death in 1776 was worth quoting. "Did you see Foote at Brightelmstone? Did you think he would so soon be gone? Life, says Falstaff, is a shuttle. He was a fine fellow in his way; and the world is really impoverished by his sinking glories. Murphy ought to write his life, at least to give the world a *Footeana*. Now, will any of his contemporaries bewail him? Will Genius change his sex to weep? I would really have his life written with diligence." *Piozzi Letters*, i. 396.

P. 312. In connection with Goldsmith's visit to the Cherokee kings, let me mention Foote's, the rather because the passage (written by Mrs. Thrale in 1781) shows what the impression was that remained among the set as to Goldsmith's philosophy about rich and poor, luxury and simplicity, many years after he had passed away. "It has been thought by many wise folks," she writes to Johnson, "that we fritter our pleasures all away by refinement, and when one reads Goldsmith's works, either verse or prose, one fancies that in corrupt life there is more enjoyment--- yet we should find little solace from ale-house merriment or cottage carousals, whatever the best wrestler on the green might do I suppose; mere brandy and brown sugar liqueur, like that which Foote presented the Cherokee kings with, and won their hearts from our fine ladies who treated them with sponge biscuits and frontinac." *Letters*, ii. 215. For a further account of Peter Annet, see *Hawkins's Life of Johnson*, 566.

P. 314. With the hope that some possible trace might be found of this application, or memorial which there is no reason to doubt was really sent by Goldsmith to the

Fleming accounts printed in these pages, and for some errors of transcription corrected by comparison with the original MSS, see pp. 104-107, of my second volume. Besides the general receipt, quoted at the bottom of page 324, I may add that the cautious Mr. Newbery seems to have required specific acknowledgments in addition. Thus on one sheet, among the papers in Mr. Murray's possession, I find the following : "October 11, 1763. Received of Mr. John Newbery eleven guineas in full for "writing the introduction and preface to Dr. Brooke's Natural History. OLIVER GOLDSMITH."—"Oct. 11, 1763. Received of Mr. John Newbery three guineas for a "Preface to the History of the World. OLIVER GOLDSMITH."—"Oct. 11, 1763. Received of Mr. John Newbery twenty-one pounds, which, with what I received before, is in full for the copy of the History of England, in a series of letters, two volumes in 12mo. OLIVER GOLDSMITH."—"Oct. 11, 1763. Received of Mr. John Newbery twenty-one pounds for translating the Life of Christ, and the Lives of the Fathers. OLIVER GOLDSMITH."—At the top of another large sheet is Goldsmith's promissory note "on demand" for the balance named at p. 323. I perceive, too, that Newbery had a considerable share in a newspaper at Reading (his native place), and that Goldsmith's compilation about "the late war" (p. 324) had been printed in this paper from week to week before its publication in a collected form.

P. 332. The quotation from Reynolds is at the close of the Sixth Discourse, *Works*, i. 186.

P. 334. In the first line of first note, insert "of State" after "Under Secretary;" and the remark on the great people who sought election into the Club (335-336), requires to be modified by what the reader will find on a subsequent page (ii. 167-169). There seems to be no doubt whatever that the Monday meetings of the Club continued till December 1772, when the change to Friday took place. See *Perry Memoir*, 72.

P. 338. The reference to Madame d'Arblay's *Memoirs* should have been ii. 164. At p. 340 I might have referred the reader for additional facts as to Burke's outset in life to my second volume, p. 300-302. At p. 342, the authority of Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 209, should have been added to the first note. At p. 348, the reference "282" in first note should be "289."

P. 350. The remark on Beauclerc is in all respects confirmed by a passage in Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes* (184). She is describing Johnson's frequently expressed dislike of what he called "effort" in conversation; and adds that the encomiums she had so often heard him pronounce on the manner of Topham Beauclerc in society, constantly ended in that peculiar phrase, that "it was without effort."

P. 351-352. In connection with pleasant Dick Eastcourt, let me quote two passages from Swift's *Journal to Stella*. "I dined with Rowe: Prior could not come; and after dinner we went to a blind tavern, where Congreve, Sir Richard Temple, Eastcourt and Charley Main, were over a bowl of bad punch. . . we staid till 12." (*Works*, ii. 63.) "I came back and called at Congreve's, and dined with him and Eastcourt, and laughed till six. . . Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the heartburn." (ii. 182.) Add, after the reference to the *Piozzi Letters* at the bottom of p. 360, See also ii. 66, 80, 171, 175-176, 311, &c. &c.

reference. At p. 373, the passage at the opening of the second note is taken from Percival Stockdale's *Memoirs*, ii. 152-154; Newton's letter, quoted in the note at p. 376, should have been referred to the *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 7; and in the same note I have understated the distance to Goodman's-fields.

P. 377. The branch of the Fox family to which Lady Susan belonged took the name of Strangways, on her father's marriage with an heiress so called. Of O'Brien it is said in Taylor's *Records* of his life (i. 177) "He was, I have heard, a fencing master in Dublin, or the son of a fencing master, but with manners so easy and so sprightly, that he was admitted into the best company, and was a member of several of the most fashionable clubs at the west end of the town." In the peerages you see him entered as Wm. O'Brien, of Stinsford, Co. Dorset, Esq. At p. 378, in the first line of the note referring to him, "afterwards" should be "also." *Cross Purposes* was not played till after his return from America.

P. 379. To the note at the bottom of the page, the following extract from the *Piozzi Letters* (i. 185), might have been added—"Mr. M—— was robbed going home two nights ago, and had a comical conversation with the highwayman about behaving like a gentleman. He paid four guineas for it!" Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson, Oct. 1773. At the bottom of p. 383, insert "*Boswell*, vii. 57."

P. 398. In the passage respecting Charles Fox, "one of the *first*," should be "one of the *finest*." An earlier opinion as to the *Traveller*, written by Fox while yet a boy, will be found at p. 39 of my second volume.

P. 400. Newbery's account, here quoted, is written at the back of a more elaborate memorandum, headed "Settle the following Accounts," of which the sixteenth item runs thus: "Mr. Brookes's, and charge for alterations made in the Plates, and the printed copy y^e was obliged to be cancelled, 26*l*, and to Dr. Goldsmith writing Prefaces and correcting the work, 30*l*, in all 56*l*." I need not remind the reader that the success of his "prefaces" to this dull book, led to his engagement to write the *Animated Nature*. See *Percy Memoir*, 83.

P. 402. An error is committed in saying that Goldsmith's ballad received the title of the *Hermit* in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, it having been transferred to the novel without any title. At p. 403-405, I ought to have quoted the remark which Percy makes (*Memoir*, 74-75) upon Goldsmith's denial of having copied him in this ballad. "He justly vindicated the priority of his own poem; but in asserting that the plan of the other was taken from his (in nothing else have they the most distant resemblance), and in reporting the conversation on this subject, his memory must have failed him; for the story in them both was evidently taken from a very ancient ballad in that collection beginning thus, 'Gentle hearsdman, &c.' as any one will be convinced who will but compare them."

P. 415. Add to first note. "For Burke's opinion of him, see *Correspondence*, iv. 526-531, and *Addenda*, 549-552."

P. 419. In speaking of Garrick's finessing and trick, reference should have been made to Colman's *Posthumous Letters*, 271-278, where Colman receives instructions to puff "our little stage hero" in his absence, from the little stage hero himself. "Davies," at the bottom of the page, should be "Davies's." For the anecdote at the

Johnson's amusing and contemptuous reiteration about "*the boy*" who answered Kenrick.
P. 439. I quote from the Newbery MSS. in Mr. Murray's possession. "Received
" from Mr. Newbery eleven guineas which I promise to pay. OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
" January 8th, 1766."

VOLUME II.

Pages 15, 16. To the note I would add that there is also a passage in Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters* (i. 247), which shows how Johnson must have talked of this among the set. "Well!" she writes to Johnson, 24th June 1775, "Cresus promised a reward, you
" remember, for him who should produce a new delight; but the prize was never
" obtained, for nothing that was now proved delightful; and Dr. Goldsmith, 3000
" years afterwards, found out, that whoever did a new thing did a bad thing, and
" whoever said a new thing, said a false thing."

P. 16. The passage quoted from Goethe will be found in Mr. Oxenford's translation, i. 368; and at p. 18, the remark as to Fielding being contented with "the husk" of life, while Richardson had picked "the kernel," is in Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 198.

P. 20. Eighth line from the top, "which even Johnson thought," should be, "which Johnson himself thought." In speaking of the foreign translations of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which are singularly numerous, and in almost every spoken language, I might have added one or two examples of the more recent which I have myself seen. "Le Ministre de Wakefield. Précédée d'un Essai sur la vie et les écrits d'Oliver Goldsmith. Par M. Hemicquin. Paris, Brédrip, 1825." This is very careful and good. "Le Vicaire de Wakefield. Traduit par Charles Nodier. Paris, Gosselin, 1841." The notice by Nodier prefixed to this is charming. "Der Laundprediger von Wakefield. Leipzig, 1835." Here a number of illustrations are reproduced from Westall. Another published in the same city, six years later, has an abundant series of delightful woodcuts by Louis Richter, very humorous and pleasant.

P. 32. The reference in the third note is to the 1774 edition of the *Animated Nature*. The words in the text do not appear in the later editions.

P. 65. For further notices of this theatrical dispute, and much curious matter in reference to the management, see Foot's *Life of Murphy*, 346, &c.

P. 97. There is nothing more impressive in Johnson than the way in which he always speaks of poverty. "Poverty, my dear friend, is no great an evil, and
" pregnant with so much temptation and so much misery, that I cannot but earnestly
" enjoin you to avoid it." To Boswell. March 28, 1782. "Poverty takes away so
" many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both
" natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided." To Boswell.
June 3, 1782. "Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys
" liberty; and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult." To Boswell. Dec. 7, 1782.

P. 102. The reference to Forbes's *Life of Beattie*, should be iii. 49. I will add the whole passage. It is in a letter of Beattie to Forbes, July 10, 1788. "What

"should be so much admired as he is. There might, however, be something in the
 "magnanimity in envying Shakspeare and Dr. Johnson ; as in Julius Cæsar's weeping
 "to think, that at an age at which he had done so little, Alexander should have done
 "so much. But surely Goldsmith had no occasion to envy me ; which however he
 "certainly did, for he owned it (though when we met, he was always very civil) ; and
 "I received undoubted information that he seldom missed an opportunity of speaking
 "ill of me behind my back." The copy of Forbes's book from which I quote,
 belonged to Mrs. Piozzi, and is full of manuscript notes in her quaint, clear,
 beautiful hand ; and here, writing at least thirty-three years after Goldsmith's death
 (for the imprint to the edition is 1807), she breaks out into verse the better to
 express her still vivid impression of what was quizzible in her old friend.

Poor Goldsmith resembled those Anamorphoses
 Which for Lectures to Ladies th' Optician proposes :
 All Deformity seeming in most Points of View,
 In another quite regular, uniform—True :
 Till the Student no more sees the Figure that shock'd her
 But all in his Likeness *our odd little Doctor*.

P. 106. I am here strongly tempted to quote a delightful passage from Charles
 Nodier's sketch of Goldsmith's life, prefixed to the translation mentioned above. He
 imagines the Hawkins class of revilers of Goldsmith taking delight in reproducing
 every sort of slander of him, and crying out—"Voilà celui que nous avons rebuté,
 "humilié, navré de nos mépris, celui que nous avons réduit à la misère et au désespoir,
 "le véritable Goldsmith ! Et si notre sévérité n'a pas été désarmée par la grâce de
 "son esprit, par le charme touchant de ses inventions, par la pureté même de senti-
 "ments et de principes qui brille dans tous ses écrits, c'est que nous sommes avin-
 "tout des gens moraux et austères, qui ne pensent pas que le génie puisse tenir lieu
 "de compensation à la vertu." Admirable in his comment upon this, and full of
 wisdom as well as beauty. "Détestable hypocrisie ! Moi aussi je suis peu disposé à
 "l'indulgence pour des fautes graves, qui prétendent se couvrir de l'excuse du talent !
 "Moi aussi, je repousse avec indignation cette compensation impie qui affranchit un
 "grand homme du devoir d'être un honnête homme ! Je vais plus loin : je suis con-
 "vaincu que cette alliance imaginaire de la perversité des mœurs et de l'élévation du
 "génie a toujours été une chose impossible. De l'esprit, de l'imagination, un savoir
 "immense, une facilité inépuisable, une énergie qui ne se rebute jamais, tout cela peut,
 "hélas ! se trouver dans un méchant. Ce qui est défendu par la nature à un
 "méchant, c'est de sentir, c'est d'aimer, c'est de se faire aimer de ceux qui aiment,
 "c'est de contrefaire l'emotion d'une âme pure, c'est d'imiter le cri du cœur.
 "Réunissez en un seul écrivain tous les méchants qui ont eu de la gloire, il n'y en a
 "malheureusement que trop ! je le mettrai au défi de faire le *Vicaire de Wakefield*,
 "ou rien qui y ressemble. Presque tous les écrits des méchants sont de mauvaises
 "actions. Les méchants ne peuvent pas mentir à leur naturel. Loin de moi
 "pendant l'intention de présenter la vie de Goldsmith comme une vie sans reproche,
 "C'est avoué en vérité que j'y ai fait la part de l'abandon de la panchalange et de la

P. 113. Remove the marginal date from the opening of the first paragraph to that of the second, and substitute for the former "1767, *Ann.* 39."

P. 120. At close of the page, 157-158, should be 167-168.

P. 146. Walpole's characterization of Goldsmith as an "inspired idiot," is repeated in Forbes's *Beattie*, and elicits from Mrs. Piozzi an emphatic "very true," among the manuscript notes of her old age already mentioned.

P. 162. A good passage from one of Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale might here have been added to the last note. "Of the imitation of my stile, in a criticism on "Gray's Church-yard, I forgot to make mention. The authour is, I believe, utterly "unknown, for Mr. Steevens cannot hunt him out; I know little of it, for though it "was sent me I never cut the leaves open. I had a letter with it representing it to "me as my own work; in such an account to the publick there may be humour, but to "myself it was neither serious nor comical. I suspect the writer to be wrong-headed; "as to the noise which it makes, I have never heard it, and am inclined to believe "that few attacks either of ridicule or invective make much noise, but by the help of "those they provoke." *Piozzi's Letters*, ii. 289.

P. 189. Johnson thus writes to Mrs. Thrale of "the tyranny of B——i." "Poor "B——i! do not quarrel with him; to neglect him a little will be sufficient. He "means only to be frank and manly, and independent, and perhaps, as you say, a "little wise. To be frank he thinks is to be cynical, and to be independent is to "be rude. Forgive him, dearest lady, the rather because of his misbehaviours I am "afraid he learned part of me." 15th July, 1775. *Piozzi Letters*, i. 277.

P. 193. Line three, "A very interesting" should be "Yet a very interesting."

P. 201. The title to this chapter, and the head-line from p. 203 to p. 225, should have been "DINNERS AND TALK."

P. 205. The quotation from Forbes's *Beattie* should be iii. 50; and I may add that Mrs. Piozzi's emphatic manuscript comment, in the volume now open before me, on Beattie's suggestion that perhaps Goldsmith "affected" silliness, is "not he "indeed!"

P. 211. Rochester expressed exactly the reverse of this in speaking of Shadwell, when he said that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet; and measuring Goldsmith by Shadwell, we surely may rest perfectly satisfied with the relative accomplishments and deficiencies of each.

P. 217. At the close of the last note, I would add that it seems to have been quite a trick for everybody that had lived in his time to repeat old stories of Goldsmith as occurrences within their own experience. Sir Herbert Croft, the author of *Love and Madness*, who died in Paris in 1816, represented himself to Charles Nodier as Oliver's greatest friend, though I do not find evidence of his having known him at all; and in his charming little memoir Nodier says: "Le chevalier Croft, qui avait été le "meilleur ami de Goldsmith, et qui méritait bien de l'être, m'a dit souvent que le "système de Goldsmith était d'obliger jusqu'au point de se mettre exactement dans la "position de l'indigent qu'il avait secouru; et quand on lui reprochait ces libéralités "imprudentes, par lesquelles il se substituait à la détresse d'un inconnu, il se

P. 237. In mentioning the 1836 Edinburgh edition of *Goldsmith*, I might have added that it is a very careful and good little book. The editor, I believe, was Mr. Hamilton Buchanan.

P. 243. The reader will find an amusing account of Cateot's attendance on Johnson and Boswell in their visit to Bristol, in *Boswell*, vi. 171-173.

P. 291. "H—rth" is supposed to have been a surgeon named Hogarth living in Leicester-square at the time; but this is doubtful. It has been conjectured that by "C—y" (Coley), George Colman was intended—a quite incredible supposition.

P. 265. Of the *Game of Chess*, Lowndes gives a list of seven versions in English; by James Rowbotham, 1562; George Jeffreys, 1736; W. Erskine, 1736; Samuel Pullin (Dublin), 1750; Anon, Eton 1769; Anon, Oxford 1778; and Murphy, 1786. The latter is to be found in his *Works*, vii. 67. But though the date of Murphy's translation is given by Lowndes as 1786 (when for the first time it was printed) it was in reality a production of his youth. I quote the preface to it. "For translating so ingenious a piece, the present writer, after saying that it is the production of his earliest years, will make no apology." See Foot's *Life*, 323-324. Whether the fact of the existence of this translation by Murphy became known to Goldsmith, and led to the suppression of his own, can only now be matter of conjecture.

P. 276. The sons of the Duke of Orleans were in England after his death, on the 4th August 1797, and the occurrence called forth this singular remark from Southey, then in the "hot youth" of his republicanism. "Should there ever again be a king in France (which God forbid!) it will be the elder of these young men. He will be happier and a better man as an American farmer." *Common Place Book*, iv. 516.

P. 287. Add to the last note. "Johnson," says Mrs. Piozzi, "used to say that 'the size of a man's understanding might always be justly measured by his mirth; and his own was never contemptible. He would laugh at a stroke of genuine humour, or sudden sally of odd absurdity, as heartily and freely as I ever yet saw any man; and though the jest was often such as few felt besides himself, yet his laugh was irresistible, and was observed immediately to produce that of the company, not merely from the notion that it was proper to laugh when he did, but purely out of want of power to forbear it.'" *Anecdotes*, 298-299.

P. 329. Second note, line thirteen, insert after "used to it" vii. 255.

P. 335-336. Boswell's belief in ghosts receives amusing illustration in one of Johnson's letters from the Hebrides. "The chapel is thirty-eight feet long, and eighteen broad. Boswell, who is very pious, went into it at night to perform his devotions, but came back in haste for fear of spectres." *Piozzi Letters*, i. 173. At line twenty of the note following, instead of "I might have added others to show," read "I might here add other passages to show."

P. 341. The reference in the first line of the third note should be i. 225.

P. 347. For Murphy's parody on *Hamlet with alterations*, see Foot's *Life*, 256-274.

P. 377. In ninth line of note, "ingenious" should be "ingenuous."

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THE AUTHOR TO THE READER OF THIS
BIOGRAPHY.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER OF THIS BIOGRAPHY.

“It seems rational to hope,” says Johnson in the *life of Savage*, “that minds qualified for great attainments should first endeavour their own benefit; and that they who are most able to teach others the way to happiness, should with most certainty follow it themselves: but this expectation, however plausible, has been very frequently disappointed.” Perhaps not so frequently as the earnest biographer imagined. Much depends on what we look to for our benefit, much on what we follow as the way to happiness. It may not be for the one, and may have led us far out of the way of the other, that we had acted on the world’s estimate of worldly success, and to that directed our endeavour. So might we ourselves have blocked up the path, which it was our hope to have pointed out to others.

applied for orders; he practised as a physician, and never made what would have paid for a degree; what he was not asked or expected to do, was to write, but he wrote and paid the penalty. His existence was a continued privation. The days were few, in which he had resources for the night, or dared to look forward to the morrow. There was not any miserable want, in the long and sordid catalogue, which in its turn and in all its bitterness he did not feel. He had shared the experience of those to whom he makes affecting reference in his *Animated Nature*, "people who
"die really of hunger, in common language of a broken heart;" and when he succeeded at the last, success was but a feeble sunshine on a rapidly approaching decay, which was to lead him, by its flickering and uncertain light, to an early grave.

Self-benefit seems out of the question here, and the way to happiness is indeed distant from this. But if we look a little closer, we shall see that he has passed through it all with a child-like purity of heart unsullied. Much of the misery vanishes when that is known; and when it is remembered, too, that in spite of it the *Vicar of Wakefield* was written, nay, that without it, in all human probability, a book so delightful and wise could not have been written. Fifty-six years after its author's death, the greatest of Germans recounted to a friend how much he had been indebted to the celebrated Irishman. "It is not to be
"described," wrote Goethe to Zelter, in 1830, "the effect that
"Goldsmith's *Vicar* had upon me, just at the critical moment of
"mental development. That lofty and benevolent irony, that
"fair and indulgent view of all infirmities and faults, that meek

he added with sound philosophy, "these are the thoughts
"and feelings which have reclaimed us from all the errors of
"life."

And why were they so enforced in that charming book, but because the writer had undergone them all; because they had reclaimed himself, not from the world's errors only, but also from its suffering and care; and because his own life and adventures had been the same chequered and beautiful romance of the triumph of good over evil.

Though what is called worldly success, then, was not attained by Goldsmith, it may be that the way to happiness was yet not missed altogether. The sincere and sad biographer of Savage might have profited by the example. His own benefit he had not successfully "endeavoured," when the gloom of his early life embittered life to the last, and the trouble he had endured was made excuse for a sorrowful philosophy, and for manners that were an outrage to the kindness of his heart. What had fallen to Johnson's lot, fell not less heavily to Goldsmith's; of the calamities to which the literary life is subject,

"Till, envy, want, the patron, and the gael,"

none were spared to him: but they found, and left him, gentle and unspoiled; and though the discipline that thus taught him charity entailed some social disadvantage, by unfeigned sincerity and simplicity of heart he diffused every social enjoyment. When his conduct least agreed with his writings, these characteristics did not fail him. What he gained was others' gain; what

repute he had won. "Admirers in a room," said Northcote, repeating what had been told him by Reynolds, "whom his entrance had struck with awe, might be seen riding out upon his back." It was hard, he said himself to Sir Joshua, that fame and its dignities should intercept people's liking and fondness; and for his love of the latter, no doubt he forfeited not a little of the former. "He is an inspired idiot," cried Walpole;—"he does not know the difference of a turkey from a goose," said Cumberland;—"sir," shouted Johnson, "he knows nothing, he has made up his mind about nothing." Few cared to think or speak of him but as little Goldy, honest Goldy; and every one laughed at him for the oddity of his blunders, and the awkwardness of his manners.

But I invite the reader to his life and adventures, and the times wherein they were cast. No uninteresting explanation of all this may possibly await us there, if together we review the scene, and move among its actors as they play their parts.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE SIZAR, STUDENT, TRAVELLER, APOTHECARY'S JOURNEYMEN,
USHER, AND POOR PHYSICIAN

1728 to 1757.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.



SCHOOL DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

1728--1745.

THE marble in Westminster Abbey is correct in the place, 17
but not in the time, of the birth of OLIVER GOLDSMITH. He
was born at a small old parsonage house (supposed after-
wards to be haunted by the fairies, or good people of the
district, who could not however save it from being levelled
to the ground) in a lonely, remote, and almost inaccessible
Irish village on the southern banks of the river Inny, called
Pallas,* or Pallasmore, the property of the Edgeworths of
Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, on the 10th of
November, 1728: a little more than three years earlier
than the date upon his epitaph.† His father, the reverend

* Pallas is often written Pallico, or Pallis, and seems to have been so written by Goldsmith's father. The rev. Mr. Mangin believed the latter to be the proper name, having seen in it Charles Goldsmith's handwriting. (*Parlour Window*, 4.) So did the rev. Mr. Graham, who supposed indeed that Dr. Johnson, in writing it Pallas, had simply laid a trap for the luckless and too classical biographer who

in connexion with the established church,* was a protestant clergyman with an uncertain stipend, which, with the help of some fields he farmed, and occasional duties performed for the rector of the adjoining parish of Kilkenny West (the reverend Mr. Green) who was uncle to his wife, averaged forty pounds a year. In May, 1718, he had married Anne, the daughter of the reverend Oliver Jones, who was master of the school at Elphin, to which he had gone in boyhood; and before 1728 four children had been the issue of the marriage. A new birth was but a new burthen; and little dreamt the humble village preacher, then or ever, that from the date of that tenth of November on which his Oliver was born, his own virtues and very foibles were to be a legacy of pleasure to many generations of men. For they who have loved, laughed, or wept, with the father of the man in black in the *Citizen of the World*, the preacher of the *Deserted Village*, or the hero of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, have given laughter, love, and tears, to the reverend Charles Goldsmith.

780.
t. 2.

The death of the rector of Kilkenny West improved his fortunes. He succeeded in 1730 to this living of his wife's uncle; † his income of forty pounds was raised to nearly two hundred; and Oliver had not completed his second year when the family moved from Pallasmore to a respectable house and farm on the verge of the pretty little village of Lissoy, "in the county of Westmeath, barony of Kilkenny

of Charles Goldsmith's family Bible, still preserved by one of his descendants in Athlone, *Life*, i. 14. The leaf is unfortunately torn, and the exact year does not

“West,” some six miles from Pallasmore, and about midway between the towns of Ballymahon and Athlone.* The first-born, Margaret (22nd August, 1710), appears to have died in childhood; and the family, at this time consisting of Catherine (13th January, 1721), Henry (9th February, 17—†), Jane (9th February, 17—), and Oliver, born at Pallasmore, was in the next ten years increased by Maurice (7th July, 1736), Charles (16th August, 1737), and John (23rd —, 1740), born at Lissoy. The youngest, as the eldest, died in youth; Charles went in his twentieth year, a friendless adventurer, to Jamaica, and after long self-exile died, little less than half a century since, ‡ in a poor lodging in Somers’ Town; Maurice was put to the trade of a cabinet-maker, kept a meagre shop in Charlestown, in the county of Roscommon, and “departed from a miserable life” in 1792; Henry followed his father’s calling, and died as he had lived, a humble village preacher and schoolmaster, in 1768; Catherine married a wealthy husband, Mr. Hodson, Jane a poor one, Mr. Johnston, and both died in Athlone, some years after the death of that celebrated brother to whose life and times these pages are devoted.

A trusted dependant in Charles Goldsmith’s house, a young woman related to the family, afterwards known as Elizabeth Delap and schoolmistress of Lissoy, first put a

* Here Charles Goldsmith seems to have procured a lease of about 70 acres at an eight shillings rent, renewable for ever on the payment of half a year’s rent for every new life, the first lives being those of himself, his eldest son Henry, and his daughter Catherine; a property which remained in the family till sold in 1802 by Henry Goldsmith’s son, then a settler in America. *Prior*, i. 16, 17.

1731.

Æt. 3.

book into Oliver Goldsmith's hands. She taught letters; lived till it was matter of pride to remember talked of it to Doctor Streat, Henry Goldsmith's su in the curacy of Kilkenny West; and at the ripe age of when the great writer had been thirteen years in his boasted of it with her last breath. That her success in it had not been much to boast of, she at other times con-
 "Never was so dull a boy : he seemed impenetrably stupid," said the good Elizabeth Delap, when she bored her friends or answered curious enquirers, about the celebrated Goldsmith. "He was a plant that flowered late," said Johnson to Boswell ; "there appeared nothing remarkable about him when he was young." † This, if true, would have been another confirmation of the saying that the richer a nature the harder and more slow its development is like to be. It may perhaps be doubted, in the meaning it ordinarily bear, for all the charms of Goldsmith's later years are to be traced in even the letters of his youth, and his mother expressly tells us that he not only began to scribble when he could scarcely write, but otherwise showed a passion for books and learning, and what she calls "his genius." †

1734.

Æt. 6.

At the age of six, Oliver was handed over to the school, kept by Mr. Thomas Byrne. Looking back from a distance of time, and penetrating through greater obscurity than its own cabin-smoke into that Lissoy academy, it is to be discovered that this excellent Mr. Byrne, a quarter-master of an Irish regiment that had returned

called the humanities. Little Oliver came away from him much as he went, in point of learning ; but there were certain wandering unsettled tastes, which his friends thought to have been here implanted in him,* and which, as well as a taste for song, one of his later essays might seem to connect with the vagrant life of the blind harper Carolan, whose wayside melodies he had been taken to hear.† Unhappily something more and other than this also remained, in the effects of a terrible disease which assailed him at the school, and were not likely soon to pass away.

An attack of confluent small-pox which nearly proved mortal, had left deep and indelible traces on his face, for ever settled his small pretension to good-looks, and exposed him to jest and sarcasm. Kind-natured Mr. Byrne might best have reconciled him to it, used to his temper as no doubt he had become ; and it was doubly unfortunate to be sent at such a time away from home, to a school among strangers, at once to taste the bitterness of those school experiences which too early and sadly teach the shy, ill-favoured, backward boy what tyrannies, in the large as in that little world, the strong have to inflict, and what sufferings the

* See his sister Mrs. Hodson's narrative contributed to the *Percy Memoir*, 3, 4. She does not give the name of the schoolmaster, but this was supplied by Dr. Streat. Mangin's *Essay*, 142.

† *Essay* xx. Thorlogh O'Carolan, who was born at Nobber in 1670, and brought up at Carrick O'Shannon, where Oliver's uncle Contarine first settled, died in 1738 at Roscommon, to which Contarine had removed. To his patroness, in whose house he died, the wife of the MacDermott of Aldersford, he owed the "horse, harp, and gossoon," with which, renewed as his needs dictated, he had meanwhile wandered about for half a century from house to house, a guest always welcome, improvising music and songs. The harp had been his amusement up to the age of manhood, when, being struck with blindness, he thus made it his

weak must be prepared to endure. But to the reverend Mr. Griffin's superior school of Elphin, in Roscommon, it was resolved to send him; and at the house of an uncle John,* at Ballyoughter in the neighbourhood of Elphin, he was lodged and boarded.† The knowledge of *Orid* and *Horace*, introduced to him here, was the pleasantest as well as the least important, though it might be by far the most difficult, of what he had now to learn. It was the learning of bitter years, and not taught by the schoolmaster, but by the school-fellows, of this poor little, thick, pale-faced, pock-marked boy. "He was considered by his contemporaries and "school-fellows, with whom I have often conversed on the "subject," said Doctor Streat, ‡ who succeeded, on the death of Charles Goldsmith's curate and eldest son, to his pastoral duty and its munificent rewards, "as a stupid, heavy blockhead, "little better than a fool, whom every one made fun of." §

It was early to trample fun out of a child; and he bore marks of it to his dying day. It had not been his least qualification as game for laughter, that all confessed his nature to be kind and affectionate, and knew his temper to be cheerful and agreeable; but feeling as well as fun he could hardly be expected to supply without intermission, and, precisely as in after years it was said of him that he had the most unaccountable alternations of gaiety and gloom, and

* His father's brother, "who, with his family," Mrs. Hodson tells us, "considered him as a prodigy for his age." *Percy Memoir*, 5.

† "At the age of seven or eight," says Mrs. Hodson, "he discovered a natural turn for rhyming, and often amused his father and his friends with early poetical attempts. When he could scarcely write legibly, he was always scribbling verses

was subject to the most particular humours, even so his elder sister described his school-days to Doctor Percy, bishop of Dromore, when that divine and his friends were gathering materials for his biography. That he seemed to possess two natures, was the learned comment at once upon his childhood and his manhood.* And there was sense in it; in so far as it represented that continued struggle, happily always unavailing, carried on against feelings which God had given him, by fears and misgivings he had to thank the world for.

“Why Noll!” exclaimed a visitor at uncle John’s, “you are become a fright! When do you mean to get hand-some again?” Oliver moved in silence to the window. The speaker, a thoughtless and notorious scapegrace of the Goldsmith family, repeated the question with a worse sneer: and “I mean to get better, sir, when you do!”† was the boy’s retort, which has delighted his biographers for its quickness of repartee, though it was probably something more than smartness. Another example of precocious wit occurred also at uncle John’s, when his nephew was still a mere child. There was company one day, to a little dance; and the fiddler who happened to be engaged on the occasion, being a fiddler who reckoned himself a wit, received suddenly an Oliver for his Rowland that he had not come prepared for. During a pause between two country dances, the party had been greatly surprised by little Noll quickly jumping up

* “Oliver was from his earliest infancy,” writes his sister to Dr. Percy, “very different from other children, subject to particular humours, for the most part uncommonly serious and reserved. But when in company none were so agreeable

upon, seizing the opportunity of the lad's ungainly look and grotesque figure, the jocose fiddler promptly exclaimed *Æsop*! A burst of laughter rewarded him, which however was rapidly turned the other way by Noll stopping his horn-pipe, looking round at his assailant, and giving forth, in audible voice and without hesitation, the couplet which was thought worth preserving as the first formal effort of his genius, by Percy, Malone, Campbell, and the rest, who compiled that biographical preface* to the *Miscellaneous Works* on which the subsequent biographies have been founded, but who nevertheless appear to have missed the correct version of the lines they thought so clever.

Heralds! proclaim aloud! all saying,

See *Æsop* dancing, and his *Monkey* playing.†

Yet these things may stand for more than quickness of

* The biographical preface, or Memoir, for which the materials had been collected by Percy, Malone, and other friends, was drawn up in the first instance by Percy's friend, Dr. Campbell; it then received ample correction from Percy, whose remarks and interlineations were engrafted into the text; but circumstances led to a very angry dispute on its being handed to the publishers of the *Miscellaneous Works*. Other causes of disagreement afterwards sprang up with Mr. Rose (Cowper's friend), employed as their editor, and Percy ultimately declined to sanction the publication. His correspondence with Steevens, Malone, and other friends, shows ample traces of this quarrel, and of his dissatisfaction with Mr. Rose, whom he accuses of impertinently tampering with the Memoir. "I never," writes Malone to Percy, in corroboration of such complaints, "observed any of those grimaces or fooleries that the interpolator talks of!" "In going over Goldsmith's life," writes Dr. Anderson to Percy, "I will thank you to point out the particular passages which were thrust into your narrative." Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 213. Substantially, however, the narrative no doubt remained in its leading details what it is stated to be in the advertisement, "composed from the information of persons who were intimate with the poet at an early period, and who were honoured with a continuance of his friendship till the time" of his death. For proof of Percy's unceasing reference to the Memoir as the authentic account of Goldsmith, even after its interpolation by Rose, see Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 102, where he recommends it to Dr. Anderson's

for egregious vanity in Goldsmith. It may have been so; but it sprang from the opposite source to that in which the ordinary forms of vanity have birth. Fielding describes a class of men who feed upon their own hearts; who are egotists, as he says, the wrong way; and if Goldsmith was vain, it was the wrong way. It arose, not from overweening self-complacency in supposed advantages, but from what the world had forced him since his earliest youth to feel, intense uneasy consciousness of supposed defects. His resources of boyhood went as manhood came. There was no longer the cricket-match, the hornpipe, an active descent upon an orchard, or a game of fives or foot-ball, to purge unhealthy humours and "clear out the mind." There was no old dairy-maid, no Peggy Golden, to beguile childish sorrows, or, as he mournfully recalls in one of his delightful essays, to sing him into pleasant tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen. It was his ardent wish, as he grew to manhood, to be on good terms with the society around him; and, finding it essential first of all to be on good terms with himself, he would have restored by fantastic

notice. In a letter to Mr. Nichols (*Illustrations*, vi. 584), Percy also expressly describes it as compiled under his direction. I refer to this compilation throughout my volume, therefore, as the *Percy Memoir*; and in an Appendix to the second volume of this biography ("WHAT WAS PROPOSED AND WHAT WAS DONE FOR THE 'RELATIVES OF GOLDSMITH'"), I have entered more largely into the delays and disputes connected with its composition. It should be added that many of the materials for a life which Percy had obtained from Goldsmith himself, were lost by being intrusted to Johnson, when the latter proposed to be his friend's biographer; and some were lost by Percy himself. But the failure of Johnson's design arose less from his own dilatoriness than from a difficulty started by Francis Newbery's surviving partner (Curnan, the elder Newbery's son-in-law), who held the copyright of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and who refused to join the other possessors of Goldsmith's writings in the

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† I quote the couplet (of which the first line is tamely given in the *Biography*...

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10. had done their best to batter him out of it. It was to no purpose he made the attempt. So unwitting a contrast to gentleness, to simplicity, to an utter absence of disguise, in his real nature, could but make an absurdity the more. "Why, what wouldst thou have, dear Doctor!" said Johnson, laughing at a squib in the *St. James's Chronicle* which had coupled himself and his friend as the pedant and his flatterer in *Love's Labour Lost*, and at which poor Goldsmith was fretting and foaming; "who the plague is hurt with all this nonsense? and how is a man the worse, I wonder, in his health, purse, or character, for being called Holofernes?" "How you may relish being called Holofernes," replied Goldsmith, "I do not know; but I do not like at least to play Goodman Dull."* Much against his will it was the part he was set down for from the first.

But were there not still the means, at the fireside of his good-hearted father, of turning these childish rebuffs to something of a wholesome discipline? Alas! little; there was little of worldly wisdom in the home circle of the kind but simple preacher, to make a profit of this worldly experience. My father's education, says the man in black, and no one ever doubted who sat for the portrait, "was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. . . He told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar: thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave: he loved

“ As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very
“ extent of it: he had no intentions of leaving his children
“ money, for that was dross; he was resolved they should
“ have learning, for learning, he used to observe, was better
“ than silver or gold. For this purpose, he undertook to
“ instruct us himself; and took as much pains to form our
“ morals as to improve our understanding. We were told,
“ that universal benevolence was what first cemented society;
“ we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as
“ our own; to regard the human face divine with affection
“ and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity,
“ and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest
“ impulse made either by real or fictitious distress: in a
“ word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away
“ thousands, before we were taught the more necessary
“ qualifications of getting a farthing.”*

Acquisitions highly primitive, and supporting what seems
to have been the common fame of the Goldsmith race.
“ The Goldsmiths were always a strange family,” confessed
three different branches of them, in as many different
quarters of Ireland, when inquiries were made by
a recent biographer of the poet. “ They rarely acted
“ like other people: their hearts were always in the right
“ place, but their heads seemed to be doing anything but
“ what they ought.”† In opinions or confessions of this
kind, however, the heart’s right place is perhaps not

“ world.” *

If cleverness in the common affairs of the world is what the head should be always versed in, to be meditating what it *ought*, poor Oliver was a grave defaulter. We are all of us, it is said, more or less related to chaos; and with him, to the last, there was much that lay unredeemed from its void. Sturdy boys who work a gallant way through school, and are the picked men of their colleges, and grow up to thriving eminence in their several callings, and found respectable families, are seldom troubled with this relationship till chaos reclaims them altogether, and they die and are forgotten. All men have their advantages, and that is theirs. But it shows too great a pride in what they have, to think the whole world should be under pains and penalties to possess it too; and to set up so many doleful lamentations over this poor, weak, confused, erratic, Goldsmith nature. Their tone will not be taken here, the writer having no pretension to its moral dignity. Consideration will be had for the harsh lessons this boy so early and bitterly encountered; it will not be forgotten that feeling, not always rightly guided or controlled, but sometimes in a large excess,† must almost of necessity be his who

* Mangin's *Essay*, 149.

† “ A lad whose passions are not strong enough in youth to mislead him from that path of science which his tutors, and not his inclination, have chalked out, by four or five years' perseverance probably obtains every advantage and honour his college can bestow. I forget whether the simile has been used before, but I would compare the man whose youth has been thus passed in the tranquillity of dispassionate prudence, to liquors that never ferment, and consequently continue always muddy. Passions may raise a commotion in the youthful breast, but the disurb only to refine it. However, this he may believe.”

has it in charge to dispense largely, variously, and freely to others; and in the endeavour to show that the heart of Oliver Goldsmith was indeed rightly placed, it may perhaps appear that his head also profited by so good an example.

At the age of eleven he was removed from Mr. Griffin's, and put to a school of repute at Athlone, about five miles from his father's house, and kept by a reverend Mr. Campbell.* At about the same time his brother Henry went as a pensioner to Dublin University, and it was resolved that in due course Oliver should follow him: a determination, his sister told Doctor Percy, which had replaced that of putting him to a common trade,† on those evidences of a certain liveliness of talent which had broken out at uncle John's being discussed among his relatives and friends. He remained at Athlone two years; and, when Mr. Campbell's ill-health obliged him to resign his charge, was removed to the school of Edgeworthstown, kept by the reverend Patrick Hughes. Here he stayed more than three years, and was long remembered by the school acquaintance he formed; among whom were Mr. Beatty, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Roach, and Mr. Daly, to whom we are indebted for

Polite Learning, chap. x. So, too, in his *Life of Bolingbroke*, he excuses the youthful excesses and irregularities of the statesman by the remark that this period of his career "might have been compared to that of fermentation in liquors, which grow "muddy before they brighten; but it must also be confessed that those liquors "which never ferment are seldom clear." *Miscell. Works* (Ed. 1837), iii. 383. The same observation (as usual with anything that is a favourite with him) again and again reappears in his various writings. * *Percy Memoir*, 6.

† "Oliver was his second son, and born very unexpectedly after an interval of "seven years from the birth of the former child, and the liberal education which

master, it appeared, had been Charles Goldsmith's friend. They dwelt upon his ugliness and awkward manners; they professed to recount even the studies he liked or disliked (*Ovid* and *Horace* were welcome to him, he hated *Cicero*, *Livy* was his delight, and *Tacitus* opened him new sources of pleasure);† they described his temper as ultra-sensitive, but added that though quick to take offence, he was more feverishly ready to forgive. They also said, that though at first diffident and backward in the extreme, he mustered sufficient boldness in time to take even a leader's place in the boyish sports, and particularly at fives or ball playing.‡ Whenever an exploit was proposed or a trick was going forward, "*Noll Goldsmith*" was certain to be in it; an actor or a victim.

Of his holidays, Ballymahon was the central attraction; and here too recollection was vivid and busy, as soon as his name grew famous. An old man who directed the sports of the place, and kept the ball-court in those days,

* We are told, in a note to Mrs. Hodgson's narrative, that from Mr. Hughes he profited more than from either of the other masters, as he conversed with him on a footing very different from that of master and scholar. "This circumstance Mr. Goldsmith always mentioned with respect and gratitude." *Percy Memoirs*, 6

† Mr. Daly's remark, as quoted by Mr. Prior (i. 34), is that "when he had once mastered the difficulties of *Tacitus*, he found pleasure in the perusal and occasional translation of that writer." It is less easy to believe what is added, that it was in consequence of a reproof from his elder brother he first began to pay attention to style in writing. Having sent Henry some short and confused letters from school, he received for reply, we are told, a curt piece of advice, which he afterwards turned to account, that "if he had but little to say, he should endeavour to say it well."

‡ "He was remarkably active and athletic, of which he gave proof in all exercises among his playmates, and eminently in ball-playing, which he was very fond of, and practised whenever he had opportunity."

related to the depredation of the orchard of Tirlicken, by the youth and his companions.* Fitzsimmons also vouched to the reverend John Graham for the entire truth of the adventure so currently and confidently told by his Irish acquaintance, which offers an agreeable relief to the excess of diffidence heretofore noted in him, and on which, if true, the leading incident of *She Stoops to Conquer* was founded.

At the close of his last holidays, then a lad of nearly seventeen, he left home for Edgeworthstown, mounted on a borrowed hack which a friend was to restore to Lissoy, and with store of unaccustomed wealth, a guinea, in his pocket. The delicious taste of independence beguiled him to a loitering, lingering, pleasant enjoyment of the journey; and instead of finding himself under Mr. Hughes's roof at night-fall, night fell upon him some two or three miles out of the direct road, in the middle of the streets of Ardagh. But nothing could disconcert the owner of the guinea, who, with a lofty, confident air, inquired of a person passing the way to the town's best house of entertainment. The man addressed was the wag of Ardagh, a humorous fencing master, Mr. Cornelius Kelly, and the schoolboy swagger was irresistible provocation to a jest. Submissively he turned back with horse and rider till they came within a pace or two of the great Squire Featherston's, to which he respectfully pointed as the "best house" of Ardagh. Oliver rang at the gate, gave his beast in charge with authoritative rigour, and was

* "In this adventure," Mr. Graham writes, "which he detailed minutely, both to me and to the late Mr. Fitzsimmons, he was perfectly correct, and the whole of the story is true."

Et. 16. parlour of the squire. Those were days when Irish keepers and Irish squires more nearly approximated to now; and Mr. Featherston, unlike the excellent but plosive Mr. Hardcastle, is said to have seen the mistake humoured it. Oliver had a supper which gave him so much satisfaction, that he ordered a bottle of wine to follow; the attentive landlord was not only forced to drink with him, but, with a like familiar condescension, the wife and pretty daughter were invited to the supper-room. Going to bed, he stopped to give special instructions for a hot cake breakfast; and it was not till he had dispatched this last meal, and was looking at his guinea with pathetic aspect of farewell, that the truth was told him by the good-natured squire.* The late Sir Thomas Featherston, grandson to the supposed inn-keeper, had faith in the adventure; and told Mr. Graham that as his grandfather and Charles Goldsmith had been college acquaintance, it might the better be accounted for.†

It is certainly, if true, the earliest known instance of disposition to swagger with a grand air which afterwards displayed itself in other forms, and strutted about in clothes rather noted for fineness than fitness.

* *Percy Memoir*, 6, 7.

† "The story," said Mr. Graham, at a public meeting in Ballymahon, a monument to the Poet (reported in the *Genl. Mag.* for 1820, xc. 620), "confirmed to me by the late Sir Thomas Featherston, Bart, a short time before his death."

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE.

1745—1749.

BUT the school-days of Oliver Goldsmith are now to close. Within the last year there had been some changes at Lissoy, which not a little affected the family fortunes. Catherine, the elder sister, had privately married a Mr. Daniel Hodson, “the son of a gentleman of good property, residing at “St. John’s, near Athlone.” The young man was at the time availing himself of Henry Goldsmith’s services as private tutor; Henry having obtained a scholarship two years before, and assisting the family resources with such employment of his college distinction. The good Charles Goldsmith was greatly indignant at the marriage, and on reproaches from the elder Hodson “made a sacrifice detrimental to the “interests of his family.” He entered into a legal engagement, still registered in the Dublin Four Courts, and bearing date the 7th of September, 1744, “to pay to Daniel Hodson, Esq.,

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The writer who discovered this marriage settlement attributes it to "the highest sense of honour;"* but it must surely be doubted if an act which, to elevate the pretensions of one child, and adapt them to those of the man she had married, inflicted beggary on the rest, should be so referred to. Oliver was the first to taste its bitterness. It was announced to him that he could not go to college as Henry had gone, a pensioner; but must consent to enter it, a sizar.

The first thing exacted of a sizar, in those days, was to give proof of classical attainments. He was to show himself, to a certain reasonable extent, a good scholar; in return for which, being clad in a black gown of coarse stuff without sleeves, he was marked with the servant's badge of a red cap, and put to the servant's offices of sweeping courts in the morning, carrying up dishes from the kitchen to the fellows' dining-table in the afternoon, and waiting in the hall till the fellows had dined. This,—commons, teaching, and chambers, being on the other hand greatly reduced,—is called by one of Goldsmith's biographers "one of those judicious and considerate arrangements of the founders of such institutions, that gives to the less opulent the opportunity of cultivating learning at a trifling expense;"† but it is called by Goldsmith himself, in his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*,‡ a "contradiction" suggested by motives of pride, and a passion which he thinks absurd, "that men should be at once learning the liberal arts, and at the same time treated as slaves; at once studying freedom and practising servitude."

To this contradiction he is obliged to add, that

yet in his meagre school. He resisted with all his strength; little less than a whole year, it is said, obstinately resisted the new contempts and loss of worldly consideration thus bitterly set before him. He would rather have gone to the trade chalked out for him as his rough alternative,—when uncle Contarine interfered.

This was an excellent man; and with some means, though very far from considerable, to do justice to his kindly impulses. In youth he had been the college companion of Bishop Berkeley,* and was worthy to have had so divine a friend. He too was a clergyman; and held the living of Kilmore near Carrick-on-Shannon, which he afterwards changed to that of Oran near Roscommon; where he built the house of Emblemore, changed to that of Tenpe by its subsequent possessor, Mr. Edward Mills, Goldsmith's relative and contemporary. Mr. Contarine had married Charles Goldsmith's sister (who died at about this time, leaving one child), and was the only member of the Goldsmith family of whom we have solid evidence that he at any times took pains with Oliver, or felt anything like a real pride in him. He bore the greater part of his school expenses;† and was used to receive him with delight in holidays, as the playfellow of his daughter Jane, a year or two older than Oliver, and some seven years after this married to a Mr. Lauder. How little the most charitable of men will make allowance for differences of temper and disposition in the education of youth, is too well known: Mr. Contarine told Oliver that

* See note to *Perry Memoir*, 17, 18.

† "The rev. Mr. Greene," the son of the rector of Kilkenny West, "also
"liberally assisted, as Dr. Goldsmith used to relate, in this beneficent purpose."

he describes it himself, a "knack at hoping;" and at all times, it must with equal certainty be affirmed, a knack at getting into scrapes. Like Samuel Johnson at Oxford, he avoided lectures when he could, and was a loungeur at the college gate.* The popular picture of him in these Dublin University days, is little more than of a slow, hesitating, somewhat hollow voice, heard seldom and always to great disadvantage in the class-rooms; and of a low-sized, thick, robust, ungainly figure, lounging about the college courts on the wait for misery and ill-luck.

he had himself been a sizar, and that it had not availed to withhold from *him* the friendship of the great and the good.

His counsel prevailed. The youth went to Dublin, showed by passing the necessary examination that his time at school had not been altogether thrown away, and on the 11th of June 1745 was admitted, last in the list of eight who so presented themselves, a sizar of Trinity College; *—there most speedily to earn that experience, which, on his elder brother afterwards consulting him as to the education of his son, prompted him to answer thus: “If he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him to your college, unless you have no other trade for him except your own.”†

Flood, who was then in the college, does not seem to have noticed Goldsmith: but a greater than Flood, though himself little notable at college, said he perfectly recollected his old fellow-student, when they afterwards met at the house of Mr. Reynolds. Not that there was much for an Edmund Burke to recollect of him. Little went well with Goldsmith in his student course. He had a menial position, a savage brute for tutor, and few inclinations to the study exacted. He was not indeed, as perhaps never living creature in this world was, without his consolations; he could sing a song well, and, at a new insult or outrage, could blow off excitement through his flute with a kind of desperate “mechanical vehemence.” At the worst he had, as

he describes it himself, a "knack at hoping;" and at all times, it must with equal certainty be affirmed, a knack at getting into scrapes. Like Samuel Johnson at Oxford, he avoided lectures when he could, and was a loungeur at the college gate.* The popular picture of him in these Dublin University days, is little more than of a slow, hesitating, somewhat hollow voice, heard seldom and always to great disadvantage in the class-rooms; and of a low-sized, thick, robust, ungainly figure, lounging about the college courts on the wait for misery and ill-luck.

His Edgeworthstown schoolfellow, Beatty, had entered among the sizars with him, and for a time shared his rooms. They are described as the top-rooms adjoining the library of the building numbered 35, where the name of Oliver Goldsmith may still be seen, scratched by himself upon a window-pane.† Another sizar, Marshall, is said to have been another of his chums. Among his occasional associates, were certainly Edward Mills, his relative; Robert Bryanton, a Ballymahon youth, also his relative, of whom he was fond; Charles and Edward Purdon, whom he lived to befriend; James Willington, whose name he afterwards had permission to use in London, for low literary work he was ashamed to put his own to;‡ Wilson§ and Kearney, subsequently doctors and fellows of the college; Wolfen, also well known;|| and Lauchlan Maclean, whose political pamphlets, unaccepted challenge to Wilkes, and general party exertions, made a noise in the world twenty or thirty

to be expected that any wonderful feats of memory should be performed respecting him ; and it seems tolerably evident that, with the exception of perhaps Bryanton and Beatty, not one owner of the names recounted put himself in friendly relation with the sizar, to elevate, assist, or cheer him. Richard Malone, afterwards Lord Sunderlin ; Barnard and Marlay, afterwards worthy bishops of Killaloe and Waterford ; found nothing more pleasant than to talk of " their old fellow-collegian Doctor Goldsmith," in the painting-room of Reynolds : but nothing, I suspect, so difficult, thriving lads as they were in even these earlier days, than to vouchsafe recognition to the unthriving, depressed, insulted Oliver.*

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A year and a half after he had entered college, at the commencement of 1747, his father suddenly died. The scanty sums required for his support had been often intercepted, but this stopped them altogether. It may have been the least and most trifling loss connected with that sorrow ; but " squalid poverty," relieved by occasional gifts, according to his small means, from uncle Contarine, by petty loans from Bryanton or Beatty, or by desperate pawning of his books of study, was Goldsmith's lot thenceforward. Yet even in the depths of that despair, arose the consciousness of faculties reserved for better fortune than continual

* " When he had got high in fame," said Johnson to Boswell, " one of his friends " began to recollect something of his being distinguished at college. Goldsmith in " the same manner recollected more of that friend's early years, as he grew a greater " man," *Boswell* vi. 310. This, we must admit, is the general rule. Barnard, afterwards Dean of Derry, and ultimately Bishop of Killaloe, from which diocese he was translated to that of Limerick, will frequently appear in these pages. He was

contempt and failure. He would write street-ballads to save himself from actual starving; sell them at the Rein-Deer repository in Mountrath-court for five shillings a-piece; and steal out of the college at night to hear them sung.*

Happy night, to him worth all the dreary days! Hidden by some dusky wall, or creeping within darkling shadows of the ill-lighted streets, this poor neglected sizar watched, waited, lingered, listened there, for the only effort of his life which had not wholly failed. Few and dull perhaps the beggar's audience at first, but more thronging, eager, and delighted, as he shouted forth his newly-gotten ware. Cracked enough, I doubt not, were those ballad-singing tones; very harsh, extremely discordant, and passing from loud to low without meaning or melody; but not the less did the sweetest music which this earth affords fall with them on the ear of Goldsmith. Gentle faces pleased, old men stopping by the way, young lads venturing a purchase with their last remaining farthing; why, here was a world in little, with its fame at the sizar's feet! "The greater world will be "listening one day" perhaps he muttered, as he turned with a lighter heart to his dull home.

It is said to have been a rare occurrence when the five shillings of the Rein-deer repository reached home along with him. It was the most likely, when he was at his utmost need, to stop with some beggar on the road who might seem to him even more destitute than himself. Nor this only. The money gone,—often, for the naked shivering wretch, had he slipped off a portion of the scanty clothes he

the demonstrations of Euclid; and for this, all his life afterwards, even more than poet Gray,* did poor Goldsmith wage war with mathematics. Never had he stood up in his class that this learned savage did not outrage and insult him. Having the misery to mistake malice for wit, the comic as well as tragic faculty of Mr. Wilder found endless recreation in the awkward, ugly, "ignorant," most sensitive young man. There was no pause or limit to the strife between them. The tutor's brutality rose even to personal violence; the pupil's shame and suffering hardened into reckless idleness, and the college career of Oliver Goldsmith was proclaimed a wretched failure.

* Gray, while yet as young as Goldsmith, complained from Cambridge West in much the same language that Goldsmith might have employed in Dublin if at this early time of life he had been blessed with such a friend. "I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty to give myself up to my friends and classical companions who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them, and out of a spirit of obstinacy (I think) love them the better for it; and indeed what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas! I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas! I cannot see too much light; I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make five; but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I look all around me, it seems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him." Gray's *Works*, Ed. Mitford (1835), ii. 7-9. "Gray regretted his want of mathematical knowledge," says Norton Nicholls, "yet he would never allow that it was necessary, in order to form the mind to a habit of reasoning or attention. Does not Locke require much attention as Euclid?" &c. &c. *Works*, v. 52.

+ *Percy Memoir*, 15. "Theater Wilder, a man of the most morose and mercurial temper, who thenceforth persecuted him with unremitting cruelty, especially at quarterly examinations, when he would insult him before his fellow students, by sarcastic taunts and ironical applauses of the severest malignity." "His wretched son," says Mr. Shaw Mason "of the family of Castle Wilder in

Let us be thankful that it was no worse, and that participation in a college riot was after all the highest of his college crimes. Twice indeed he was cautioned for neglecting even his Greek lecture; but he was also thrice commended for diligence in attending it; and Doctor Kearney said he once got a prize at a Christmas examination in classics. The latter seems doubtful; but at any rate the college riot was the worst to allege against him, and in this there was no very active sin. A scholar had been arrested, though the precincts of the university had always been held privileged from the intrusion of bailiffs, and the students resolved to take rough revenge. It was in the summer of 1747. They explored every bailiff's den in Dublin, found the offender by whom the arrest was made, brought him naked to the college pump, washed his delinquency thoroughly out of him; and were so elated with the triumph, and everything that bore affinity to law, restraint, or authority, looked so ludicrous in the person of this drenched bailiff's-runner, their miserable representative, that it was on the spot proposed to crown and consummate success by breaking open Newgate, and making a general jail delivery. The Black Dog, as the prison was called, stood on the feeblest of legs, and with one small piece of artillery must have gone down for ever; but the cannon was with the constable, the assailants were repulsed, and some townsmen attracted by the fray unhappily lost their lives. Five of the ringleaders were discovered, and expelled the college; and among five lesser offenders who were publicly admonished for being present, "aiding and abetting,"*

7. More galled by formal University admonition than by
 19. Wilder's insults, and anxious to wipe out a disgrace that seemed not so undeserved, Goldsmith tried in the next month for a scholarship. He lost the scholarship, but got an exhibition:* a very small exhibition truly, worth some thirty shillings, of which there were nineteen in number, and his was seventeenth in the list. In the way of honour or glory this was trifling enough; but, little used to anything in the shape of even such a success, he let loose his unaccustomed joy in a small dancing party at his rooms, of humblest sort.

Wilder heard of the affront to discipline, suddenly showed himself in the middle of the festivity, and knocked down the poor triumphant exhibitioner.† It seemed an irretrievable disgrace. Goldsmith sold his books next day, got together a small sum, ran away from college, lingered fearfully about Dublin till his money was spent, and then, with a shilling in his pocket, set out for Cork. He did not know where he would have gone, he said, but he thought of America. For three days he lived upon the shilling; parted by degrees with nearly all his clothes to save himself from famine; and long afterwards told Reynolds, what his sister relates in her narrative, that of all the exquisite meals he had ever tasted, the most delicious was a handful of grey peas given him by a girl at a wake after twenty-four hours' fasting.‡ The vision of America sank before this reality, and he turned

not to strike him to the ground again; for certainly no other improvement is on record. The insults, the merciless jests, the "Oliver Goldsmith turned down,"—continue as before.* We still trace him less by his fame in the class-room than by his fines in the buttry-books. The only change is in that greater submission of the victim which marks unsuccessful rebellion. He offers no resistance; makes no effort of any kind; sits, for the most part, indulging day-dreams. A Greek *Scapula* has been identified† which he used at this time, scrawled over with his writing. "Free. Oliver "Goldsmith;" "I promise to pay, &c. Oliver Goldsmith;"† are among the autograph's musing shapes. Perhaps one half the day he was with Steele or Addison in parliament; perhaps the other half in prison with Collins or with Fielding. We should be thankful, as I have said, that a time so dreary and dark bore no worse fruit than that. The shadow cast over his spirit, the uneasy sense of disadvantage which obscured his manners in later years, affected himself singly; but how many they are, whom such suffering, and such idleness, would have wholly and for ever corrupted.‡ The spirit hardly less generous, cheerful, or

* An anecdote, "often told in conversation to Bishop Percy," obtained one of these turnings down for the rebellious sizar. Wilder called on Goldsmith, at a lecture, to explain the centre of gravity; which, on getting no answer, he proceeded himself to explain: calling out harshly to Oliver at the close, "Now, blockhead, "where is *your* centre of gravity?" The answer—which was delivered in a slow, hollow, stammering voice, and began "Why, Doctor, by your definition, I think it "must be"—disturbed every one's centre of gravity in the lecture room; and, turning the laugh against Wilder, *turned down* poor Oliver. Mr. Prior found the latter brief record duly entered under the date of May 9, 1748, on consulting the senior lecturer's book in Dublin University. i. 90. † *Prior*, i. 94.

self-supported than Goldsmith's, has been broken by them utterly.

He took his degree of bachelor of arts on the 27th February, 1749 ;* and as his name stood lowest in the list of sizars with whom he was originally admitted, so it stands also lowest in a list still existing of the graduates who passed on the same day, and thus became entitled to use the college library.† But it would be needless to recount the names that appear above his ; for the public merits of their owners ended with their college course, and oblivion has received them. Nor indeed does that position of his name necessarily indicate his place in the examination ; it being then the usage to regulate the mere college standing of a student through the whole of his course, by his position obtained at starting. But be this as it might, Mr. Wilder and his pupil now parted for ever : and when the friend of Burke, of Johnson, and of Reynolds, next heard the name of his college tyrant, a violent death had overtaken him in a dissolute brawl.

“ to his having overrated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasonings at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew. This, however, did not please my tutor, who observed indeed, that I was a little dull ; but at the same time allowed, that I seemed to be very goodnatured, and had no harm in me.”

* *Percy Memoir*, 17.

† Shaw Mason's *Statistical Account*, iii. 358. “ Feb. 27, 1749, he was admitted bachelor of arts, two years after the regular time. In the roll of those qualified for admission to the college library, it appears that Oliver Goldsmith took the oaths necessary to those who desire that privilege. The time for this is immediately after obtaining the degree of bachelor of arts.” Mr. Prior supposes that he first had examined this library record, but Mr. Shaw Mason had been there before him.

CHAPTER III.

THREE YEARS OF IDLENESS.

1749—1752.

GOLDSMITH returned to his mother's house. There were great changes. She had removed, in her straitened circumstances, to a cottage at Ballymahon, "situated on the entrance to Ballymahon from the Edgeworthstown road on the left hand side." His brother Henry had gone back to his father's little parsonage house at Pallas; and, with his father's old pittance of forty pounds a year, was serving as curate to the living of Kilkenny West, and was master of the village school, which after shifting about not a little had become ultimately fixed at Lissoy. His eldest sister, Mrs. Hodson, for whom the sacrifice was made that impoverished the family resources, was mistress of the old and better Lissoy parsonage house, in which his father had lived his latter life. All entreated Oliver to qualify himself for orders; and when they joined uncle Contarine's request, his own objection was withdrawn. But he is only twenty-one; he must wait two years; and they are passed at Ballymahon.

1. He has escaped one scene of misery ; another is awaiting
him ; and what possibilities of happiness lie in the interval,
it is his nature to seize and make the most of. He assists his
brother Henry in the school ; runs household errands for his
mother, as if he were still what the village gossips called
him, "Master Noll ;"* writes scraps of verse to please his
uncle Contarine ; and, to please himself, gets cousin
Bryanton and Tony Lumpkins of the district, with wander-
ing bear-leaders of genteeler sort, to meet at an old inn by
his mother's house, and be a club for story-telling, for an
occasional game of whist, and for the singing of songs. First
in these accomplishments, great at Latin quotations, as
admirer of happy human faces greatest of all, — Oliver pre-
sides. Cousin Bryanton had seen his disgrace in college,
and thinks this a triumph indeed. So seems it to the hero
of the triumph, on whose taste and manners, still only
forming as yet in these sudden and odd extremes, many an

* I subjoin a curious passage from Mr. Shaw Mason's volume already quoted, in which what appears to be a misstatement of dates is either to be explained by supposing that the entries as to "Master Noll" refer to a period before the family had removed from Lissoy, or by the suggestion in the text that the young bachelor of arts still ran the errands of his boyhood, and retained its familiar name. "The writer of this account purchased some old books a few years ago, at an auction in Ballymahon ; and among them an account-book, kept by a Mrs. Edwards, and a Miss Sarah Shore, who lived in the next house to Mrs. Goldsmith. In this village record, were several shop accounts from the year 1740 to 1756. Some of the entries in the earliest of these accounts ran thus ;—'Tea by Master Noll . Cash by ditto ;'—from which it appears, that the young poet was then perhaps his mother's only messenger. One of the accounts, in 1756, may be considered a statistical curiosity, ascertaining the use and price of green tea in this part of the country, sixty years ago." (Mr. Mason wrote in 1818.)

"Mrs. Goldsmith, to Sarah Shore, Dr.

"Bought for war 1

Thus the two years passed. In the day-time occupied, as I have said, in the village school; on the winter nights, at Conway's; and, in the evenings of summer, taking solitary walks among the rocks and wooded islands of the Inny, strolling up its banks to fish or play the flute, otter-hunting by the course of the Shannon, learning French from the Irish priests, or winning a prize for throwing the sledge-hammer at the fair of Ballymahon.* “A lady who died
“lately in this neighbourhood, and who was well acquainted
“with Mrs. Goldsmith, mentioned that it was one of Oliver's
“habits to sit in a window of his mother's lodgings, and amuse
“himself by playing the flute.”†

Two sunny years, with sorrowful affection long remembered;‡ storing up his mind with many a thought and fancy turned to profitable use in after-life, but hardly better than his college course to help him through the world. So much even occurred to himself when eight years were gone, and, in the outset of his London distresses, he turned back with wistful looks to Ireland. “Unaccountable fondness for
“country, this *Maladie du País*, as the French call it!” he exclaimed, writing to his brother-in-law Hodson. “Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a
“place who never received when in it above common civility;
“who never brought anything out of it except his brogue

* “A blacksmith, who boasted to the rev. Mr. Handcock of having taught him
“the art, still survived about the year 1787.” *Prior*, i. 116.

† *Shaw Mason*, iii. 358.

‡ “Those who have walked in an evening by the sedgy sides of unfrequented
“rivers must remember a variety of notes from different water-fowl; the loud

49.
21. "and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous
"with the Scotchman's, who refused to be cured of the itch
"because it made him unco' thoughtful of his wife and
"bonny Inverary. But to be serious, let me ask myself
"what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country
"is a fine one perhaps? No. There are good company in
"Ireland? No. The conversation there is generally made
"up of a smutty toast or a bawdy song; the vivacity
"supported by some humble cousin, who has just folly
"enough to earn his dinner. Then perhaps there's more wit
"and learning among the Irish? Oh, lord! no! There
"has been more money spent in the encouragement of the
"Padareen mare there one season, than given in rewards
"to learned men since the times of Usher. All their
"productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation,
"or a few tracts in divinity; and all their productions in
"wit, to just nothing at all. Why the plague then so
"fond of Ireland! Then all at once, because you, my dear
"friend, and a few more, who are exceptions to the general
"picture, have a residence there. This it is that gives me
"all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this
"spirit sometimes to the souring the pleasures I at present
"possess."*

And perhaps still more of the secret escaped without his knowledge, when, in that same year, he was writing to a more intimate friend. "I have disappointed your neglect," he said to Bryanton, "by frequently thinking

"none so dismally hollow as the hearing of the bitter— I am told in the

"of you. Every day do I remember the calm anecdotes
 "of your life, from the fireside to the easy chair: recal
 "the various adventures that first cemented our friend-
 "ship: the school, the college, or the tavern: preside
 "in fancy over your cards: and am displeased at your bad
 "play when the rubber goes against you, though not with
 "all that agony of soul as when I once was your partner."*
 Let the truth then be confessed: and that it was the careless
 idleness of fire-side and easy chair, that it was the tavern
 excitement of the game at cards, to which Goldsmith so wist-
 fully looked back from those first hard London struggles.

It is not an example I would wish to inculcate; nor is this
 narrative written with that purpose. To try any such process
 for the chance of another Goldsmith would be a somewhat
 dangerous attempt. The truth is important to be kept in
 view: that genius, representing as it does the perfect health
 and victory of the mind, is in no respect allied to these
 weaknesses, but, when unhappily connected with them, is in
 itself a means to avert their most evil consequence. Of
 the associates of Goldsmith in these happy, careless years,
 perhaps not one emerged to better fortune, and many sank
 to infinitely worse. "Pray give my love to Bob Bryanton,
 "and entreat him from me, not to drink," is a passage from
 one of his later letters to his brother Henry.† The habit of
 drinking he never suffered to overmaster himself;—if the
 love of gaming to some trifling extent continued, it was at
 least the origin of many thoughts that may have saved others
 from like temptations: and if these irregular early years

for his errors by infinite personal privation, turned all the rest to the comfort and instruction of the world. There is a providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will; and to charming issues did the providence of Goldsmith's genius shape these rough-hewn times. What it received in mortification or grief, it gave back in cheerful humour or whimsical warning. It was not alone that it made him wise enough to know what infirmities he had, but it gave him the rarer wisdom of turning them to entertainment and to profit. Through the pains and obstructions of his childhood, through the uneasy failures of his youth, through the desperate struggles of his manhood, it lighted him to those last uses of experience and suffering which have given him an immortal name.

And let it be observed, that this Ballymahon idleness could lay claim to a certain activity in one respect. It was always cheerful; and this is no unimportant part of education, if heart and head are to go together. It will be well, indeed, when habits of cheerfulness are as much a part of formal instruction as habits of study; and when the foolish argument will be heard no longer, that these things are in nature's charge, and may be left exclusively to her. Nature asks help and culture in all things; and will even yield to their solicitation, what would otherwise lie utterly unknown. It was an acute remark of Goldsmith's, in respect to literary efforts, that the habit of writing will give a man justness of thinking; and that he may get from it a mastery of manner, which holiday writers, though with ten times his genius, will

or even general beneficial example.

The two years, then, are passed ; and Oliver must apply for orders. " For the clerical profession," says Mrs. Hodson, " he had no liking." It is not very wonderful ; after having seen, in his father and his brother, how much learning and labour were rewarded in the church by forty pounds a year. But he had yet another, and to him perhaps a stronger motive ; though I do not know if it has not been brought against him as an imputation of mere vanity or simplicity, that he once said, " he did not deem himself good enough " for it." His friends, however, though not so resolutely as at first, still advised him to this family profession. " Our " friends," says the man in black, " always advise, when they " begin to despise us." He made application to the Bishop of Elphin, and was refused ; sent back as he went ; in short, plucked ;—but the story is told in various ways, and it is hard to get at the truth. His sister says that his youth was the objection ; while it was a tradition " in the diocese " that either Mr. Theaker Wilder had given the bishop an exaggerated report of his college irregularities, or (which is more likely, and indeed is the only reasonable account of the affair) that he had neglected the preliminary professional studies. Doctor Strean on the other hand fully believed, from rumours he picked up, that " Mr. Noll's " offence was the having presented himself before his right reverence in scarlet breeches ;† and certainly if this last reason be the

* " Rely upon it, sir, vivacity is much an art, and depends greatly on habit." Johnson to Boswell, *Life*, vi. 95.

† Mangin's *Essay*, 150. " To be obliged," says the man in black, " to wear a

3. true one, it is our first ominous experience of the misplaced personal finery which will find reiterated mention in this veritable history. In truth, however, the rejection is the only absolute certainty. The man in black, it will be remembered, undergoes something of the same kind, remarking, "my friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone ;" and yet they thought it a pity, for one that had not the "least harm in him, and was so very goodnatured."

Uncle Contarine, however, was far from thinking this. He found a gentleman of his county, a Mr. Flinn, in want of a tutor, and recommended Oliver. The engagement continued for a year, and ended, as it might have been easy to anticipate, unsatisfactorily. His talent for card-playing, as well as for teaching, is said to have been put in requisition by Mr. Flinn ; and the separation took place on Goldsmith's accusing one of the family of unfair play.* But when he left this excellent Irish family and returned to Ballymahon, he had thirty pounds in his pocket, it is to be hoped the produce of fairer play ; and was undisputed owner of a good plump horse. Within a few days, so furnished and mounted, he again left his mother's house (where, truth to say, things do not by this time seem to have been made very comfortable to him), and started for Cork, with another floating vision of America. He returned in six weeks, with nothing in his pocket, and on a lean beast to which he had given the name of Fiddleback. The nature of his reception at Ballymahon appears from the simple remark he is said to have made to his mother. "And now, my dear mother, after having struggled so hard to

“come home to you, I wonder you are not more rejoiced to
“see me.” *

He afterwards addressed a clever though somewhat cavalier letter to her from his brother's house; which is open to the objection that no copy exists in his hand-writing, but which has great internal evidence of his facility, grace, and humour. Nor is there anything more signally worth remark in connection with the vagabond vicissitudes which these pages will have to record, than that, out of all the accidents which befell the man, the poverty he had to undergo, the companions with whom he associated, the sordid necessities which unavoidably conduct so often into miry ways, no single speck or stain ever fell on that enchanting beauty of style. Wherever he might be, or with whatever clowns for playfellows; in the tavern, in the garret, or among citizens in the Sunday gardens; when he took the pen in hand, he was a gentleman. Everything coarse or vulgar dropped from it instinctively. It reflected nothing, even in its descriptions of things vulgar or coarse in themselves, but the elegance and sweetness which, whatever might be the accident or meanness of his external lot, remained pure in the last recesses of his nature.

In substance this letter to his mother confessed that his intention was to have sailed for America: that he had gone to Cork for that purpose; converted the horse which his mother prized so much higher than Fiddleback into cash; paid for his passage in an American ship; and, the wind threatening to detain them some days, had taken a little

“mother,” he remarks, “that no one can starve while he has
“money in his pocket :” and, being reduced by the practice of
this apophthegm to his last two guineas, he bought the
generous beast, Fiddleback, for one pound seventeen, and with
five shillings in his pocket turned homewards. Then had
come one of those sudden appeals to a sharp and painful
susceptibility, when, as he afterwards described them to his
brother, charitable to excess, he forgot the rules of justice,
and placed himself in the situation of the wretch who was
thanking him for his bounty. Penniless in consequence,
he bethought him of a college acquaintance on the road, to
whose house he went. With exquisite humour he describes
this most miserly acquaintance, who, to allay his desperate
hunger, dilated on the advantages of a diet of slops, and set
him down to a porringer of sour milk and a heel of musty
cheese; and, being asked for the loan of a guinea, earnestly
recommended the sale of Fiddleback, producing what he
called a much better nag to ride upon which would cost
neither price nor provender, in the shape of a stout oaken
cudgel. His adventures ended a little more agreeably at
last however, in a more genial abode, where an acquaintance
of the miser entertained him. He had “two sweet girls to
“his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord ;
“and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first
“time I heard them ; for, that being the first time also that
“either of them had touched the instrument since their
“mother’s death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down
“their father’s cheeks.”*

Law was the next thing thought of, and the good Mr. Contarine came forward with fifty pounds. It seems a small sum wherewith to travel to Dublin and London, to defray expenses of entrance at inns of court, and to live upon till a necessary number of terms are eaten. But with fifty pounds young Oliver started; on a luckless journey. A Roscommon friend laid hold of him in Dublin, seduced him to play, and the fifty pounds he would have raised to a hundred, he reduced to fifty pence. In bitter shame, after great physical suffering, he wrote to his uncle, confessed, and was forgiven.

On return to Ballymahon, it is probable that his mother objected to receive him;* since after this date we find him living wholly with his brother. It was but for a short time, however; disagreement followed there too; and we see him next by Mr. Contarine's fireside, again talking literature to his good-natured uncle, writing new verses to please him (alleged copies of which are not sufficiently authentic to be quoted), and joining his flute to Miss Contarine's harpsichord.

Mrs. Hodson; and it is only for the reason mentioned in the text that I do not quote it in detail. I have thought it right, however, to include it in the Appendix (B) to the present volume.

* Mrs. Hodson's narrative, from which these facts are derived, after remarking that "his own distress and disgrace may readily be conceived," adds, "to make short of the story, he was again forgiven;" but Mr. Prior states the tradition of the neighbourhood to be, that though forgiven by his uncle he was less readily forgiven by his mother, so that he ceased to live with her, and went to his brother Henry, until a quarrel, arising from some trifling cause, for a time terminated all intercourse between the brothers. i. 129.

CHAPTER I



PREPARING FOR A MEDICAL

1752—1755.

1752. THE years of idleness must never

Æt. 24. To do nothing, no matter how melodious the flute and harpsichord, is not what a young man has to do in the world to do; and it required but a very genial visitor to close for ever G

require other than a very cursory mention of his arrival he is reported to have set round the streets, after leaving his luggage where he had forgotten to inquire the name of the street or the landlady, and to which he came back by the accident of meeting the porter who brought his trunk from the coach.* He is also said to have found in this temporary abode, a knowledge of the culinary expedients with which three medical men might be supported for a whole week on a single pound of beef; a brandered chop served up one day, a third of chops with onion sauce a third, and so on; and the parts should be quite consumed, when finally, on the third day, a dish of broth manufactured from the bones of the beef, and the ingenious landlady rested from her labours. He moreover recorded, in proof of his carelessness for money, that being in company with several

1752.
 Æt. 24.

But first let me remark that no trace of the character or extent of his studies. It is true that any learned celebrity he may have attained, paled an ineffectual fire before his more brilliant as inimitable teller of a humorous story, and his of Irish songs.* But he was really remembered favourably by the country as well known fellow-students, as well as by his whilome college acquaintance, Lauchlin Balfour, a regard for him, which somewhat late in life he had the opportunity of showing; certainly Sir John Sleight, afterwards known as the eminent name, as painter Barry's first patron, and one of the many victims of Foote's witty attacks, without contradiction be affirmed;† and it is supposed that his eighteen months' residence in London was, on the whole, not unprofitable. It

There is another confession in a later which touches him in a nearer point, and more than it reveals. It would seem as his resources, he had, for some part of employment in a great man's house: "I have spent," he says, "more than" "second day at the Duke of Hamilton's" "like me more as a jester than as a" "disdained so servile an employment" whom, on equal terms, he could be his companion, Bryanton was charged with extravagance. "You cannot send me much news" "but such as it is, send it all; everything" "agreeable to me. Has George Conway" "or John Binckley left off drinking dram" "got a new wig?" To the remark whimsical satire of the Scotch he at the

as the one great professor, and the rest of the doctor-teachers as only less afflicting to their students than they must be to their patients. He makes whimsical mention of a trip to the Highlands, for which he had hired a horse about the size of a ram, who "walked away (trot he could "not) as pensive as his master." Other passages have a tendency to show within what really narrow limits he had brought his wants; with how little he was prepared to be cheerfully content; and that, for whatever advances were sent him, though certainly it might have been desirable that he should have turned them to more practical use, he at least overflowed with gratitude.

There has been occasionally a harsh judgment of Goldsmith for this money so wasted on abortive professional undertakings: but the sacrifices cannot fairly be called very great. Burke had an allowance of 200*l.* a-year for leisure to follow studies to which he never paid the least attention; and when his father anxiously expected to hear of his call to the bar, he might have heard, instead, of a distress which forced him to sell his books: * yet no one thinks, and rightly, of exacting penalties from Burke on this ground. Poor Goldsmith's supplies were on the other hand small, irregular, uncertain, and, in some two years at the furthest, exhausted altogether.

Here, in this letter to his uncle, he says that he has drawn for six pounds, and that his next draft, five months after this date, will be for but four pounds; pleading in extenuation of these light demands, that he has been obliged

he has "good store of clothes" to accompany him on his travels. Yet there was decided moderation even in the direction sartorial; nor does the wardrobe, to which allusion was made a few pages back, appear to have been by any means extensive in the proportion of the gaiety of its colours. Upon the latter point our evidence is not to be gainsayed. What will have to be remarked of Goldsmith in this respect at Mr. Boswell's or Sir Joshua's, is already to be said of him in the lodging-house and lecture-room at Edinburgh; and on the same proof of old tailors' bills, the very ghosts of which continue to flutter about and plague his memory.

The leaf of an Edinburgh ledger of 1753 has fallen into my hands, from which it would appear that one of his fellow students, Mr. Honner, had introduced him at the beginning of that year to a merchant tailor with whom he dealt for sundry items of hose, hats, silver lace, satin, allapeen, fustian, durant, shalloon, cloth, and velvet; which materials of adornment are charged to him, from the January to the December of the year, in the not very immoderate sum of 9*l.* 11*s.* 2¼*d.* the first entries of which, to the amount of 3*l.* 15*s.* 9¾*d.* were in November duly paid in full, and what remained at the year's end carried to a folio in the same ledger, unluckily destroyed before it was discovered to whom the page related. A copy of the old leaf is given below;* and radiant as it is, through all its age and dinginess, with a name bright and familiar since to many generations of boys and men in the good merchant-tailors' city, is it not also still sparkling in every part with its rich sky-blue satin, its fine sky-blue shalloon, its superfine silver-laced small hat, its rich black

cloth? for which the gravest reader will not unwillingly spare a smile before he returns with me to the letters that preceded student Oliver's departure for the continent.

In that first letter he had professed himself pleased with his studies, and expressed a hope that when he shall have heard Munro for another year, he may go "to hear Albinus, the great professor at Leyden." The whole of the letter gives evidence of a most grateful affection. In the second,* written eight months later, where he describes his prepara-

all who are in want of it has been equalled only by the value of his discoveries in almost every department of literary research. The leaf of the ledger is here exactly copied.

P. 383.

MR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH, Student, pr. MR. HENNER.

1753.		£	s.	d.
Jan ^r .	24. To 2½ yds. rich Sky-Blew satten, 12s.	1	10	0
"	To 1½ yds. white Allapeen, 2s.		3	0
"	To 1¾ yds. Do. Fustian, 1s. 4d.		2	4
"	To 4 yds. Blew Durant, 1s. 4d.		5	4
"	To ¾ yds. fine Sky-Blew Shalloon, 1s. 9d.		1	3½
Feb ^r .	23. To 2¼ yds. fine Priest's Grey cloth, 10s. 6d.	1	3	7½
"	To 2 yds. Black shalloon, 1s. 6d.		3	0
"	To a pair fine 3-thd Black worsted Hose		4	6
"	To ½ yds. rich Ditto Genoa velvett, 22s.		2	9
		<hr/>		
			3	15 9½
Nov ^r .	23. By Cash in full	£3	15	9½
		<hr/>		
"	To 1 oz. 6¾ drs. silver Hatt-Lace, 8s.		11	4½
"	To 1 drs. silver chain, 6d., and plate button, 2d.			8
"	To lacing your Hatt, 6d., and a new lyming, 6d.		1	0
"	To a sfine small Hatt		14	0
"	To 3½ yds. best sfine high Clarott-colour'd Cloth, 19s.		3	6 6
"	To 5½ yds. sfine best White shall ⁿ , 2s.		11	0
"	To 4 yds. white Fustian, 16d.		5	4
Dec ^r .	6. To a pr sfine Best Blk worsted hose		5	6

tions for travel, and, confirming his intentions as to Leyden in the following winter, says that he shall pass the intervening months in Paris, the same feeling is not less apparent: "Let me here acknowledge," he says, "the humility of the station in which you found me; let me tell how I was despised by most, and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and Melancholy was beginning to make me her own. When you" This good man did not live to know the entire good he had done, or that his own name would probably live with the memory of it as long as the English language lasted. "Thou best of men!" exclaims his nephew in the third of these letters, to which I shall presently make larger reference, "may Heaven guard and preserve you, and those you love!" It is the care of Heaven that actions worthy of itself should in the doing find reward, nor have to wait for it even on the thanks and prayers of such a heart as Goldsmith's. Another twenty pounds are acknowledged on the eve of departure from Edinburgh, as the last he will ever draw for. It *was* the last, of which we have record. But Goldsmith had drawn his last breath before he forgot his uncle Contarine.

The old vicissitudes attended him at this new move in his game of life. Land rats and water rats were at his heels as he quitted Scotland; bailiffs hunted him for security given to a fellow-student,* and shipwreck he only escaped by a fortnight's imprisonment on a false political charge. Bound for Leyden, and his purpose to interpose Paris for some reason or other laid aside, with characteristic carelessness

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16. Bourdeaux; but, taken for a Jacobite in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in Sunderland arrested by a tailor, the ship sailed on without him, and sank at the mouth of the Garonne.* These facts are stated on his own authority; but whether they are all exactly credible, or whether credit may not rather be due to the suggestion that they were mere fanciful modes of carrying off the loss, in other ways, of money given to enable him to carry on studies in which it cannot now be supposed that he took any great interest, I shall leave to the judgment of the reader.

Certain it is that at last he got safe to the learned city; and wrote off to his uncle, among other sketches of character obviously meant to give him pleasure, what he thought of the three specimens of womankind he had now seen, out of Ireland. "A Dutch woman and Scotch will well bear an
"opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and
"ruddy: the one walks as if she were straddling after a
"go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. I
"shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share
"of beauty; but I must say, that of all objects on this
"earth, an English farmer's daughter is most charming." In the same delightful letter he observingly corrects the vulgar notion of the better kind of Dutchman, amusingly comparing him with the downright Hollander, while in

* "I embarked from Bourdeaux on board a Scotch ship, called the St. Andrews, Captain John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance, and, as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea, when a storm drove us into a city of England called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We all went ashore to refresh
"us after the fatigue of our voyage. Some men and I were one day employed as

equally happy vein he contrasts Scotland and Holland. The playful tone of these passages, the amusing touch of satire, and the incomparably easy style, so compact and graceful, were announcements, properly first vouchsafed to the delight of good Mr. Contarine, of powers that were one day to give unflinching delight to all the world.*

Little is known of his pursuits at Leyden; but by this time he would seem to have applied himself, with little affectation of disguise, to general knowledge more than to professional. The one was available in immediate wants; the other pointed to but a distant hope which those very wants made, daily, more obscure; and the narrow necessities of self-help now crowded on him. His principal means of support were as a teacher; but the difficulties and disappointments of his own philosophic vagabond, when he went to Holland to teach the natives English, himself knowing nothing of Dutch, appear to have made it a sorry calling. Then, it is said, he borrowed, and again resorted to play, winning even largely, but losing all he won;† and it is at least certain that he encountered every form of distress. Unhappily, though he wrote many letters to Ireland, some of them described from recollection as compositions of singular ease and humour, all are lost. But Doctor Ellis, an Irish physician of eminence, and ex-student of Leyden,

* See Appendix (C) to this volume.

† "One morning he came to a fellow student" (this was the Doctor Ellis, clerk of the Irish house of commons, mentioned in the text) "with his pockets literally full of money, and with exultation counted out to him a large sum, which he had won the preceding eve" &c. His friend currently pressed him to

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t. 27. remembered his fellow-student when years had made him famous, and said (much, it may be confessed, in the tone of ex-post-facto prophecy) that in all his peculiarities it was remarked there was about him an elevation of mind, a philosophical tone and manner, and the language and information of a scholar.* Being much in want of the philosophy, it is well that his friends should have given him credit for it; though his last known scene in Leyden showed greatly less of the philosophic mind than of the gentle, grateful heart. Bent upon leaving that city, where he had now been nearly a year without an effort for a degree, he called upon Ellis, and asked his assistance in some trifling sum. It was given; but, as his evil, or (some might say) his good genius would have it, he passed a florist's garden on his return, and seeing some rare and high-priced flowers which his uncle Contarine, an enthusiast in such things, had often spoken and been in search of, he ran in without other thought than of immediate pleasure to his kindest friend, bought a parcel of the roots, and sent them off to Ireland.† He left Leyden next day, with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand.

* *Prior*, i. 170.

† *Percy Memoir*, 33, 34.

CHAPTER V.

TRAVELS.

1755—1756.

To understand what was probably passing in Goldsmith's mind at the curious point of his fortunes when, without any settled prospect in life, and devoid even of all apparent means of self-support, he quitted Leyden, the *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*, the first literary piece which a few years afterwards he published on his own account, will in some degree serve as a guide. The Danish writer, Baron de Holberg, was much talked of at this time, as a celebrated person recently dead. His career impressed Goldsmith. It was that of a man of obscure origin, to whom literature, other sources having failed, had given great fame and high worldly station. On the death of his father, Holberg had found himself involved "in all that distress " which is common among the poor, and of which the great " have scarcely any idea." But, persisting in a determination to be something, he resolutely begged his learning and

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Handcock, had been always a kind of passion with him. "Being of a philosophical turn," says his later associate and friend, Doctor Glover, "and at that time possessing a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger, this ingenious, unfortunate man became an enthusiast to the design he had formed of seeing the manners of different countries."* And an enthusiast to the same design, with precisely the same means of indulging it, Holberg had also been. "His ambition," I turn again to the *Polite Learning*, "was not to be restrained, or his thirst of knowledge satisfied, until he had seen the world. Without money, recommendations, or friends, he undertook to set out upon his travels, and make the tour of Europe on foot. A good voice, and a trifling skill in music, were the only finances he had to support an undertaking so extensive; so he travelled by day, and at night sung at the doors of peasants' houses to get himself a lodging. In this manner, while yet very young, Holberg passed through France, Germany, and Holland."† With exactly the same resources, still also very young, Goldsmith quitted Leyden, bent upon the travel which his *Traveller* has made immortal.

It was in February, 1755. For the exact route he took, the nature of his adventures, and the course of thought they suggested, it is necessary to resort for the most part to his published writings. His letters of the time have perished.

* Malone's edition of the *Poems* (1777), p. iii. And see the *Annual Register*, xvii,

It was common talk at the dinner table of Reynolds that the wanderings of the philosophic vagabond in the *Vicar of Wakefield* had been suggested by his own, and he often admitted at that time, to various friends, the accuracy of special details. "He frequently used to talk," says one* who became very familiar with him in later life, "of his distresses on the continent, such as living on the hospitalities of the friars in convents, sleeping in barns, and picking up a kind of mendicant livelihood by the German flute, with great pleasantry."† If he did not make more open confession than to private friends, it was to please the booksellers only; who could not bear that any one so popular with their customers as Doctor Goldsmith had become, should lie under the horrible imputation of a poverty so deplorable. "Countries wear very different appearances," he had written in the first edition of the *Polite Learning*, "to travellers of different circumstances. A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions. *Haud inexpertus loquor.*" In the second edition, the *haud inexpertus loquor* disappeared; but the experience had been already set down in the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

Louvain attracted him of course, as he passed through Flanders; and here, according to his first biographer,‡ he took the degree of medical bachelor, which, as early as 1763, is

* This was a young Irish law student named Cooke, who had chambers near him in the Temple, who will have frequent mention in the course of my narrative, and who contributed to the *Edinburgh Magazine* at least ten *Sketches of the*

in the revolutionary wars, and the means of proof or disproof lost; but it is improbable that any false assumption of a medical degree would have passed without question among the distinguished friends of his later life, even if it escaped the exposure of his active enemies. Certain it is, at any rate, that he made some stay at Louvain, became acquainted with its professors, and informed himself of its modes of study. "I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects." Some little time he also seems to have passed at Brussels. Of his having examined at Maestricht an extensive cavern, or stone quarry, at that time much visited by travellers, there is likewise trace. It must undoubtedly have been at Antwerp (a "fortification in Flanders") that he saw the maimed, deformed, chained, yet cheerful slave, to whom he refers in that charming essay wherein he argues that happiness and pleasure are in ourselves, and not in the objects offered for our amusement.* And he afterwards remembered, and made it the subject of a striking allusion, how, as he approached the coast of Holland, he looked down upon it from the deck, as into a valley; so that it seemed to him at once a conquest from the sea, and in a manner rescued from its bosom.† He did not travel to see that all was barren; he did not merely outface the poverty, the hardship, and fatigue, but made them his servants, and ministers to entertainment and wisdom.

Before he passed through Flanders good use had been made of his flute; and when he came to the poorer provinces

“ voice ; I now turned what was once my amusement into
“ a present means of subsistence. I passed among the
“ harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the
“ French as were poor enough to be very merry ; for I ever
“ found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. When-
“ ever I approached a peasant’s house towards night-fall, I
“ played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me
“ not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I
“ once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion ; but
“ they always thought my performance odious, and never
“ rewarded me even with a trifle.” In plain words, he
begged, as Holberg had done ; supported by his cheerful
spirit, and the thought that Holberg’s better fate might one
day yet be his. Not, we may be sure, the dull round of
professional labour, but intellectual distinction, popular fame,
were now within the sphere of Goldsmith’s vision ; and what
these will enable a man joyfully to endure, he afterwards
bore witness to. “ The perspective of life brightens upon
“ us when terminated by objects so charming. Every inter-
“ mediate image of want, banishment, or sorrow, receives a
“ lustre from their distant influence. With these in view,
“ the patriot, philosopher, and poet, have looked with calm-
“ ness on disgrace and famine, and rested on their straw
“ with cheerful serenity.” Straw, doubtless, was his own
peasant-lodging often ; but from it the wanderer arose,
refreshed and hopeful, and bade the melody and sport

Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew !
 And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill—
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
 Alike all ages : dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze ;
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
 So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display ;
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here :
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current—paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land ;
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise—
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
 Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.

Arrived in Paris, he rested some brief space, and, for the time, a sensible improvement is to be observed in his resources. This is not easily explained ; for, as will appear a little later in our history, many applications to Ireland of this date remained altogether without answer, and a sad fate had fallen suddenly on his best friend. But in subsequent communication with his brother-in-law Hodson, he remarked, with that strange indifference to what was implied in such obligations which is not the agreeable side of his character, that there was hardly a kingdom in Europe in

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least some small portion of these travels he acted as companion to a young man of large fortune (nephew to a pawnbroker, and articled-clerk to an attorney);* and there are passages in the philosophic vagabond's adventures, which, if they did not themselves suggest the assertion (as they certainly supply the language) of those first biographers, would tend to bear it out. "I was to be the "young gentleman's governor, with a proviso that he should "always be permitted to govern himself. He was heir to a "fortune of two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an "uncle in the West Indies; and all his questions on the "road were, how much money could be saved. Such "curiosities as could be seen for nothing, he was ready "enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be "paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told they "were not worth seeing; and he never paid a bill that he "would not observe how amazingly expensive travelling "was."

Poor Goldsmith could not have profited much by so thrifty a young gentleman, but he certainly seems to have been present, whether as a student or a mere visitor, at the fashionable chemical lectures of the day ("I have seen as "bright a circle of beauty at the chemical lectures of "Rouelle as gracing the court at Versailles");† to have seen and admired the celebrated actress Mademoiselle

* *Annual Register*, xvii. 30. *Percy Memoir*, 35, 36. I may here remark that, some thirty years after Goldsmith's death, the *Annual Register* printed what purported to be "a letter of the late Doctor Goldsmith, when about twenty-five "years old, to a young gentleman, whom he had for a short time instructed in

leisure to look quietly around him, and form certain grave and settled conclusions on the political and social state of France. He says, in his *Animated Nature*, that he never walked about the environs of Paris that he did not look upon the immense quantity of game running almost tame on every side of him, as a badge of the slavery of the people. What they wished him to observe as an object of triumph, he added, he regarded with a secret dread and compassion. Nor was it the badge of slavery that had alone arrested his attention. If on every side he saw this, he saw liberty at but a little distance beyond ; and more than ten years before the *Animated Nature* was written, he had predicted, in words that are really very remarkable, the issue which was so terrible and yet so glorious : “ As the Swedes are making “ concealed approaches to despotism, the French, on the “ other hand, are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into “ freedom. When I consider that those parliaments (the “ members of which are all created by the court, the “ presidents of which can only act by immediate direction) “ presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who, till “ of late, received directions from the throne with implicit “ humility ; when this is considered, I cannot help fancying “ that the genius of freedom has entered that kingdom in “ disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs more “ successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, “ and the country will certainly once more be free.”† Some

* At the close of the second number of the *Bee*.

Bastille resounded over Europe.

Before Goldsmith quitted Paris, he is said by his biographers to have been seen and become known to Voltaire.* But at Paris this could not have been. The great wit was then self-exiled from the capital, which he had not seen from the luckless hour in which he accepted the invitation of

varieties of men, not only placed him in advance of his contemporaries on several social questions, but occasionally gave him very much the advantage over greatly more learned, and, so to speak, educated men. Thus it was, in short, he became a Citizen of the World; and the passage in the text may be taken for proof that he never could have used the shallow argument maintained by Johnson in his dispute with Sir Adam Ferguson: "Sir, I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual. Sir, the danger of the abuse of power is nothing to a private man. What Frenchman is prevented from passing his life as he pleases? SIR ADAM: "But, Sir, in the British constitution it is surely of importance to keep up a spirit in the people, so as to preserve a balance against the crown. JOHNSON: Sir, I perceive you are a vile whig. Why all this childish jealousy of the power of the crown? The crown has not power enough." *Boswell*, iii. 202-3. This was in 1772; and in 1789 the Bastille came down.

* *Prior*, i. 181. Since my first edition was published, an octogenarian of Cork, the late Mr. Roche, who had talked with Gibbon in Switzerland and narrowly missed having talked with Montesquieu; who refers to his friend Vergniaud and details his impression of Mirabeau's speech on national bankruptcy, who paid once for his dinner at a Paris chop-house 14000 francs (in assignats), and in company with Malesherbes had the honour to be put into prison by Robespierre,—has made much, in a book of published anecdotes, of his supposed detection of this error; Mr. Irving having repeated it in the interval, and Lord Brougham having also given currency to it in a *Life of Voltaire*. I learn this from a notice in the *Globe* newspaper of a few months back. "Take for instance," says the writer, enlarging on the cleverness of his octogenarian friend, "Brougham, Washington Irving, Mr. Prior, "and Oliver Goldsmith, all of whom are convicted of a gross conspiracy to circulate "a fraud of which honest Noll was the original fabricator, the others having "only endorsed the forgery. Goldsmith could not by chance have conversed with "Voltaire in Paris during the year 1754, as he impudently says he did, for the "simple reason that Voltaire quitted Paris in 1750, and never set foot in the capital "till eighteen years afterwards, in 1778. The two lives by Irving and Prior still "hold this falsehood, but"—and the writer goes on to say that I appear not only to have entertained some suspicion of it, but to have doubted the veracity of my

Goldsmith's own authority; but the passage is scarcely written, does not appear in a work which bore the writer's name, and may either have been tampered with by others, or even mistakenly set down by himself in confusion of memory. The error does not vitiate the statement in an integral point, since it can hardly be doubted, I think, that the meeting actually took place. The time when Goldsmith passed through the Genevese territory, is the time when Voltaire had settled himself, in greater quiet than he had known for years, in his newly-purchased house of *Les Delices*, his first residence in Geneva. He is, in a certain sort, admitted president of the European intellectual republic; and, from his president's chair, is laughing at his own follies, laughing heartily at the kings of his acquaintance, particularly and loudly laughing at Frederick and his "*Œuvres des Poésies*." It is the time of all others when, according to his own letters, he is resolved to have, on every occasion and in every shape, "the society of agreeable and "clever people." * Goldsmith, flute in hand, or Goldsmith, learned and poor companion to a rich young fool, - Goldsmith, in whatever character, yearning to literature, its fame, and its awe-inspiring professors,—would not find himself near *Les Delices* without finding also easy passage to its illustrious owner. By whatever chance or design, there at any rate he seems to have been. A large party was present, and conversation turned upon the English; of whom, as he afterwards observed in a letter to the *Public Ledger*, Goldsmith recollected Voltaire to have remarked, that at the battle of Dettingen they exhibited prodigies of valour.

but lessened their well-bought conquest by lessening the merit of those they had conquered.

In a *Life of Voltaire* afterwards begun, but not finished, in one of the magazines of the day, he recalled this conversation in greater detail, to illustrate the general manner of the famous Frenchman. "When he was warmed in discourse, and had got over a hesitating manner which sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to hear him. His meagre visage seemed insensibly to gather beauty, every muscle in it had meaning, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness." Among the persons alleged to be present, though this might be open to question if anything of great strictness were involved, the names are used of the vivid and noble talker, Diderot, and of Fontenelle, then on the verge of the grave that waited for him nigh a hundred years. The last, Goldsmith says, reviled the English in everything; the first, with unequal ability, defended them; and, to the surprise of all, Voltaire long continued silent. At last he was roused from his reverie; a new life pervaded his frame; he flung himself into an animated defence of England; strokes of the finest raillery fell thick and fast on his antagonist; and he spoke almost without intermission for three hours. "I never was so much charmed," he added; "nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute."*

Here Goldsmith was a worshipper at the footstool, and Voltaire was on the throne; yet it is possible that when the great Frenchman heard in later years the name of the

zeal, the pale, somewhat sad face, with its two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, but redeemed from ugliness or contempt by its kind expression of simplicity, as his own was by its wonderful intellect and look of unutterable mockery. For though, when they met, Voltaire was upwards of sixty-one, and Goldsmith not twenty-seven, it happened that when (in 1778) the Frenchman's popularity returned, and all the fashion and intellect of Paris were again at the feet of the philosopher of Ferney; the Johnsons, Burkes, Gibbons, Wartons, Sheridans, and Reynoldses of England were discussing the inscription for the marble tomb of the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

The lecture rooms of Germany are so often referred to in his prose writings, that, as he passed to Switzerland, he must have taken them in his way. In the *Polite Learning*,* one is painted admirably: its Nego, Probo, and Distinguo, growing gradually loud till denial, approval, and distinction are altogether lost; till disputants grow warm, moderator is unheard, audience take part in the debate, and the whole hall buzzes with false philosophy, sophistry, and error. Passing into Switzerland, he saw Schaffhausen frozen quite across, and the water standing in columns where the cataract had formerly fallen. His *Animated Nature*, in which this is noticed, contains also masterly descriptions, from his own experience, of the wonders that present themselves to the traveller over lofty mountains; and he adds that "nothing can be finer or more exact than "Mr. Pope's description of a traveller straining up the

shepherd's pipe of reed ; and, poet himself at last, sent off to his brother Henry* the first sketch of what was afterwards expanded into the *Traveller*. Who can doubt that it would contain the germ of these exquisite lines ?

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

Remembering thus his brother's humble kindly life, he had set in pleasant contrast before him the weak luxuriance of Italy, and the sturdy enjoyment of the rude Swiss home. Observe in this following passage with what an exquisite art of artlessness, if I may so speak, an unstudied character is given to the verses by the recurring sounds in the rhymes ; by the turn that is given to particular words and their repetition ; and by the personal feeling, the natural human

* Glover, who related many anecdotes on Goldsmith's own authority, distinctly tells us (Malone's Dublin edition of the *Poems*, p. xv. And see *Annual Register*, xvii. 30) that it was here he first tried a sustained flight in verse, and that he sent from Switzerland the first sketch of the *Traveller* to his brother Henry. Mrs. Holson tells us : "She hath seen letters to his friends, which he wrote "from Switzerland, Germany, and Italy." *Narrative of Peck's Memoir*, 14. These

1755. pathos, which invests the lines with a charm so rarely
Æt. 27. imparted to mere descriptive verse.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display—
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword ;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed—
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal—
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air and carols as he goes ; *
With patient angle trolls the finny deep ;
Or drives his venturous plough-share to the steep ;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze—

* The sixth edition of the *Thucydides*, published in 1770.

While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast—
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such was the education of thought and heart now taking the place of a more learned discipline in the truant wanderer ; such the wider range of sympathies and enjoyment opening out upon his view ; such the larger knowledge that awakened in him, as the subtle perceptions of genius arose. More than ever was he here, in the practical paths of life, a loiterer and laggard ; yet as he passed from place to place, finding for his foot no solid resting-ground, no spot of all the world that he might hope to call his own, there was yet sinking deep into the heart of the homeless vagrant that power and possession to which all else on earth subserves and is obedient, and which out of the very abyss of poverty and want gave him a right and title over all.

For me your tributary stores combine ;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

Descending into Piedmont he observed the floating bee-

“floating bee-house yields the proprietor a considerable income. Why a method similar to this has never been adopted in England, where we have more gentle rivers, and more flowery banks, than any other part of the world, I know not.” After this, proofs of his having seen Florence, Verona, Mantua, and Milan, are apparent; and in Carinthia the incident occurred with which his famous couplet has too hastily reproached a people, when, sinking with fatigue, after a long day’s toilsome walk, he was turned from a peasant’s hut at which he implored a lodging. At Padua he is supposed to have stayed some little time; and here, it has been asserted, though in this case also the official records are lost, he received his degree. Here, or at Louvain, or at some other of these foreign universities where he always boasted himself hero in the disputations to which his philosophic vagabond refers, there can hardly be a question that the degree, a very simple and accessible matter at any of them; was actually conferred. “Sir,” said Boswell to Johnson, “he *disputed* his passage through Europe.”* Of his having also taken a somewhat close survey of those countless academic institutions of Italy, in the midst of which Italian learning at this time withered, evidence is not wanting; and he always thoroughly discriminated the character of that country and its people.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows ;
In florid beauty groves and fields appear—
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here !

Contrasted faults through all his manners reign :
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue—
And even in penance planning sins anew.

1755
Æt. 2

It is a hard struggle to return to England ; but his steps are now bent that way. “My skill in music,” says the philosophic vagabond, whose account there will be little danger in accepting as at least some certain reflection of the truth, “could avail me nothing in Italy, where every peasant “was a better musician than I : but by this time I had “acquired another talent which answered my purpose as “well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign “universities and convents there are, upon certain days, “philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious “disputant ; for which, if the champion opposes with any “dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and “a bed for one night. In this manner, then, I fought my “way towards England ; walked along from city to city ; “examined mankind more nearly ; and, if I may so express “it, saw both sides of the picture.”

CHAPTER VI.

+

PECKHAM SCHOOL AND GRUB STREET.

1756—1757.

It was on the 1st of February, 1756, that Oliver Goldsmith stepped upon the shore at Dover, and stood again among his countrymen.

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs. . .

The comfort of seeing it must have been about all the comfort to him. At this moment, there is little doubt, he had not a single farthing in his pocket ; and from the lords of human kind, intent on looking in any direction but his, it was much more difficult to get one than from the careless good-humoured peasants of France or Flanders. In the struggle of ten days or a fortnight which it took him to get to London, there is reason to suspect that he attempted a " low comedy" performance in a country barn ; and, at one of the towns

friend or acquaintance, without the knowledge or comfort of even one kind face, in the lonely, terrible, LONDON streets.

He thought he might find employment as an usher; and there is a dark uncertain kind of story, of his getting a bare subsistence in this way for some few months, under a feigned name: which had involved him in a worse distress but for the judicious silence of the Dublin Doctor (Radcliff), fellow of the college and joint-tutor with Wilder, to whom he had been suddenly required to apply for a character, and whose good-humoured acquiescence in his private appeal saved him from suspicion of imposture. Goldsmith showed his gratitude by a long, and, it is said, a most delightful letter to Radcliff, descriptive of his travels; now unhappily destroyed.* He also wrote again to his more familiar Irish

the writer rejoined (*St. James' Chronicle*, April 12, 14, 1774), "We never said "that he set up in Ireland. The country town alluded to is an English town, the "name of which is forgotten. But the *writer of this and the former paragraph "assures the public that he had the anecdote from the Doctor's own mouth." Mr. Prior has quoted this, i. 201.

* Percy's friend, Campbell (in his *Survey of the South of Ireland*, 286-9), gives an account of this incident from the recollections of Radcliff's widow, but in antedating it before his foreign travel makes an evident mistake, which is silently corrected in the *Percy Memoir*, 37, where reference is made to Campbell's book. I now quote the latter: "Upon his first going to England, he was in such distress, "that he would gladly have become an usher to a country school; but so destitute "was he of friends to recommend him, that he could not without difficulty obtain "even this low department. The master of the school scrupled to employ him "without some testimonial of his past life. Goldsmith referred him to his tutor "at college for a character; but all this while he went under a feigned name. "From this passage, therefore, one would think that little in his favour could be

spread plaisters for them, pound in their mortars, run with their medicines: but they, too, asked him for a character, and he had none to give.* At last a chemist of the name of Jacob took compassion upon him, and the late Conversation Sharp used to point out a shop at the corner of Monument Yard on Fish Street Hill, shown to him in his youth as this benevolent Mr. Jacob's. Some dozen years later, Goldsmith startled a brilliant circle at Bennet Langton's or Sir Joshua's with an anecdote of "When I lived among the beggars in "Axe Lane," † just as Napoleon, fifty years later, appalled the party of crowned heads at Dresden with his story of "When I was lieutenant in the regiment of La Fère." The experience with the beggars will of course date before that social elevation of mixing and selling drugs on Fish Street Hill. For doubtless the latter brought him into the comfort and good society on which he afterwards dwelt with such unction, in describing the elegant little lodging at three shillings a week, with its lukewarm dinner served up between two pewter plates from a cook's-shop.

1757.

Et. 29.

Thus employed among the drugs, he heard one day that

"dilemma, and suffered to drag on a miserable life for a few probationary months." Campbell goes on to state that the promised letter of thanks to Radcliff "contained a "comical narrative of his adventures from leaving Ireland to that time. His musical "talents had procured him a welcome reception wherever he went. My authority "says, that her husband admired this letter more than any part of his works."

* "His threadbare coat, his uncouth figure, and Hibernian dialect, caused him "to meet with repeated refusals." *Percy Memoir*, 38.

† "George Langton told me that he was present one day" [it could not have been George, but no doubt was Bennet] "when Goldsmith (Dr. Oliver), in a "circle of good company, began with, 'When I lived among the beggars in Axe "Lane,'— Every one present was well acquainted with the varied habits of "Goldsmith's life, and with the *accents* of his character: but this sudden trait

wait, of course, for his only holiday ! " But notwithstanding it was Sunday," he said, afterwards relating the anecdote, " and it is to be supposed I was in my best clothes, Sleigh " did not know me. Such is the tax the unfortunate pay to " poverty." He did not fail to leave to the unfortunate the lessons they should be taught by it. Doctor Sleigh (Foot's *Doctor Sligo*, honourably named in an earlier page of this narrative) recollected at last his friend of two years gone ; and when he did so, added Goldsmith, " I found his heart " as warm as ever, and he shared his purse and friendship " with me during his continuance in London."* With the help of this warm heart and friendly purse, seconded also by the good apothecary Jacob (" who," says Cooke, " saw in Goldsmith talents above his condition"), he now " rose from the apothecary's drudge to be a physician in a " humble way," in Bankside, Southwark.† It was not a thriving business : poor physician to the poor : but it seemed a change for the better, and hope was strong in him.

An old Irish acquaintance and school-fellow (Beatty) met him at this time in the streets. He was in a suit of green and gold, miserably old and tarnished ; his shirt and neckcloth appeared to have been worn at least a fortnight ; but he said he was practising physick, and doing very well ! ‡ It is hard to confess failure to one's school-fellow.

Our next glimpse, though not more satisfactory, is more professional. The green and gold have faded quite out, into a rusty full-trimmed black suit : the pockets of which, like those of the poets in innumerable fables, overflow with papers.

The coat is second-hand velvet, cast-off legacy of a more successful brother of the craft; the cane, the wig, have served more fortunate owners; and the humble practitioner of Bankside is feeling the pulse of a patient humbler than himself, whose courteous entreaties to be allowed to relieve him of the hat he keeps pressed over his heart, he more courteously but firmly declines. Beneath the hat is a large patch in the rusty velvet, which he thus conceals.

But he cannot conceal the starvation which is again impending. Even the poor printer's workman he attends, can see how hardly in that respect it goes with him; and finds courage one day to suggest that his master has been kind to clever men before now, has visited Mr. Johnson in spunging-houses, and might be serviceable to a poor physician. For his master is no less than Mr. Samuel Richardson, of Salisbury Court and Parson's Green, printer, and author of *Clarissa*. The hint is successful; and Goldsmith, appointed reader and corrector to the press* in Salisbury Court,—admitted now and then even to the parlour of Richardson himself, and there grimly smiled upon by its chief literary ornament, great poet of the day, the author of the *Night Thoughts*,†—sees hope in literature once more. He begins a tragedy. With what modest expectation, with what cheerful, simple-hearted deference to critical objection, another of his Edinburgh fellow-students, Doctor Farr, will relate to us.

* Boswell's enumeration of the employments of his adversity is strictly correct, "as far as it goes. As I once observed to Dr. Johnson, he *disputed* his poverty."

“ From the time of Goldsmith’s leaving Edinburgh, in the year 1754 I never saw him till 1756, when I was in London, attending the “ hospitals and lectures ; early in January ” [1756 is an evident mistake for 1757] “ he called upon me one morning before I was up, and on my “ entering the room, I recognised my old acquaintance, dressed in a “ rusty full-trimmed black suit, with his pockets full of papers, which “ instantly reminded me of the poet in Garrick’s farce of *Lethe*. “ After we had finished our breakfast, he drew from his pocket a part “ of a tragedy ; which he said he had brought for my correction ; “ in vain I pleaded inability, when he began to read, and every part “ on which I expressed a doubt as to the propriety, was immediately “ blotted out. I then more earnestly pressed him not to trust to my “ judgment, but to the opinion of persons better qualified to decide on “ dramatic compositions, on which he told me he had submitted his “ production, so far as he had written, to Mr. Richardson, the author of “ *Clarissa*, on which I peremptorily declined offering another criticism “ on the performance. The name and subject of the tragedy have “ unfortunately escaped my memory, neither do I recollect with exact- “ ness how much he had written, though I am inclined to believe that “ he had not completed the third act ; I never heard whether he after- “ wards finished it. In this visit I remember his relating a strange “ Quixotic scheme he had in contemplation of going to decipher the “ inscriptions on the *written mountains*,* though he was altogether “ ignorant of Arabic, or the language in which they might be supposed “ to be written. The salary of £300 per annum, which had been left “ for the purpose, was the temptation ! ” †

Temptation indeed ! The head may well be full of projects of any kind, when the pockets are only full of papers. But not, alas, to decipher inscriptions on the written mountains, only to preside over pot-hooks at Peckham, was doomed to be the lot of Goldsmith. One Doctor Milner, known still as the author of Latin and Greek grammars useful in their day,

* Accounts of the written mountains may be seen in Burckhardt’s *Savages*

1757.
Et. 29. kept a school there; his son* was among these young Edinburgh fellow-students with Oliver, come up, like Farr, Sleight, and others, to their London examinations; and thus it happened that the office of assistant at the Peckham academy befell. "All my ambition now is to live," he may well be supposed to have said, in the words he afterwards placed in the mouth of young Primrose. He seems to have been installed at nearly the beginning of 1757. An attempt has been made to show that it was an earlier year, but on grounds too unsafe to oppose to known dates in his life. The good people of Peckham have also cherished traditions of *Goldsmith House*, as what was once the school is now fondly designated; which may not safely be admitted here. Broken window-panes have been religiously kept, for the supposed treasure of his hand-writing;† and old gentlemen, once Doctor Milner's scholars, have claimed, against every reasonable evidence, the honour of having been whipped by the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. But nothing is with certainty known, save what a daughter of the school-master has related.

At the end of the century Miss Hester Milner, "an intelligent lady, the youngest, and only remaining of "Doctor Milner's ten daughters," was still alive, and very willing to tell what she recollected of their old usher. An answer he had given herself one day to a question which, as it interested her youth, had happily not ceased to occupy and interest her old age, seemed to have retained all the strong impression which it first made upon her. Her father being a presbyterian divine, she could hardly fail to

hear many arguments and differences in doctrine or dogma discussed ; and, in connection with these, it seems to have occurred to her one day to ask Mr. Goldsmith what particular commentator on the Scriptures *he* would recommend ; when, after a pause, the usher replied, with much earnestness, that in his belief common-sense was the best interpreter of the sacred writings.*

What other reminiscences she indulged took a lighter and indeed humorous tone. He was very good-natured, she said ; played all kinds of tricks on the servants and the boys, of which he had no lack of return in kind ; told entertaining stories ; “ was remarkably cheerful, both in the “ family and with the young gentlemen of the school ; ” and amused everybody with his flute. Two of his practical jokes on Doctor Milner’s servant, or footboy, were thought worth putting in a notebook by the worthy gentleman,† a neighbour of Miss Milner’s at Islington, to whom she related them. Thinking that they somewhat pleasantly illustrated the “ humour and cheerfulness of Goldsmith,” he was careful, after “ receiving them from Miss Milner on drinking tea “ with her,” to write them down immediately on his return home. And as even biography has its critics jealous for its due and proper dignity, the present writer had perhaps better anticipate a possible objection to these and other anecdotes which in this narrative will first be read, by pleading also the apology of Miss Milner’s friend, that “ however trivial “ they may be, there are some young persons to whom they “ may prove acceptable.”

neighbourhood had inspired him. This youthful Phillis seems to have rather suddenly quitted service and gone back to her home in Yorkshire, leaving behind her a sort of half-promise that she would some day send William a letter; which everybody but William of course knew was only her good-natured way of getting rid of importunity: he, however, having a fixed persuasion that the letter would come, every morning would watch the postman as he passed, and became at last so wretched with disappointment that Goldsmith good-naturedly devised an attempt to cure these unfounded expectations. In a servant-girl's hand elaborately imitated, and with such language and spelling as would exactly hit off the longed-for letter out of Yorkshire ("the lady who told me the anecdote," interposes the narrator, "saw it before it was sent"), Goldsmith prepared an epistle from Phillis which was to convey to William, in effect, that she had for various reasons delayed writing, but was now to inform him that a young man, by trade a glass-grinder, was paying his addresses to her, that she had not given him much encouragement but her relations were strongly for the match, that she, however, often thought of William, and must conclude by saying that something must now be done one way or another, &c. &c. Properly sealed and directed, one of the young gentlemen had it in charge from Goldsmith to take in the letters on the postman's next visit, place this among them, and hand them all to the footboy; "the young gentlemen being in the habit of running towards the door whenever the post appeared." Everything

contents to anybody, the fact of something having happened as plainly revealed itself in William's increased air of importance, as formerly was shadowed forth, in the silent excitement which Mr. Bickerstaffe observed in his servant-maid, the fact afterwards discovered of her having put on a new pair of garters. Nevertheless, for the rest of the day, Goldsmith let the potion work which was to effect the cure; and not till night did he disturb it by the startling question, addressed to the servant-man on his walking into the kitchen, "So, William, you *have* had a letter from York-shire? Well, what does she say to you? Come, now, tell me all about it." William recovered his surprise, confessed the letter, but would say nothing more. "Yes," nodding his head; "but I shall not tell you, Mr. Goldsmith, anything about it; no, no, that will never do." "What, nothing?" No. "Not if she says she'll marry you?" No. "Not if she has married anybody else?" No. "Well then," says Goldsmith, "suppose, William, *I* tell you what the contents of the letter are. Come," he added, looking at a newspaper he held in his hand, "I will *read* you your letter just as I find it here;" and he read it accordingly, word for word, to his amazed listener, who at last cried out very angrily, "You use me very ill, Mr. Goldsmith! you have opened my letter." The sequel was a full explanation by the good-natured usher, and such kindly advice not in future to expect any letter more real than that which had been written to cure him of his folly, that, according to Miss Milner, "poor William was then induced to believe "*it the wisest way*"

obstinate notions of his own, which it was not very easy to dissipate by ordinary modes of persuasion. One of these, Miss Milner told our informant, was a preposterous estimate of his capacity to do astonishing things, which nobody else could attempt, in the eating and drinking way. The whole kitchen laughed at him ; but of course refused to accept his challenge for a trial at some poisonous draught, or fare unfit for a Christian. They enlisted Goldsmith at last, however, who, having promised to administer correction to this very eccentric vanity, thus commenced preparations. He procured a piece of uncoloured Cheshire cheese, rolled it up in the form of a candle about an inch in length, and, twisting a bit of white paper to the size of a wick, and blacking its extremity, thrust it into one of the ends of the cheese, which he then put into a candlestick over the kitchen fireplace, taking care that in another, by the side of it, there should be placed the end of a real candle, in size and appearance exactly the same. Everything thus ready, in came William, and was straightway challenged by the usher to display what he had so often boasted of, in a trial with himself. " You eat yonder piece of candle," said he, taking down the cheese, " and I will eat this." William assented rather drily. " I have no objection to begin," continued Goldsmith, " but both must finish at the same time." William nodded, took his portion of candle, and, still reluctant, looked ruefully on with the other servants while Goldsmith began gnawing away at *his* supposed share, making terrible wry faces. With no heart or stomach for a like unsavoury meal,

This had the seeming effect of a sudden triumph over the challenger, which made the kitchen ring with laughter; and William, less distressed with his real sufferings, now that all was over, than elated by his fancied victory, took upon him to express sympathy for the defeated usher, and really wondered why he had not, like himself, swallowed so nauseous a morsel all at once. "Why truly," replied the usher, with undisturbed gravity, "my bit of candle, William, was no other than a bit of very nice Cheshire cheese, and therefore, William, I was unwilling to lose the relish of it."

Nor were these the only stories related of the obscure usher at Doctor Milner's school. Others were told, though less distinctly remembered, having less mirth and more pathos in their tone; but the general picture conveyed by Miss Milner's recollections was that of a teacher as boyish as the boys he taught. With his small salary, it would seem, he was always in advance. It went for the most part, Miss Milner said, on the day he received it, in relief to beggars, and in sweetmeats for the younger class. Her mother would observe to him at last: "You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me keep your money for you, as I do for some of the young gentlemen:" to which he would good-humouredly answer, "In truth, madam, there is equal need."*

All this, at the same time, is very evidently putting the best face upon the matter, as it was natural Miss Milner should. But in sober fact, and notwithstanding the tricks on William, notwithstanding these well-remembered childish

"at Peckham," said an old friend very innocently one day, in a common proverbial phrase; but Goldsmith reddened, and asked if he meant to affront him.* Nor can we fail to recall the tone in which he afterwards alluded to this mode of life. When, two years later, he tried to persuade people that a schoolmaster was of more importance in the state than to be neglected and left to starve, he described what he had known too well. "The usher," he wrote, in the sixth number of the *Bee*, "is generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon him; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, is a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh, and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill-usage, lives in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning? They must esteem learning very much, when

* *Europ. Mag.*, xxiv. 92. He would tell many stories of his own distresses, says Cooke, "but the little story of Peckham school he always carefully avoided." Let me not quit these recollections of Mrs. Hester Milner without quoting what seems to me an interesting passage from an article written by Mr. Evans in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, on the occasion of her death at a most advanced age, in January 1817. The opening remark, elicited by the fact of her attending the discomf of two dissenting ministers, "not alike in their religious creed," but with neither of whom she quarrelled, seems to imply that she had profited by the early advice of her father's old usher in these matters, and put it to practical use. "She never troubled herself much with speculative points, and was most commendably disposed to receive instruction from good men of every denomination. Mrs. Milner possessed an excellent understanding, improved by a more than ordinary degree of reflection. In person, manners, and acquisitions, she was altogether of the old school. Her conversation was intelligent and instructive. She touched an interesting topics, and was pleased with information respecting them. With French and Italian she was well acquainted." *Gent. Mag.*, LXXVII. 278. Mr. Evans adds that she had also a talent for practical geometry, but

the Peckham-discomforts, when he talked of the poor usher obliged to sleep in the same bed with the French teacher, " who disturbs him for an hour every night in papering and " filleting his hair; and stinks worse than a carrion with " his rancid pomatums, when he lays his head beside him " on the bolster." Who will not think, moreover, of George Primrose and his cousin? " Ay," cried he, " this is indeed " a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I " have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may " I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be " under-turkey in Newgate. I was up early and late: I " was browbeaten by the master, hated for my ugly face by the " mistress, worried by the boys." Finally, in the only anecdote that rests on other safe authority than Miss Milner's, there is quite sufficient reason in fact, for adoption of the same tone.

Mr. Samuel Bishop, whose sons have had distinction in the church, was a Peckham scholar, and the story is told as it was received from one of the sons.* " When " amusing his younger companions during play-hours with " the flute, and expatiating on the pleasures derived from " music, in addition to its advantages in society as a gentle- " manlike acquirement, a pert boy, looking at his situation " and personal disadvantages with something of contempt, " rudely replied to the effect that *he* surely could not consider " himself a gentleman: an offence which, though followed " by chastisement, disconcerted and pained him extremely." That the pain of this period of his life, which even at its

gathered from the same authority. When the usher was a celebrated man, young Bishop, walking London with his newly-married wife, met his old teacher Goldsmith recognised him instantly, as a lad he had been fond of at Peckham, and embraced him with delight. His joy increased when Mr. Bishop made known his wish, the introduction had not unsettled the child's image in the kind man's heart. It was still the boy before him, Master Bishop; the lad he used to cram with French sweetmeats, to the judicious horror of the Mother. "Come, my boy," he said, as his eye fell upon a beautiful woman standing at the corner of the street, "come with me. I am delighted to see you. I must treat you to something. What shall it be? Will you have some apples?" "Sam," added Goldsmith, suddenly, "have you seen the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds? Have you seen it?" "Sam? Have you got an engraving?" Not to be negligent of the rising fame of his old preceptor, said the teller of the story, "my father replied that he had not, yet procured it; he was just furnishing his house with it." "He had fixed upon the spot the print was to occur," said Goldsmith with some emotion, "if your picture had been published, I should not have waited an hour without having it."

But let me not anticipate these better days. He was the Peckham usher, and humble sitter at Doctor M'Grath's board, where it chanced that Griffiths the bookseller

was opposition in the field; Archibald Hamilton the bookseller, with the powerful aid of Smollett, had set afloat the *Critical Review*; the talk of the table turned upon this, and some remarks by the usher attracted the attention of Griffiths. He took him aside: "Could he furnish a few specimens of "criticism?" The offer was accepted, and the specimens;* and before the close of April 1757, Goldsmith was bound by Griffiths in an agreement for one year. He was to leave Doctor Milner's, to board and lodge with the bookseller, to have a small regular salary, and to devote himself to the *Monthly Review*.†

One sees something like the transaction in the pleasant talk of George Primrose. "Come, I see you are a lad "of spirit and some learning, what do you think of "commencing author, like me? You have read in books "no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at "present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town "that live by it in opulence. All honest, jog-trot men, "who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and "politics, and are praised: men, sir, who, had they been "bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended "shoes, but never made them.' Finding that there was "no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an "usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and having the "highest respect for literature, hailed the *antiqua mater*

757. "of Grub Street with reverence. I thought it my glory
e. 29. "to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me."
The difference of fact and fiction here will be, that glory had
nothing to do with this matter. Griffiths and glory were not
to be thought of together. The sorrowful road seemed the
last that was left to him: and he entered it.

On this track, then—taken by few successfully, taken
happily by few, though not on that account the less in
every age the choice of men of genius—we see Goldsmith,
in his twenty-ninth year, without the liberty of choice, in
sheer and bare necessity, calling after calling having slipped
from him, launched for the first time. The prospect of
unusual gloom might have damped the ardour of a more
cheerful adventurer.

Fielding had died in shattered hope and fortune, at
what should have been his prime of life, three years before;
within the next two years, poor and mad, Collins was
fated to descend to his early grave; Smollett was toughly
fighting for his every-day's existence; and Johnson, within
some half-dozen months, had been tenant of a spunging-
house. No man throve that was connected with letters,
unless he were also connected with their trade and
merchandise, and, like Richardson, could print as well as
write books.

"Had some of those," cried Smollett, in his bitterness,
"who were pleased to call themselves my friends, been at
"any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenu-
"ously what I had to expect in the world, I should have been
"better prepared for it."

date, there is as much respect paid to a man of letters
“on this side the water as you imagine. I don’t find that
“Genius, the

‘rathe primrose, which forsaken dies,’

“is patronised by any of the nobility . . . writers of the first
“talents are left to the capricious patronage of the public.
“After all, a man will make more by the figures of arithmetic
“than the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the
“trade wind, and then he may sail secure over Pactolean
“sands.” *

It was, in truth, one of those times of transition which
press hardly on all whose lot is cast in them. The patron
was gone, and the public had not come; the seller of books
had as yet exclusive command over the destiny of those
who wrote them, and he was difficult of access—without
certain prospect of the trade wind, hard to move. “The
“shepherd in *Virgil*,” wrote Johnson to Lord Chesterfield,†
“grew acquainted with love, and found him a native
“of the rocks.” Nor had adverse circumstances been
without their effect upon the literary character itself.‡
Covered with the blanket of Boyse, and sheltered by the
night-cellar of Savage, it had forfeited less honour and
self-respect than as the paid client of the ministries of
Walpole and Henry Pelham. As long as its political
services were acknowledged by offices in the state; as long

* Letter to his school-fellow, Matthew Smith. *Life*, i. 38.

† *Works* (Ed. 1825), i. xli.

‡ If any one would see a sketch, by the hand of a master, of what the career
of the man generally was who lived by literature in this wretched interval . . .

757. as the coarse wit of Prior could be paid by an embassy, or
 L. 29. the delicate humour of Addison win its way to a secretaryship ; while Steele and Congreve, Swift and Gay, sat at ministers' tables, and were not without weight in cabinet councils ; its slavery might not have been less real than in later years, yet all externally went well with it. Though even flat apostacy, as in Parnell's case, might in those days lift literature in rank, while unpurchaseable independence, as in that of De Foe, depressed it into contempt and ruin ; —though, for the mere hope of gain to be got from it, such nobodies as Mr. Hughes and Mr. Philips were worth propitiating by dignified public employments ; —still, it *was* esteemed by the crowd, because not wholly shut out from the rank and consideration which worldly means could give to it. “ The middle ranks,” said Goldsmith truly, in speaking of that period,* “ generally imitate the great, and applauded “ from fashion if not from feeling.” But when another state of things succeeded ; when politicians had too much shrewdness to despise the helps of the pen, and too little intellect to honour in any way its claims or influence ; when it was thought that to strike at its dignity, was to command its complete subservience ; when corruption in its grosser forms had become chief director of political intrigue, and it was less the statesman's office to wheedle a vote than the minister's business to give hand and eye a turn for it.

reacted upon him ; who flung a stigma on his pursuits, and made the name of man-of-letters the synonyme for dishonest hireling. Of the fifty thousand pounds which the Secret Committee found to have been expended by Walpole's ministry on daily scribblers for their daily bread, not a sixpence was received, either then or when the Pelhams afterwards followed the example, by a writer whose name is now enviably known. All went to the Guthries, the Amhersts, the Arnalls, the Ralphs, and the Oldmixons ; and while a Mr. Cook was pensioned, a Harry Fielding solicited Walpole in vain. What the man of genius received, unless the man of rank had wisdom to adorn it by befriending him, was nothing but the shame of being confounded, as one who lived by using the pen, with those who lived by its prostitution and abuse.

It was in vain he strove to escape this imputation ; it increased, and it clove to him. To become author was to be treated as adventurer : a man had only to write, to be classed with what Johnson calls the lowest of all human beings, the scribbler for party. One of Fielding's remarks, under cover of a grave sneer, conveys a bitter sense of this injustice. " An author, in a country where there is no
" public provision for men of genius, is not obliged to be a
" more disinterested patriot than any other. Why is he,
" whose livelihood is in his pen, a greater monster in using
" it to serve himself, than he who uses his tongue for the
" same purpose ? "

Nor was the injustice the work of the vulgar or unthinking ;

one had told William Pitt that a new man of merit, called Goldsmith, was about to try the profession of literature, he would have turned aside in scorn. It had been sufficient to throw doubt upon the career of Edmund Burke, that, in this very year, he opened it with the writing of a book.* It was Horace Walpole's vast surprise, four years later, that so sensible a man as "young Mr. Burke" should not have "worn off his authorism yet. He thinks there is nothing so "charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better "one of these days."†

Such was the worldly account of literature, when, as I have said, deserted by the patron, and not yet supported by the public, it was committed to the mercies of the bookseller. They were few and rare. It was the mission of Johnson to extend them, and to replace the writer's craft, in even its worldliest view, on a dignified and honourable basis; but Johnson's work was just begun. He was himself, as yet, one of the meaner workers for hire; and though already author of the *Dictionary*, was too glad in this very year to have Robert Dodsley's guinea for writing paragraphs in the *London Chronicle*. "Had you, sir, been an author of the "lower class, one of those who are paid by the sheet," remonstrated worthy printer Bowyer with an author who could pay, who did not need to be paid, and who would not be trifled with by the man of types.‡ Of the lower class, unlike that dignitary Mr. John Jackson, still was Samuel Johnson; he was but a Grub Street man, paid by the sheet, when Goldsmith entered Grub Street, periodical writer and

Periodicals were the fashion of the day. They were the means of those rapid returns, of that perpetual interchange of bargain and sale, so fondly cared for by the present arbiters of literature; and were now, universally, the favourite channel of literary speculation. Scarcely a week passed in which a new magazine or paper did not start into life, to perish or survive as might be. Even Fielding had turned from his *Jonathan Wild the Great*, to his *Jacobite's Journal* and *True Patriot*; and, from his *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, sought refuge in his *Covent Garden Journal*. We have the names of fifty-five papers of the date of a few years before this, regularly published every week.* A more important literary venture, in the nature of a review, and with a title expressive of the fate of letters, the *Grub Street Journal*, had been brought to a close in 1737. Six years earlier than that, for a longer life, Cave issued the first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Griffiths, aided by Ralph, Kippis, Langhorne, Grainger, and others, followed with the earliest regular *Review* which can be said to have succeeded, and in 1749 began, on whig principles, that publication of the *Monthly* which lasted till our own day. Seven years later, the tories opposed it with the *Critical*, which, with slight alteration of title, existed to a very recent date, more strongly tainted with high-church advocacy and quasi-popish principles than when the first number, sent forth under the editorship of Smollett in March 1756, was on those very grounds assailed. In the May of that year of Goldsmith's life to which I have now arrived, another *Review*,

sanguine heart of Oliver Goldsmith, when, under the watchful eye of Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, now providers of his bed and board, he sat down in the bookseller's parlour in Paternoster Row somewhat sarcastically faced with the sign of 'The Dunciad, to begin his engagement on the *Monthly Review*.

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

BOOK THE SECOND.

AUTHORSHIP BY COMPULSION.

1757 to 1759.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

REVIEWING FOR MR. AND MRS. GRIFFITHS.

1757.

THE means of existence, long sought, seemed thus to be found, when, in his twenty-ninth year, Oliver Goldsmith sat down to the precarious task-work of Author by Profession. He had exerted no control over the circumstances in which he took up the pen: nor had any friendly external aid, in an impulse of kindness, offered it to his hand. To be swaddled, rocked, and dandled into authorship is the lot of more fortunate men: it was with Goldsmith the stern and last resource of his struggle with adversity. As in the country-barn he would have played Scrub or Richard; as he prescribed for the poorer than himself at Bankside, until worse than their necessities drove him to herd with the beggars in Axe Lane; as in Salisbury Court he corrected the press among Mr. Richardson's workmen, on Tower Hill doled out physic over Mr. Jacob's counter, and at Peckham dispensed the more nauseating dose to young gentlemen of Doctor Milner's academy: he had here entered into

of greatness and distinction, day star of his wondering
his privations, was at this hour, more than it had ever been,
dim, distant, cold. A practical scheme of literary life had
as yet struck no root in his mind; and the assertion of
later years, that he was past thirty before he was really
attached to literature and sensible that he had found his
vocation in it, is no doubt true. What the conditions of his
present employment were, he knew well: that if he had
dared to indulge any hopes of finer texture, if he had shown
the fragments of his poem, if he had produced the acts of
the tragedy read to Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths
must have taken immediate counsel on the expenses of his
board. He was there, as he had been in other places of
servitude, because the dogs of hunger were at his heels.*

* In a paper full of eloquence and humour which Mr. De Quincey wrote upon the subject of this biography in the *North British Review*, so different an opinion is formed from that which I offer of this Griffiths-agreement, as well as of my contrast between the position of the man-of-letters in Goldsmith's day and that of the men of Queen Anne, while the grounds of difference are so amusingly expressed, that the reader will probably thank me for quoting the passage. I should premise that Smart's agreement, alluded to in the outset, will be found described, *post*, Book iii. Chap. x. "The pauperised (or Grub Street) section of the literary body, at the date of "Goldsmith's taking service amongst it, was (in Mr. Forster's estimate) at its very "lowest point of depression. And one comic presumption in favour of that notion "we ourselves remember; viz., that Smart, the prose translator of Horace, and a "well-built scholar, actually let himself out to a monthly journal on a regular "lease of ninety-nine years. What could move the rapacious publisher to draw "the lease for this monstrous term of years, we cannot conjecture. Surely the villain "might have been content with three score years and ten. But think, reader, of "poor Smart two years after, upon another publisher's applying to him vainly for "contributions, and angrily demanding what possible objection could be made to "offers so liberal, being reduced to answer — 'no objection, sir, whatever, except "an unexpired term of ninety-seven years yet to run.' The bookseller saw that "he must not apply again in *that* century; and, in fact, Smart could no longer let "himself, but must be sublet (if let at all) by the original lessee. Query now— "was Smart entitled to vote as a freeholder, and Smart's children (if any were

it brought. When suffering came, in whatever form, he met it with a quiet, manful endurance : no gnashing of the teeth,

"mean on which he 'conveyed' his person and free-agency to the uses of the said Griffiths (or his assigns ?) - do not appear to have been much more dignified than Smart's in the quality of the *conditions*, though considerably so in the duration of the *term* : Goldsmith's lease being only for one year, and not for ninety-nine, so that he had (as the reader perceives) a clear ninety-eight years at his own disposal. We suspect that poor Oliver, in his guileless heart, never congratulated himself on having made a more felicitous bargain. Indeed, it was not so bad, if everything be considered : Goldsmith's situation at that time was bad ; and for that very reason the lease (otherwise monstrous) was *not* bad. He was to have lodging, board, and 'a small salary,' *very* small, we suspect ; and in return for all these blessings, he had nothing to do, but to sit still at a table, to work hard from an early hour in the morning until 2 p. m., (at which elegant hour we presume that the parenthesis of dinner occurred,) but also - which, not being an article in the lease, might have been set aside, on a motion before the King's Bench - to endure without mutiny the correction and the revival of all his MSS. by Mrs. Griffiths, wife to Dr. G. the lessee. This affliction of Mrs. Dr. G. surmounting his shoulders, and controlling his pen, seems to us not at all less dreadful than that of Sindbad, when imposed with the old man of the sea ; and we, in Goldsmith's place, should certainly have tried how far Sindbad's method of alighting the nuisance had lost its efficacy by time, viz., the tempting our oppressor to get drunk once or twice a day, and then soberly throwing Mrs. Dr. G. off her perch. From that 'bad eminence,' which she had unchanceously usurped, what harm could there be in thus discounting this 'old woman of the sea ?' And as to an occasional thump or so on the head, which Mrs. Dr. G. might have caught in tumbling, that was *her* look-out ; and might besides have improved her style. For really now, if the candid reader will believe us, we know a case, odd certainly, but very true, where a young man, an author by trade, who wrote pretty well, happening to tumble out of a first-floor in London, was afterwards observed to grow very perplexed and almost unintelligible in his style ; until some years later, having the good fortune (like Wallenstein at Vienna) to tumble out of a two-pair of stairs window, he slightly fractured his skull, but on the other hand, recovered the brilliancy of his long fractured style. Some people there are of our acquaintance who would need to tumble out of the attic story before they could seriously improve their style.

"Certainly these conditions - the hard work, the being chained by the leg to the writing table, and, above all, the having one's pen claimed to that of Mrs. Dr. Griffiths, *do* seem to countenance Mr. P.'s idea, that Goldsmith's period was the purgatory of authors. And we freely confess that excepting Smart's ninety-nine years' lease, or the contract between the Devil and Dr. Faustus, we

57.
.29. or wringing of the hands. Among the lowest of human beings he could take his place, as he afterwards proved his right to sit among the highest, by the strength of his affectionate sympathies with the nature common to all. And so sustained through the scenes of wretchedness he passed, he had done more, though with little consciousness of his own, to achieve his destiny, than if, transcending the worldly plans of wise Irish friends, he had even chambered to the bishops' bench, or out-practised the whole college of physicians.

The time is at hand in his history, when all this becomes clear. Outside the garret-window of Mr. Griffiths, by the light which the miserable labour of the *Monthly Review* will let in upon the heart-sick labourer, it may soon be seen. Stores of observation, of feeling, and experience, hidden from himself at present, are by that light to be revealed. It is a thought to carry us through this new scene of suffering, with new and unaccustomed hope.

Goldsmith never publicly avowed what he had written in the *Monthly Review*; any more than the Roman poet talked of the millstone he turned in his days of hunger. Men who have been at the galleys, though for no crime of their own committing, are wiser than to brag of the work they performed there. All he stated was, that all he wrote was tampered with by Griffiths or his wife. Smollett has depicted this lady as an antiquated female critic; and when "illiterate, "bookselling" Griffiths declared unequal war against that potent antagonist, protesting that the *Monthly Review*

“judgment,” Smollett retorted in a few broad unscrupulous lines on the whole party of the rival publication. “The *Critical Review* is not written,” he said, “by a parcel of “obscure hirelings, under the restraint of a bookseller and his “wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles “occasionally. The principal writers in the *Critical Review* “are unconnected with booksellers, unawed by old women, “and independent of each other.”* Commanded by a bookseller, awed by an old woman, and miserably dependent, one of these obscure hirelings desired and resolved, as far as it was possible, to remain in his obscurity; but a copy of the *Monthly* which belonged to Griffiths, and in which he had privately marked the authorship of most of the articles, withdraws the veil.† It is for no purpose that Goldsmith could have disapproved, or I should scorn to assist in calling to memory what he would himself have committed to neglect. The best writers can spare much; it is only the worst who have nothing to spare.

The first subject I may mention first, though it takes us back a little. It was the specimen-review which had procured Goldsmith his engagement; and if the book was furnished from the bookseller's stores, it was probably the least common-place of all they contained. This was the year (1757) in which, after six centuries of neglect, the great, dark, wonderful field of northern fiction began to be explored. Professor Mallet of Copenhagen had translated the *Edda*, and directed attention to the “remains” of

* *Critical Review*, vii. 151; in a notice of Dr. Grainger's *Letter to Dr. Smollett*

57. Scandinavian poetry and mythology: and Goldsmith's first
29. effort in the *Monthly Review* was to describe the fruits of these researches, to point out resemblances to the inspiration of the East, and to note the picturesqueness and sublimity of the fierce old Norse imagination. "The learned on this "side the Alps," he began, "have long laboured at the "antiquities of Greece and Rome, but almost totally "neglected their own; like conquerors, who, while they "have made inroads into the territories of their neighbours, "have left their own natural dominions to desolation."* This was a lively interruption to the ordinary *Monthly* dulness, and perhaps the Percys, and intelligent subscribers of that sort, opened eyes a little wider at it. It was not long after, indeed, that Percy first began to dabble in *Runic Verses from the Icelandic*; before eight years were passed he had published his famous *Reliques*; and in five years more, during intimacy with the writer of this notice of Mallet, he produced his translation of Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*. In all this there was probably no connection: yet it is wonderful what a word in season from a man of genius may do; even when the genius is hireling and obscure, and labouring only for the bread it eats.

More common-place was the respectable-looking thin duodecimo with which Mr. Griffiths's workman began his next month's labour, but a duodecimo which at the time was making noise enough for every octavo, quarto, and folio in the shop. This was *Douglas, a Tragedy, as it is acted at*

the same hand (wherein his quick suspicious glance detected no Lady Randolphs), would have nothing to do with the character of Douglas. What would come with danger from the full strength of Mrs. Cibber, he knew might be safely left to the enfeebled powers of Mrs. Woffington; whose Lady Randolph would leave him no one to fear but Barry at the rival house. But despairing also of Covent Garden when refused by Drury Lane, and crying plague on both their houses, to the north had good parson Home returned, and not till eight months were gone, sent back his play endorsed by the Scottish capital. *There* it had been acted; and from the beginning of the world, from the beginning of Edinburgh, the like of that play had not been known. The Poker Club* made their ecstasies felt from Hunter Square to Grub Street and St. James's, for no rise in the price of claret had yet imperilled the life of that excellent society. Without stint or measure to their warmth the cooling beverage flowed; and bottle after bottle (at eighteenpence a piece†) disappeared in honour of the Scottish Shakspeare, whom the most illustrious of the Pokers at once pronounced better than the English, because free from "unhappy barbarism;"—yes, because refined from the unhappy barbarism of our southern Shakspeare, and purged of the licentiousness of our poor London-starved Otway. It was veritably David Hume's opinion, and still

* The Poker Club was not so named till 1762. But the men spoken of in the text were precisely that select section of Edinburgh society, already existing as a club, which, on Scotland being refused a militia, called itself the Poker, "to stir up the fire of the nation." See an account of it in Scott's notice of Home

29. bringing out at the time, that "Johnny Home" had all the theatric genius of those two poets so refined and purged. But little was even a philosopher's exaltation, to the persecution of a presbytery. No man better than Hume knew that. The first volume of his *History* had lain hopelessly on Millar's shelves, after sale of forty-five copies in a twelvemonth, when, on inquisitorial proceedings of the General Assembly against Lord Kames and himself, the public in turn became inquisitive and began to buy. And, surely as the *History* of Hume, must even puffery of Home have languished, but for that resolve of the presbytery to eject from his pulpit a parson who had written a play. It carried *Douglas* to London; secured a nine nights' reasonable wonder; and the noise of the carriages on their way to Covent Garden to see the Norval of silver-tongued Barry, were now giving sudden headaches to David Garrick, and strange comparisons of silver tongues to the hooting of owls.

But out of reach of every influence to raise or to depress, unless it be a passing thought now and then to his own tragic fragments, sits the critic with the thin duodecimo before him. The popular stir affects even quiet Gray in his cloistered nook of Pembroke Hall; but the sharp, clear, graceful judgment now lodged and boarded at The Dunciad, shows itself quite un-affected. "When the town," it began, "by a tedious succession of indifferent performances, has "been long confined to censure, it will naturally wish for "an opportunity of praise."* That is, as I translate it, the town, sick of Doctor Brown's *Athelstan* and *Barbarossa*,

thing of the reasonable promise of a *Douglas*, with disposition to enjoy it if it can. But the more striking, Goldsmith felt, was the indiscreetness that could obtrude a work like *Douglas* as "perfection:" in proof of which critical folly he made brief but keen mention of its leading defects; while to those who would plead in arrest particular beauties of diction, he directed a remark which, half a century later, was worked out in detail by the Coleridge and Schlegel school of reviewers. "In works of this nature, general observation
"often characterises more strongly than a particular criticism
"could do; for it were an easy task to point out those
"passages in any indifferent author where he has excelled
"himself, and yet these comparative beauties, if we may be
"allowed the expression, may have no real merit at all.
"Poems, like buildings, have their point of view; and too
"near a situation gives but a partial conception of the
"whole."* Good-naturedly, at the same time, he closes with quotation of two of the best passages in the poem, emphatically marking with excellent taste five lines of allusion to the wars of Scotland and England.

Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The Battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to Summer sport :
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.

If Boswell, on Johnson's challenge to show any good lines out of *Douglas*, had mustered sense and discrimination to offer these, the Doctor could hardly have exploded his emphatic *pooh*! Goldsmith differed little from Johnson in

17. A Scottish rhymist in due time rendered the poem in English.
 29. Mr. Griffiths submitting to his boarder, in a very thick duodecimo, *The Epigoniad, A Poem in Nine Books*. Doctor Wilkie's* laboured versification of his adventures of the descendants of the Theban warriors, got into Anderson's collection, the editor being a Scotchman: though candid enough to say of it, that "too antique to please the unlettered reader, and too modern for the scholar, it was neglected by both, read by few, and soon forgotten by all."† Yet this not very profound editor might have been more candid, and told us that his sentence was stolen and adapted from the *Monthly Review*. After discussion of the claims justly due and always conceded to a writer of genuine learning, Goldsmith remarked: "on the contrary, if he be detected of ignorance when he pretends to learning, his case will deserve our pity: too antique to please one party, and too modern for the other, he is deserted by both, read by few, and soon forgotten by all, except his enemies." Perhaps if his friends had forgotten him, the Doctor might have profited. "The *Epigoniad*," continued Goldsmith, "seems to be one of those new old performances; a work that would no more have pleased a peripatetic of the academic grove, than it will captivate the unlettered subscriber to one of

* For a very curious account of Wilkie, who was the son of a farmer near Edinburgh, and is said to have conceived the subject of his poem while he stood as a scarecrow against the pigeons in one of his father's fields of wheat, see a letter of Hume in his *Life* by Burton, ii. 25-9. "Wilkie," adds Hume at the close of his letter (dated 3rd July, 1757), "is now a settled minister at Ratho, within four miles of the town. He possesses about £80 or £90 a-year, which he esteems exorbitant riches. Formerly, when he had only £20 as help, he said that he was a poor man."

"passes for the cleverest fellow in England") said aye to all their praises; and when, some months afterwards, Hume came up to London to bring out the Tudor volumes of his *History*, he published puffs of Wilkie under assumed signatures, both in the *Critical Review* and in various magazines, and reported progress to the Edinburgh circle. It was somewhat "uphill work," he told Adam Smith;† and with much mortification hinted to Robertson that the verdict of the *Monthly Review* (vulgarly interpolated, I should mention, by Griffiths himself§) would have upon the whole to stand. "However," he adds, in his letter to Robertson, "if you want a little flattery to the author" (which I own is very refreshing to an author), you may tell him that Lord Chesterfield said to me he was a great poet. "I imagine that Wilkie will be very much elevated by praise from an English earl, and a knight of the garter, and an ambassador, and a secretary of state, and a man of so great reputation. For I observe that the greatest rustics are commonly most affected with such circumstances."|| It is to be hoped he was, and proportionately forgetful of low abuse from obscure hirelings in booksellers' garrets.

"An Irish gentleman," Hume in another letter told Adam Smith, "wrote lately a very pretty treatise on the 'Sublime.'"¶ This Irish gentleman had indeed written so pretty a treatise on the Sublime, that the task-work of our critic became work of praise. "When I was beginning the

* *Monthly Review*, xvii. 228, September 1757.

† *Postscript*, 1756, p. 58.

§ *Ibid.* 50.

|| *See Review*, p. 291.

infirmity when one is nothing and nobody, and when Goldsmith became something and somebody his friends still charged it upon him. They may have had some reason, for he was never very subtle or reliable in literary judgments; but as yet, at any rate, the particular weakness does not appear. A critic of the profounder sort he never was; criticism of that order was little known, and seldom practised in his day: but as it is less the want of depth, than the presence of envy, which it has been the fashion to urge against him, it will become us in fairness to observe that here, in the garret of Griffiths, he is tolerably free from it. Whether it is to seize him in the drawing-room of Reynolds, will be matter of later inquiry. He has no pretension yet to enter himself brother or craftsman of the guild of literature, and we find him in his censures just and temperate, and liberal as well as candid in his praise: glad to give added fame to established wits, as even the youths Bonnell Thornton and George Colman were beginning already to be esteemed; and eager, in such a case as Burke's, to help that the wit should be established. In the same number of the *Review* he noticed the collection into four small volumes of the *Connoisseur*, and the appearance in its three-shilling pamphlet of *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*. The *Connoisseur* he honoured with the title of friend of society, wherein reference was possibly intended to the defective side of that lectureship of society, to which the serious and resolute

"dictates, as other writers in this class have done, with
"the affected superiority of an Author. He is the first
"writer since *Bickerstaffe* who has been perfectly satirical
"yet perfectly goodnatured; and who never, for the sake
"of declamation, represents simple folly as absolutely
"criminal. He has solidity to please the grave, and
"humour and wit to allure the gay."* Our author by
compulsion seemed here to anticipate his authorship by
choice, and with indistinct yet hopeful glance beyond his
dunciad and its deities, perhaps turned with better faith to
Burke's essay on the beautiful. His criticism† was
elaborate and excellent; he objected to many parts of the
theory, and especially to the materialism on which it
founded the connection of objects of pleasure with a
necessary relaxation of the nerves; but these objections,
discreet and well considered, gave strength and relish to its
praise, and Burke spoke to many of his friends of the
pleasure it had given him.

And now appeared, in three large quarto volumes, followed
within six months by a fourth, the *Complete History of
England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the
Treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1748. Containing the
Transactions of One Thousand Eight Hundred and Three
Years. By T. Smollett, M.D.* The wonder of this
performance had been its incredibly rapid production: the
author of *Random* and *Pickle* having in the space of fourteen

* *Monthly Review*, xvi. 444, May 1757.

† *Ibid*, 473. I may add, that besides these and other detailed and important
articles in this May number, he contributed also twenty-three notices of minor

months scoured through those eighteen centuries. It was a scheme of the London booksellers to thwart the success of Hume, which promised just then to be too considerable for an undertaking in which the craft had no concern. His Commonwealth volume, profiting by religious outcry against its author, was selling vigorously; people were inquiring for the preceding Stuart volume; and Paternoster Row, alarmed for its rights and properties in standard history books, resolved to take the field before the promised Tudor volumes could be brought to market. They backed their best man, and succeeded. The *Complete History*, we are told, "had a very disagreeable effect on Mr. Hume's performance." It had also, it would appear, a very disagreeable effect on Mr. Hume's temper. "A Frenchman came to me," he writes to Robertson, "and spoke of translating my new volume of history: but as he also mentioned his intention of translating Smollett, I gave him no encouragement to proceed."* It had besides, it may be added, a very disagreeable effect on the tempers of other people. Warburton heard of its swift sale while his own *Divine Legation* lay heavy and quiet at his publisher's; and "the vagabond Scot who writes nonsense," was the character vouchsafed to Smollett by the vehement proud priest. But it is again incumbent on me to say that Goldsmith keeps his temper: that, in this as in former instances, there is no disposition to carp at a great success or quarrel with a celebrated name. His notice has evident marks of the interpolation of Griffiths, though that world's

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For the critic's handling in lighter matters, I will mention what he said of a book by Jonas Hanway. This was the Jonas of whom Doctor Johnson affirmed that he acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home: not a witticism, but a sober truth. His book about Persia was excellent, and his book about Portsmouth indifferent. But though an eccentric, he was a very benevolent and earnest man; and though he made the common mistake of thinking himself even more wise than he was good, he had too much reason to complain, which he was always doing, of a general want of earnestness and seriousness in his age. His larger schemes of benevolence have connected his name with the Marine Society and the Magdalen, both of which he originated, as well as with the Foundling, which he was active in improving; and to his courage and perseverance in smaller fields of usefulness (his determined contention with extravagant vails to servants†

* *Monthly Review*, xvi. 532, June 1757.

† "When I sat to Hogarth," said Mr. Cole, "the custom of giving vails to servants was not discontinued. On taking leave of the painter at the 'Gin Shop,' which was the name of the place where he painted his

not the least), the men of Goldsmith's day were indebted for liberty to use an umbrella. Gay's pleasant poem of *Trivia*, and Swift's description of a city shower, commemorate its earlier use by poor women; by "tuck'd-up sempstresses" and "walking maids;"* but with even this class it was a winter privilege, and woe to the woman of a better sort, or to the man, whether rich or poor, who dared at any time so to invade the rights of coachmen and chairmen. But Jonas steadily underwent the staring, laughing, jeering, hooting, and bullying; and having punished some insolent knaves who struck him with their whips as well as tongues, he finally established a privilege which, when the *Journal des Débats* gravely assured its readers that the king of the barricades (that king whose throne has since been burnt at the top of fresh barricades on the site of the Bastille) was to be seen walking the streets of Paris with an umbrella under his arm, had reached its culminating point and played a part in state affairs. Excellent Mr. Hanway, having settled the

"offered him £100 a-year for the *door!*" I doubt whether this latter statement rests on good authority; for it is the defect of an otherwise pleasant book to do only scant and grudging justice to Reynolds, and too readily to believe everything said against him. The biographer took such earnest part with Hogarth, that he became unconscious how unfairly he was treating Reynolds.

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"To guard from chilly showers the walking maid." Gay's *Trivia*.

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Nevertheless, Mr. Bolton Corney, since this biography first appeared, has produced some lines a century earlier in date, which might seem to prove that the "umbrella" had been in use in Michael Drayton's time, even by the high-born mistress of the sempstress and the maid. "Of dross" says that the poet

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months scoured through those eighteen centuries. It was a scheme of the London booksellers to thwart the success of Hume, which promised just then to be too considerable for an undertaking in which the craft had no concern. His Commonwealth volume, profiting by religious outcry against its author, was selling vigorously; people were inquiring for the preceding Stuart volume; and Paternoster Row, alarmed for its rights and properties in standard history books, resolved to take the field before the promised Tudor volumes could be brought to market. They backed their best man, and succeeded. The *Complete History*, we are told, "had a very disagreeable effect on Mr. Hume's performance." It had also, it would appear, a very disagreeable effect on Mr. Hume's temper. "A Frenchman came to me," he writes to Robertson, "and spoke of translating my new volume of history: but as he also mentioned his intention of translating Smollett, I gave him no encouragement to proceed." * It had besides, it may be added, a very disagreeable effect on the tempers of other people. Warburton heard of its swift sale while his own *Divine Legation* lay heavy and quiet at his publisher's; and "the vagabond Scot who writes nonsense," was the character vouchsafed to Smollett by the vehement proud priest. But it is again incumbent on me to say that Goldsmith keeps his temper: that, in this as in former instances, there is no disposition to carp at a great success or quarrel with a celebrated name. His notice has evident marks of the interpolation of Griffiths, though that worthy's

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“ saves something in domestic expenses into the bargain
 In subsequent serious expostulation with Mr. HANW
 some medical assumptions in his book, the reviewer
 aside his humble patched velvet of Bankside, and spec
 though with nothing less invested than the presic
 gold-headed cane: after which he closes with this pie
 quiet good-sense. “ Yet after all, why so violent an o
 “ against this devoted article of modern luxury? I
 “ nation that is rich hath had, and will have, its favc
 “ luxuries. Abridge the people in one, they generall;
 “ into another; and the Reader may judge which wi
 “ most conducive to either mental or bodily health:
 “ watery beverage of a modern fine Lady, or the strong
 “ and stronger waters, of her great-grandmother?” *

This paper had appeared in July, and in the same nu
 there was also a clever notice from the same hand of Dob
 translation of the first book of Cardinal de Polignac’s I
 poem of *Anti-Lucretius*:† the poem whose ill su
 stopped Gray in what he playfully called his *Master To*
Lucretius‡ (“De Principiis Cogitandi”). The card
 work I may mention as a huge monument of misap
 learning and not a little vanity; the talk of the world
 those days, now forgotten. It was the work of a life; c
 boast of having been corrected by Boileau and altere
 Louis the Fourteenth; and was kept in manuscript so l
 and so often, with inordinate self-complacency, pub
 recited from by the author in a kind earnest of what
 world was one day to expect, that some listeners with

and an instalment of thirteen thousand lines appeared ;* of which certainly one line (*Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, Phœboque sagittas*, which the worthy cardinal had himself stolen from Marcus Manilius), having since suggested Franklin's epitaph (*Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis*),† has a good chance to live. To the August number of the *Review*, among other matters, Goldsmith contributed a lively paper‡ on those new volumes of Voltaire's *Universal History* which so delighted Walpole and Gray ; but in the September number, where he remarks on *Odes by Mr. Gray*, I find opinions which place in lively contrast the obscure Oliver and the brilliant Horace.

Walpole called himself a whig, in compliment to his father ; but except in very rare humours he hated, while he envied, all things popular. "I am more humbled," was his cry, when thirsting for every kind of notoriety, "I am more

* See Grimm's *Anecdotes*, i. 455. I may add, that, ten years after the present date, "George Canning, of the Middle Temple, Esq.," father of the statesman, published a poor translation of the Cardinal's first three books.

† Turgot's biographer, Condorcet, quotes this line as the only Latin verse composed by the great French economist ; but Turgot had only "adapted" it, and from Polignac no doubt, to place under a portrait of Franklin. The line of Manilius, the bar from which both wires are drawn, is that in which he speaks of Epicurus, "*Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque Tonanti.*" *Astron. lib. v. line 104.*

‡ In the form of a letter to the authors of the *Monthly Review* (xvii. 154, August 1757). Gray disliked Voltaire's opinions generally, "but this," says Mr. Nichols, "did not prevent his paying the full tribute of admiration due to "his genius. He was delighted with his pleasantry ; approved his historical "compositions, particularly his *Essai sur l'Histoire Universelle* ; and placed his "tragedies next in rank to those of Shakspeare." *Works*, v. 32, 33. In a letter to Wharton (July 10, 1764) he talks of his having been reading "half-a-dozen "new works of that inexhaustible, eternal, entertaining scribbler Voltairo, who at "last (I fear) will go to Heaven, for to him entirely it is owing that the king of "France and his council have received and set aside the decision of the parliament

7.
29. "humbled by any applause in the present age, than by hosts
"of such critics as Dean Milles." * He was very steady in
his fondness for Gray (though Gray appears never to have
quite thrown aside the recollection of their early disagree-
ment †), because there was that real indifference to popular
influences in the poet, which the wit and fine gentleman was
anxious to have credit for. This liking he proclaimed on
all occasions; had written the short advertisement which
prefaced the first edition of the *Ellegy*; had himself taken
the risk of publishing, four years before, "a fine edition of
"six poems of Mr. Gray, with prints from designs of Mr. R.
"Bentley;" ‡ and when he heard, in the July of this year,
that Gray had left his Cambridge retreat for a visit to
Dodsley the bookseller, he managed, as he says himself, to
"snatch" away the new *Odes* to confer grace on the newly
started types at Strawberry-hill. § These were the *Bard*

* *Coll. Lett.* v. 323.

† For Walpole's account of their difference when travelling on the continent
together in their youth, see *Coll. Lett.* v. 340, 341; but Mr. Mitford, in his
edition of Gray, has explained the matter differently, on the authority of Mr. Isaac
Reed. From this it would seem that the quarrel arose out of a suspicion on
Walpole's part that Gray had spoken ill of him to some friends in England, which
impelled him to open clandestinely, and reveal, one of Gray's letters. This was
discovered and resented. *Works*, ii. 175, *note*. It is right to add, however, that
this account is not borne out by what Gray said to Nichols, on the latter questioning
him about the quarrel. "Walpole," replied Gray, "was son of the first minister,
"and you may easily conceive that on this account he might assume an air of
"superiority, or do or say something which perhaps I did not bear as well as I
"ought." *Works*, v. 48. This, substantially, would bear out Walpole, who
taken all that kind of blame frankly to himself.

‡ See his own Short Notes of his life, *Letters to Mann* (1843, 1844, concluding
series), iv. 343. See also his brief Memoir of Gray, and the letters to Brown and
Mason, in Mitford's *Correspondence of Gray and Mason* (1853) xxxiii, 89, and 92.
§ This is the first account of it which exists, and it appears to be the first fruits

and the *Progress of Poesy*; two noble productions, it must surely be admitted, whatever of cavil can be urged against them for the want of clearness or ease: though not to be admired after the manner of Walpole, who never praises without showing his dislike of others, much more than his love of Gray. "You are very particular, I can tell you," he says to Montague, "in liking Gray's *Odes*: but you " must remember that the age likes Akenside, and did like " Thomson! can the same people like both? Milton was " forced to wait till the world had done admiring Quarles."* It was a habit of depreciation too much the manner of the time. Even the enchanting genius of Collins struck no responsive chord in Gray himself; nor had the *Elegies* of Shenstone, the *Imagination* of Akenside, or even the *Castle of Indolence* itself, given always grateful addition to the learned idleness of the poet of Pembroke-hall.†

But Goldsmith, for the present, was not to this manner born; and though he might perhaps more freely have acknowledged the splendour of Gray's imagination and the deep humanity of his feeling, his exquisite pathos, the melancholy grandeur of his tone, his touching thoughts and most delicately chosen words,—yet was he at least not

"liked them." *Correspondence of Gray and Mason*, 465. Nevertheless it would seem, from passages in the same correspondence (89, 101) that Dodsley had had the courage to print 2000 copies; and he told Gray, in little more than a month after the publication, that "about 12 or 1300 were gone." The formal

than his own feeling of the objects and aims of poetry. And this he stated with a strength and plainness which marks with personal interest what was said of Gray. Portions of a poem he had himself already written, fragments of exquisite simplicity; and in what the tone of this criticism exhibits, we see what will one day give unity and aim to those poetical attempts, and raise them into enduring structures. We observe the gradual development of settled views; the better defined thoughts which the rude beginnings of literature are breeding in him; the rich upturning of the soil of his mind, as Mr. Griffiths passes with his harrow. The toils and sufferings of the past are now not only yielding fruit to him, but teaching him how it may be gathered.

The lesson is very simple, but of inappreciable value, and the reverse of Horace Walpole's. It is to study the people, whom Walpole would disregard; to address those popular sympathies, which he affected to despise; to speak the language of the heart, of which he knew not much; and before all things study, what so little came within the range of his experience, the joys and the sorrows of the poor. It is the lesson which Roger Ascham would have taught two hundred and fifty years before—to think as a wise man, but to speak as the common people. "We cannot without some regret," Goldsmith wrote, "behold talents so capable of giving pleasure to all, exerted in efforts that at best can amuse only the few: we cannot behold this rising Poet seeking fame among the learned, without hinting to him the same advice that Isocrates used to give his Scholars,

“ himself, of whom our modern Lyrist is an imitator, 1
“ appears entirely guided by it. He adapted his works 2
“ exactly to the dispositions of his countrymen. Irregular, 3
“ enthusiastic, and quick in transition,—he wrote for a 4
“ people inconstant, of warm imaginations, and exquisite 5
“ sensibility. He chose the most popular subjects, and all 6
“ his allusions are to customs well-known, in his days, to 7
“ the meanest person.” 8

Admirable rebuke to those who seize the form, but not the spirit, of an elder time ; and mistake the phrase which passes in a century, for the heart which is young for ever. The poetical genius of which Goldsmith is already conscious, was in its essential character of a lower grade than that of Gray : but the exquisite uses to which he will direct it, and the wise and earnest purpose which will shape and control it, are to be read, as it seems to me, in this excellent piece of criticism.

Mr. Gray, continued Goldsmith, wants the Greek writer's advantages. “ He speaks to a people not easily impressed
“ with new ideas ; extremely tenacious of the old ; with
“ difficulty warmed ; and as slowly cooling again. How
“ unsuited, then, to our national character is that species
“ of poetry which rises upon us with unexpected flights ;
“ where we must hastily catch the thought, or it flies from
“ us ; and the reader must largely partake of the poet's
“ enthusiasm, in order to taste his beauties ! . . . Mr. Gray's
“ *Odes*, it must be confessed, breathe much of the spirit of
“ Pindar ; but then they have caught the seeming obscurity,

27.
20. "a representation of what I find now appears to be,
" though perhaps not what he appeared to the States of
" Greece, when they rivalled each other in his applause,
" and when Pan himself was seen dancing to his melody.*"
Nothing could be happier than this last allusion.

Of the capabilities of Gray's genius, misdirected as he thus believed it to be, it is satisfactory to mark Goldsmith's strong appreciation. He speaks of him, in the emphatic line of the *Country Elegy*, as one whom the muse had marked for her own. He grieves that "such a genius" should not do justice to itself, by trusting more implicitly to its own powers; and quotes passages from the *Bard* to support his belief that they are as great "as anything of
" that species of composition which has hitherto appeared
" in our language, the *Odes* of Dryden himself not excepted." Certainly to the two exceptions which, while Goldsmith wrote, Gray was describing to Hurd ("my friends tell me
" that the *Odes* do not succeed, and write me many topics of
" consolation on that head: I have heard of nobody but an
" actor and a doctor of divinity that profess their esteem for them"), might with some reason have been added the poor monthly critic of *The Dunciad*. I wish I could say, that, in later and more successful days, he resisted with equal good taste and good sense the influence of Johnson's habitual and strange dislike to one of the most amiable men and delightful writers to be met with in our English literature.

* *Monthly Review*, xvii, 239, 240, September 1757.

CHAPTER II.

MAKING SHIFT TO EXIST.

1757—1758.

WITH the number of the *Monthly Review* which completed the fifth month of Goldsmith's engagement with Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, his labours suddenly closed. The circumstances were never clearly explained; but that a serious quarrel had arisen with his employer, there is no reason to doubt. Griffiths accused him of idleness; said he affected an independence which did not become his condition, and left his desk before the day was done;—nor would the reproach appear to be groundless, if the amount of his labour for Griffiths were to be measured by those portions only which have been traced; but this would be simply absurd, for the mass of it undoubtedly has perished. For himself Goldsmith retorted, that from the bookseller he had suffered impertinence, and from his wife privation; that Mr. Griffiths withheld common respect, and Mrs. Griffiths the most ordinary comforts;* that they both tampered with

* In his extreme desire to work out and complete his favourable view of the Griffiths lease or agreement, Mr. De Quincy thus philosophises the probable effect for good exerted over Goldsmith even by the "antiquated female critic" herself. The passage is supplementary to that which I have quoted *ante*, 102-4. "We see little to have altered in the lease—that was fair enough; only as regarded "the execution of the lease, we really must have protested, under any circum-

tract had been broken by himself, no moving always worked incessantly every day from nine o'clock till two,* and on special days of the week from an earlier hour until late at night. Proof of the most curious part of this counter-statement, as to interpolation of the articles, was in the possession of his first biographers; and as it now appears, from a published letter of Doctor Campbell to Bishop Percy, was at the last moment, in fear of abuse from reviewers, suppressed.†

“stances, against Mrs. Dr. Griffiths. That woman would have broken the back
“of a camel, which must be supposed tougher than the heart of an usher. There
“we should have made a ferocious stand; and should have struck for much
“higher wages, before we could have brought our mind to think of a capitulation.
“It is remarkable, however, that this year of humble servitude was not only
“but (or, as if by accident) the epoch of Goldsmith's intellectual development,
“also the occasion of it. Nay, if all were known, perhaps it may have been
“to Mrs. Dr. Griffiths in particular, that we owe that revolution in his self-
“estimation which made Goldsmith an author by deliberate choice. Hag ridden
“every day, he must have plunged and kicked violently to break loose from his
“harness; but, not impossible, the very effort of contending with the hag, when
“brought into collision with his natural desire to soothe the hag, and the inevitable
“counter impulse in any continued practice of composition, towards the satiric-
“tion, at the same time, of his own reason and taste, must have furnished a most
“salutary *palestra* for the education of his literary powers. When one lives at
“Rome, one must do as they do at Rome: when one lives with a hag, one must
“accommodate oneself to haggish caprices: besides that once in a month the hag
“might be right; or, if not, and supposing her *always* in the wrong, which,
“perhaps is too much to assume even of Mrs. Dr. G, that would but multiply the
“difficulties of reconciling her demands with the demands of the general reader and
“of Goldsmith's own judgment. And in the pressure of these difficulties would
“lie the very value of this rough Spartan education. Rope dancing cannot be very
“agreeable in its elementary lessons; but it must be a capital process for calling
“out the agilities that slumber in a man's legs. Still, through these hardships
“turned out so beneficially to Goldsmith's intellectual interests, and consequently
“so much to the advantage of all who have since delighted in his works, not the
“less on that account they were hardships, and hardships that imposed heavy
“degradation. So far, therefore, they would seem to justify Mr. Forster's
“characterisation of Goldsmith's period by comparison with Addison's period on

with show this; and that probably some small advance was his method of effecting it. It enabled him to keep up the appearance of civility when Goldsmith left his door; and to keep back the purpose of injury and insult till it could fall with heavier effect. The opportunity was not lost when it came, nor did the bookseller's malice end with the writer's death. "*Superintend the Monthly Review!*" cried Griffiths, noticing, in the number for August 1774, a brief memoir of Goldsmith professing to have been "written from personal knowledge," in which his connection with the work was so described. "We are authorised to say that the author is very much mistaken in his assertion. The Doctor had his merit, as a man of letters; but alas! those who knew him must smile at the idea of such a superintendent of a concern which most obviously required some degree of prudence, as well as a competent acquaintance with the world. It is, however, true that he had, for a while, a seat at our board; and that, so far as his knowledge of books extended, he was not an unuseful assistant."*

And so, without this belauded prudence, without this treasure of a competent acquaintance with the world; into that wide, friendless, desolate world, the poor writer, the not unuseful assistant, was launched again. How or

compilation of the *Memoir*, "I will confess to you that the circumstance of him and his wife (I mean their altering and interpolating Goldsmith's criticisms on books for the *Review*) puzzles me. It is one of the most valuable anecdotes before me, and my conscience bids me report it, but my fears whisper to me that all the *Reviews* will abuse me for so doing. But who's afraid?" The worthy Dr. Campbell himself was afraid it would seem; for certainly no such anecdote

where he lived for the next few months, is matter of great uncertainty. But his letters were addressed to the Temple Exchange coffee-house, near Temple-bar, where the "George" he celebrates in one of his essays took charge of them; the garret where he wrote and slept is supposed to have been in one of the courts near the neighbouring Salisbury-square; Doctor Kippis, one of the Monthly Reviewers, "was impressed by some faint recollection of his having made translations from the French, "among others of a tale from Voltaire;" and the recollection is made stronger by one of his autographs formerly in Heber's collection, which purports to be a receipt from Mr. Ralph Griffiths for ten guineas, probably signed a day or two before he left the *Monthly*, for translation of a book entitled *Memoirs of my Lady B.** Another writer in the *Review*, Doctor James Grainger, to whom his residence at the sign of the Dunciad had made him known, and of whom the translation of *Tibullus*, the *Ode to Solitude*, the ballad of *Bryan and Perene*, and the poem of the *Sugar-Cane*, have kept a memory very pleasant though very limited, made the same coffee-house his place of call, and often saw Goldsmith there. The month in which he separated from Griffiths was that in which Newbery's *Literary Magazine* lost Johnson's services; but this seems the

* *Prior*, i. 279.

+ "My poor worthy friend, Dr. Grainger, who resided for many years at St. Christopher's, assured me," &c. &c. *Animated Nature*, v. 155. "An agreeable man," said Johnson; "a man who would do any good that was in his power." "One of the most generous, friendly, and benevolent men I ever

an instant places him in that garret near Salisbury-square. Its inmate sits alone in wretched drudgery, when the door opens, and a raw-looking country youth of twenty stands doubtfully on the doleful threshold. Goldsmith sees at once his youngest brother Charles; but Charles cannot bring himself to see, in the occupier of this miserable dwelling, the brother on whose supposed success he had already built his own! Without education, profession, friends, or resource of any kind, it had suddenly occurred to this enterprising Irish lad, as he lounged in weary idleness round Ballymahon, that as brother Oliver had not been asking for assistance lately, but was now a settled author in London, perhaps he had gotten great men for his friends, and a kind word to one of them might be the making of *his* fortune. Full of this he scrambled to London as he could, won the secret of the house from the Temple Exchange waiter to whom he confided his relationship, and found the looked-for architect of wealth and honour, *here!** “All in good time, my dear boy,” cried

* “Having heard of his brother Noll mixing in the first society in London, he “took it for granted that his fortune was made, and that he could soon make “a brother’s also: he therefore left home without notice; but soon found, “on his arrival in London, that the picture he had formed of his brother’s “situation was too highly coloured, that Noll would not introduce him to his “great friends, and in fact, that, although out of a jail, he was also often out of “a lodging.” Northcote’s *Life of Reynolds*, i. 332-3. I may add, on the authority of a letter of Malone’s, that some thirty or forty years after this incident Charles was thought greatly to resemble his celebrated brother in person, speech, and manner; and it will be observed from the succeeding note, that he had at that time many habits and tastes like his, such as the love of flute-playing, and a frequent resort to it from painful thoughts.

1757. “as I was without friends,
 Æt. 29. “impudence ; and that in a
 “an Irishman was sufficient to
 “in such circumstances would
 “cord, or the suicide’s halter.
 “principle to resist the one,
 “other. I suppose you desire
 “As there is nothing in it at v
 “mankind could censure, I se
 “secret ; in short, by a very
 “and a very little reputation a
 “Nothing is more apt to intr
 “Muses than poverty ; but in
 “at the door. The mischief
 “give us their company at t
 “instead of being gentleman
 “the ceremonies. Thus, up

connection with this letter.* What I
ever tasted in London, he says, Irish
Signora Columba had never poured out
of melody at the opera, that he did not
fireside, and Peggy Golden's song of
Last Good Night. "If I climb H
" where Nature never exhibited a more
" I confess it fine; but then I had ra
" little mount before Lishoy gate,
" me, the most pleasing horizon in na
" came hither, my thoughts sometime
" severer studies among my friends
" strange revolutions at home; but
" rapidity of my own motion, that g
" to objects really at rest. No alt
" friends, he tells me, are still lean,
" very fat, but still very poor. Nay

1757. " of you, would fairly make a
 Æt. 29. " though, upon second thoughts,
 " a few inconveniences : therefor
 " come to Mahomet, why Mahom
 He explains, that if they cann
 visit, he believes he must go n
 subscribes himself his dear Dan

Poet and Physician,—the rag
 under one high-sounding name, a
 beneath the other ! He was th
 which the common people th
 every print-shop ; he was again
 physician of the patched velvet
 and yet it was but pleasant co
 brother-in-law Hodson, when l
 made a shift to live. With ever

MAKING SHIFT TO EXIST.

he was at last set free at the intercession
of Great Britain. Translated from the Or
published at the Hague, by James Willin
s Willington was in reality Oliver Goldsmith.*
ty of the book belonged to Griffiths, who value
quite as much as the other; and the position
ator appears in the subsequent assignment
script, at no small profit to Griffiths, by the
e-Row bookseller to bookseller Dilly of the Po
e sum of twenty guineas.† But though the
s name might pass for Willington, the writer
write as Goldsmith; though with bitterness he
lf “the obscure prefacer,” the preface is clear, gr
characteristic, as in brighter days. The book c
commended, he says, “as a grateful entertainm
readers of reigning romance, as it is strictly

1758. " of flattery, or sunk in the

Æt. 30. " Can an Englishman hear the
 passage which shows with what
 into the popular feeling of
 " indignation against those that
 " his country? And should
 " this generous indignation not
 " it should not deserve applau
 " ance teach an individual to v
 " it with the furious spirit of
 " make him enamoured of his
 " situation whose possession
 " tenure as tyrannical capric
 " the cause of humanity, or
 " virtues of the sufferer, or rec
 " then, indeed, the author wi

But why stood " James W

risen high enough to see the glimmering—
—even lower, therefore, than the school
Milner's, from which he had been taken
he thought himself now descended; and
of misery more intolerable, might have cri

O gods ! who is't can say " I am at th
I am worse than e'er I was.

He returned to Doctor Milner's ;—if ever,
to return to literature, to embrace it fo
a braver heart endure its worst necessities

There came that time ; and when, eigh
the present date, he was writing the *Bee*, h
pleasant fiction the incidents now describ
" induced to show my indignation again
" discontinuing my endeavours to please
" resolved, like Raleigh, to vex them by l

1758. " 'restoration I presume ?'
 Et. 30. " 'they are only petitioning
 " 'place.' In the same manner
 " instead of having Apollo
 " fit of the spleen ; instead
 " apostrophising at my untimely
 " Street might laugh at my
 " might never be able to shield
 than ridicule had he spared
 better thoughts ; but they
 melancholy journey to Pec
 Milner's door.

The schoolmaster was not
 and would in any circumstances
 given Goldsmith the shelter
 that he had special need of
 from the proper school-atten-

separate which most often has made sep
Nor, apart from this, is there ground
surprise, or the charge of vacillating p
bread provided here, literature again
his thoughts as in his foreign wandering
better record of himself than the garbled
Review, would be a comfort in his exile.
late experience, so dearly bought, shou
with it could be arranged and combin
literary fruit he had gathered in his tra
commanded by a bookseller, or overawed
he might frankly deliver to the world
truths of the decay of letters and the rew
this spirit he conceived the *Enquiry into*
Polite Learning in Europe. And if he h
to feel, in his own case, that he had fai

30. a Protestant had seized, voted "all barristers, solicitors, " attorneys and proctors, who should be concerned for him," *public enemies!* But, that serviceable use might be made of the early transmission to Ireland of a set of English copies of the *Enquiry*, by one who had zealous private friends there, was Goldsmith's not unreasonable feeling; and he would try this, when the time came. Meanwhile he began the work; and it was probably to some extent advanced, when, with little savings from the school, and renewed assurances of the foreign appointment, Doctor Milner released him from duties which the necessity (during the Doctor's illness) of flogging the boys as well as teaching them, appears to have made more intolerable to the child-loving usher. The reverend Mr. Mitford knew a lady whose husband had been at this time under Goldsmith's cane; but with no very serious consequence.

Escape from the school might not have been so easy, but for the lessening chances of Doctor Milner's recovery having made more permanent arrangements advisable. Some doubt has been expressed indeed, whether the worthy schoolmaster's illness had not already ended fatally; and if the kindness I have recorded should not rather be attributed to his son and successor in the school, Mr. George Milner. But other circumstances clearly invalidate this, and show that it must have been the elder Milner's. In August 1758, however, Goldsmith again had bidden him adieu; and once more had secured a respectable town address for his letters, and, among the Graingers and Kippises and other tavern acquaintance, obtained the old

CHAPTER III.



ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM LITERATURE.

1758.

GRAINGER, his friend Percy,* and others of the Griffiths connection, were at this time busy upon a new magazine: begun with the present year, and dedicated to the “great “ Mr. Pitt,” whose successful coercion of the king made him just now more than ever the darling of the people. Griffiths was one of the publishing partners in *The Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence and Monthly Chronicle of our own Times*: and perhaps on this account, as well as for the known contributions of some of his acquaintance,† traces of Goldsmith’s hand have been sought in the work; in my opinion without success. In truth the first number was hardly out when he went back to the Peckham school; and on his return to London, though he probably eked out his poor savings by casual writings here and there, it is certain that on the foreign appointment his hopes continued steadily fixed, and that the work which was to aid him in his escape

175
Æt.

1800. nearly all his thoughts. He was again in London, and a working with the pen ; but he was no longer the bookseller's slave, nor was literary toil his impassable and hopeless doom. Therefore, in the confidence of swift liberation and the hope of the new career that brightened in his sanguine heart, he addressed himself cheerily enough to his design in hand, and began solicitation of his Irish friends.

Edward Mills he thought of first, as a person of social influence. He was his relative, had been his fellow-collegian, and was a prosperous, wealthy man. "Dear Sir," he begins, in a letter dated from the Temple Exchange coffee-house, on the 7th of August, and published by Bingham Percy : *

" You have quitted, I find, that plan of life which you once intended to pursue ; and given up ambition for domestic tranquillity. I am glad I to consult your satisfaction alone in this change, I have the utmost reason to congratulate your choice ; but when I consider my own situation, I cannot avoid feeling some regret, that one of my few friends has declined a pursuit, in which he had every reason to expect success. The truth is, like the rest of the world, I am self-interested in the change ; and do not so much consider the happiness you have acquired, as the honour I have probably lost in the change. I have often let my fancy loose when you were the subject, and imagined you gracing the bench, or thundering at the bar ; and I have taken no small pride to myself, and whispered all that I could come near, that this was my cousin. Instead of this, it seems you are contented to be merely an happy man ; to be esteemed only by your acquaintance—to cultivate your paternal acres—to take unmolested a nap under one of your own hawthorns, or in Mrs. Mills's chamber, which even a poet must confess, is rather the more comfortable place of the two.

" But however your resolutions may be altered with regard to

"possession of that heart (once so susceptible of friendship), as not to
 "have left a corner there for a friend or two ; but I flatter myself that
 "even I have my place among the number. This I have a claim to
 "from the similitude of our dispositions ; or, setting that aside, I can
 "demand it as my right by the most equitable law in nature, I mean that
 "of retaliation : for indeed you have more than your share in mine. I
 "am a man of few professions, and yet this very instant I cannot avoid
 "the painful apprehension that my present professions (which speak not
 "half my feelings) should be considered only a pretext to cover a request,
 "as I have a request to make. No, my dear Ned, I know you are too
 "generous to think so ; and you know me too proud to stoop to
 "mercenary insincerity. I have a request it is true to make ; but, as
 "I know to whom I am a petitioner, I make it without diffidence or
 "confusion. It is in short this, I am going to publish a book in
 "London, entitled *An Essay on the present State of Taste and*
 "*Literature in Europe*. Every work published here the printers in
 "Ireland republish there, without giving the author the least con-
 "sideration for his copy. I would in this respect disappoint their
 "avarice, and have all the additional advantages that may result from
 "the sale of my performance there to myself. The book is now
 "printing in London, and I have requested Dr. Radcliff, Mr. Lawder,
 "Mr. Bryanton, my brother Mr. Henry Goldsmith, and brother-in-law
 "Mr. Hodson, to circulate my proposals among their acquaintance.
 "The same request I now make to you ; and have accordingly given
 "directions to Mr. Bradley bookseller in Dame-street Dublin, to send
 "you a hundred proposals. Whatever subscriptions pursuant to those
 "proposals, you may receive, when collected, may be transmitted to
 "Mr. Bradley, who will give a receipt for the money, and be account-
 "able for the books. I shall not, by a paltry apology, excuse myself
 "for putting you to this trouble. Were I not convinced that you
 "found more pleasure in doing good-natured things, than uneasiness
 "at being employed in them, I should not have singled you out on
 "this occasion. It is probable you would comply with such a request,
 "if it tended to the encouragement of any man of learning whatsoever ;
 "what then may not he expect who has claims of family and friend-
 "ship to enforce his ?

What indeed may he not freely expect, who is to receive nothing! Nevertheless, there is a worse fool's paradise than that of expectation. To teach our tears the easy way to flow, should be no unvalued part of this world-wisdom; hope is a good friend, even when the only comfort and Goldsmith was not the worse for expecting, though he received nothing. Mr. Mills left his poor request unheeded, and his letter unacknowledged. Sharking book-sellers and starving authors might devour each other before he would interpose; being a man, as his old sizar-relatives delicately hinted, with paternal acres as well as books and friendships to cultivate, and fewer thorns of the world to struggle with, than hawthorns of his own to sleep under. He lived to repent it certainly, and to profess great veneration for the distinguished writer to whom he bore a relationship; but Goldsmith had no more pleasant hopes or friendly correspondences to fling away upon Mr. Mills of Roscommon. Not that even this letter, as it seemed to me, had been one of very confident expectation. Uneasiness is manifest in it;—a reluctance to bring unseemly fancies between the wind and Mr. Mills's gentility; a conventional style of balance between the “pleasure” and the “uneasiness” it talks about;—in short, a forced suppression of everything in his own state that may affront his acres and the hawthorns.

Seven days afterwards he wrote to Bryanton, with a curious contrast of tone and manner. Even Bryanton had not inquired for him since the scenes of happier years.

had the words which cheerily rose above it been perhaps less sincere. But see, and make profit of it,—how, depressed by unavailing labours, and patiently awaiting the disastrous issue of defeat and flight, he shows to the last a bright and cordial happiness of soul, unconquered and unconquerable.

“ Dear Sir, I have heard it remark’d,” he begins (in a letter also dated from the Temple coffee-house,* which Mr. Prior obtained from Bryanton’s son-in-law, the reverend Doctor Handcock of Dublin, and in which, where the paper is torn or has been worn away by time, there are several erasures that the reader will easily supply),

“ I believe by yourself, that they who are drunk, or out of their wits, fancy every body else in the same condition : mine is a friendship that neither distance nor time can efface, which is probably the reason that, for the soul of me, I can’t avoid thinking yours of the same complexion ; and yet I have many reasons for being of a contrary opinion, else why in so long an absence was I never made a partner in your concerns ? To hear of your successes would have given me the utmost pleasure ; and a communication of your very disappointments would divide the uneasiness I too frequently feel for my own. Indeed, my dear Bob, you don’t conceive how unkindly you have treated one whose circumstances afford him few prospects of pleasure, except those reflected from the happiness of his friends. However, since you have not let me hear from you, I have in some measure disappointed your neglect by frequently thinking of you. Every day do I remember the calm anecdotes of your life, from the fireside to the easy-chair ; recall the various adventures that first cemented our friendship,—the school, the college, or the tavern ; preside in fancy over your cards ; and am displeased at your bad play when the rubber goes against you, though not with all that agony of soul as when I once was your partner.

“ Is it not strange that two of such like affections should be so much

1758.
—
Et. 30.

“ at the centre of fortune’s wheel, and let it revolve never so fast, seem
 “ insensible of the motion. I seem to have been tied to the circum-
 “ ference, and . . . disagreeably round like an whore in a whirligig
 “ . . . down with an intention to chide, and yet methinks . . . my
 “ resentment already. The truth is, I am a . . . regard to you; I
 “ may attempt to bluster, . . . Anacreon, my heart is respondent
 “ only to softer affections. And yet, now I think on’t again, I will
 “ be angry. God’s curse, sir! who am I? Eh! what am I? Do
 “ you know whom you have offended? A man whose character may
 “ one of these days be mentioned with profound respect in a German
 “ comment or Dutch dictionary; whose name you will probably hear
 “ ushered in by a Doctissimus Doctissimorum, or heel-pieced with a
 “ long Latin termination. Think how Goldsmithius, or Gubblegurchius,
 “ or some such sound, as rough as a nutmeg-grater, will become me?
 “ Think of that!—God’s curse, sir! who am I? I must own my ill-
 “ natured contemporaries have not hitherto paid me those honours I
 “ have had such just reason to expect. I have not yet seen my face
 “ reflected in all the lively display of red and white paints on any sign-
 “ posts in the suburbs. Your handkerchief weavers seem as yet
 “ unacquainted with my merits or my physiognomy, and the very snuff-
 “ box makers appear to have forgot their respect. Tell them all from
 “ me, they are a set of Gothic, barbarous, ignorant scoundrels. There
 “ will come a day, no doubt it will—I beg you may live a couple of
 “ hundred years longer only to see the day—when the Scaligers and
 “ Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my
 “ labours, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You
 “ shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard
 “ me now, or will then offer to cavil at my productions. How will
 “ they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to lie neglected.*
 “ If ever my works find their way to Tartary or China, I know the
 “ consequence. Suppose one of your Chinese Owanowitzers instructing
 “ one of your Tartarian Chianobacchhi—you see I use Chinese names
 “ to show my own erudition, as I shall soon make our Chinese talk
 “ like an Englishman to show his. This may be the subject of the
 “ lecture :

his is entitled an *Essay on the present State of Taste and Literature* Att. 3
“ *in Europe*,—a work well worth its weight in diamonds. In this
“ he profoundly explains what learning is, and what learning is not.
“ In this he proves that blockheads are not men of wit, and yet that men of
“ wit are actually blockheads.

“ But as I choose neither to tire my Chinese Philosopher, nor you,
“ nor myself, I must discontinue the oration, in order to give you a
“ good pause for admiration ; and I find myself most violently disposed
“ to admire too. Let me, then, stop my fancy to take a view of my
“ future self ; and, as the boys say, light down to see myself on horse-
“ back. Well, now I am down, where the devil is I? Oh Gods !
“ Gods ! here in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned
“ for a milk-score ! However, dear Bob, whether in penury or
“ affluence, serious or gay, I am ever wholly thine,

“ OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

“ Give my—no, not compliments neither, but something . . . most
“ warm and sincere wish that you can conceive, to your mother,
“ Mrs. Bryanton, to Miss Bryanton, to yourself ; and if there be a
“ favourite dog in the family, let me be remembered to it.”

“ In a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be
“ dunned for a milk-score.” Such was the ordinary fate
of letters in that age. There had been a Christian religion
extant for now seventeen hundred and fifty-seven years ; for
so long a time had the world been acquainted with its
spiritual responsibilities and necessities ; yet here, in the
middle of the eighteenth century, was the eminence
ordinarily conceded to the spiritual teacher, to the man who
comes upon the earth to lift his fellow men above its miry
ways. He is up in a garret, writing for bread he cannot
get, and dunned for a milk-score he cannot pay. And age
after age,* the prosperous man comfortably contemplates it,

* “ There came into my company an old fellow not particularly smart, so that
“ he was easily recognised as belonging to the class of men of letters, whom the

Poet of the inimitable Mr. Hogarth, and invited laughter from easy guests at the garret and the milk-score. Yet could they, those worthy men, have known the danger to even their worldliest comforts then impending, perhaps they had not laughed so heartily. For, were not these very citizens to be indebted to Goldsmith in after years, for cheerful hours, and happy thoughts, and fancies that would smooth life's path to their children's children? And now, without a friend, with hardly bread to eat, and uncheered by a hearty word or a smile to help him on, he sits in his melancholy garret, and those fancies die within him. It is but an accident now, that the good Vicar shall be born, that the Man in Black shall dispense his charities, that Croaker shall grieve, Tony Lumpkin laugh, or the sweet soft echo of the *Deserted Village* come for ever back upon the heart, in charity, and kindness, and sympathy with the poor. For, despair is in the garret; and the poet, overmastered by distress, seeks only the means of flight and exile. With a day-dream to his old Irish playfellow, a sigh for the "heavy scoundrels" who disregard him, and a wail for the age to which genius is a mark of mockery; he turns to that first avowed piece, which, being also his last, is to prove that "blockheads are not men of wit, and yet that "men of wit are actually blockheads."

A proposition which men of wit have laboured at from early times; have proved in theory, and worked out in practice. "How many base men," shrieked one of them in Elizabeth's day, who felt that his wit had but made him the greater lockhead. "how many base men that went

“ those parts I have, do enjoy content at will, and have
 “ wealth at command! I call to mind a cobbler, that is
 “ worth five hundred pounds; an hostler, that has built a
 “ goodly inn; a carman in a leather pilche, that has whipt
 “ a thousand pounds out of his horse’s tail: and I ask if I
 “ have more than these. Am I not better born? am I not
 “ better brought up? yea, and better favoured! And yet
 “ am I for ever to sit up late, and rise early, and contend
 “ with the cold, and converse with scarcity, and be a
 “ beggar? How am I crossed, or whence is this curse,
 “ that a scrivener should be better paid than a scholar!”*
 Poor Nash! he had not even Goldsmith’s fortitude, and
 his doleful outcry for money was a lamentable exhibition,
 out of which no good could come. But the feeling in the
 miserable man’s heart, struck at the root of a secret discontent
 which not the strongest men can resist altogether; and
 which Goldsmith did not affect to repress, when he found
 himself, as he says, “ starving in those streets where Butler
 “ and Otway starved before him.”

The words are in a letter, written the day after that to
 Bryanton,† bearing the same date of Temple Exchange
 coffee-house, and sent to Mrs. Lawder; the Jane Contarine
 of his happy old Kilmore time. Mr. Mills afterwards begged
 this letter of the Lawders, and from the friend to whom he
 gave it, Lord Carleton’s nephew, it was copied for Bishop
 Percy by Edmund Malone. As in those already given, the

* Thomas Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*. Let me quote, too, that good old
 English gentleman, whose lamentations had already found earlier record in one of
 his writings of Wolsey’s correspondent, Richard Pease. “These foolish letters

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style, with its simple air of authorship, is eminently good and happy. The assumption of a kind of sturdy independence, the playful admission of well-known faults, and the incidental slight confession of sorrows, have graceful relation to the person addressed, and the terms on which they stood of old. His uncle was now in a hopeless state of living death, from which, in a few months, the grave released him; and to this the letter affectingly refers.

“TO MRS. JANE LAWDER.

“If you should ask, why in an interval of so many years, you never heard from me, permit me, madam, to ask the same question. I have the best excuse in recrimination. I wrote to Kilmore from Leyden in Holland, from Louvain in Flanders, and Rouen in France, but received no answer. To what could I attribute this silence but to displeasure or forgetfulness? Whether I was right in my conjecture I do not pretend to determine; but this I must ingenuously own, that I have a thousand times in my turn endeavoured to forget them, whom I could not but look upon as forgetting me. I have attempted to blot their names from my memory, and, I confess it, spent whole days in efforts to tear their image from my heart. Could I have succeeded, you had not now been troubled with this renewal of a discontinued correspondence; but, as every effort the restless make to procure sleep serves but to keep them waking, all my attempts contributed to impress what I would forget deeper on my imagination. But this subject I would willingly turn from, and yet, ‘for the soul of me,’ I can’t till I have said all.

“I was, madam, when I discontinued writing to Kilmore, in such circumstances, that all my endeavours to continue your regards might be attributed to wrong motives. My letters might be looked upon as the petitions of a beggar, and not the offerings of a friend; while all my professions, instead of being considered as the result of dis-

"an indirect request for future ones, and where it might be thought
 "I gave my heart from a motive of gratitude alone, when I was
 "conscious of having bestowed it on much more disinterested principles.

"It is true, this conduct might have been simple enough, but yourself
 "must confess it was in character. Those who know me at all know
 "that I have always been actuated by different principles from the
 "rest of mankind, and while none regarded the interest of his friend
 "more, no man on earth regarded his own less. I have often affected
 "bluntness to avoid the imputation of flattery, have frequently seemed
 "to overlook those merits too obvious to escape notice, and pretended
 "disregard to those instances of good nature and good sense, which I
 "could not fail tacitly to applaud ; and all this lest I should be ranked
 "amongst the grinning tribe, who say ' very true ' to all that is said,
 "who fill a vacant chair at a tea-table, whose narrow souls never moved
 "in a wider circle than the circumference of a guinea, and who had
 "rather be reckoning the money in your pocket than the virtue of
 "your breast. All this, I say, I have done, and a thousand other very
 "silly though very disinterested things in my time, and for all which
 "no soul cares a farthing about me. God's curse, madam ! is it to be
 "wondered, that he should once in his life forget you, who has been all
 "his life forgetting himself ?

"However it is probable you may one of those days see me turned
 "into a perfect hunk, and as dark and intricate as a mouse-hole.
 "I have already given my landlady orders for an entire reform in
 "the state of my finances. I declaim against hot suppers, drink less
 "sugar in my tea, and check my grate with brickbats. Instead
 "of hanging my room with pictures, I intend to adorn it with
 "maxims of frugality. Those will make pretty furniture enough,
 "and won't be a bit too expensive ; for I shall draw them all out
 "with my own hands, and my landlady's daughter shall frame
 "them with the parings of my black waistcoat. Each maxim is
 "to be inscribed on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best
 "pen ; of which the following will serve as a specimen. Look
 "sharp : *Mind the main chance ; Money is money now ; If you have a*
 "*thousand pounds you can put your hands by your sides, and say you*
 "*are worth a thousand pounds every day of the year ; Take a farthing*
 "*from a hundred, and it wil be a hundred no longer.* Thus which way

comes, when your poor old simple friend may again give a loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting by Kilmore fire-side, recount the various adventures of a hard-fought life, laugh over the follies of the day, join his flute to your harpsichord, and forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him.

“And now I mention those great names—My uncle!—he is no more that soul of fire as when once I knew him. Newton and Swift grew dim with age as well as he. But what shall I say?—his mind was too active an inhabitant not to disorder the feeble mansion of its abode; for the richest jewels soonest wear their settings. Yet who but the fool would lament his condition! He now forgets the calamities of life. Perhaps indulgent heaven has given him a fore-taste of that tranquillity here, which he so well deserves hereafter.

“But I must come to business; for business, as one of my maxims tells me, must be minded or lost. I am going to publish in London, a book entitled *The Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe*. The booksellers in Ireland republish every performance there without making the author any consideration. I would, in this respect, dis-appoint their avarice, and have all the profits of my labour to myself. I must therefore request Mr. Lawder to circulate among his friends and acquaintances a hundred of my proposals, which I have given the bookseller, Mr. Bradley in Dame Street, directions to send to him. If in pursuance of such circulation, he should receive any subscriptions, I entreat when collected they may be sent to Mr. Bradley as afore-said, who will give a receipt, and be accountable for the work, or a return of the subscription. If this request (which, if it be complied with, will in some measure be an encouragement to a man of learning) should be disagreeable or troublesome, I would not press it; for I would be the last man on earth to have my labours go a-begging; but if I know Mr. Lawder (and sure I ought to know him), he will accept the employment with pleasure. All I can say—if he writes a book, I will get him two hundred subscribers, and those of the best wits in Europe.

“Whether this request is complied with or not, I shall not be uneasy; but there is one petition I must make to him and to you, which I

"Now see how I blot and blunder, when I am asking a favour."

In none of these letters, it will be observed, is allusion made to the expected appointment. To make jesting boast of a visionary influence with two hundred of the best wits in Europe, was pleasanter than to make grave confession of himself as a wit taking sudden flight from the scene of defeat and failure. It was the old besetting weakness. But shortly after the date of the last letter, the appointment was received. It was that of medical officer to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel; was forwarded by Doctor Milner's friend Mr. Jones, the East India director; and the worthy schoolmaster did not outlive more than a few weeks this honest redemption of his promise. The desired escape was at last effected, and the booksellers might look around them for another drudge more patient and obedient than Oliver Goldsmith.

CHAPTER IV.

ESCAPE PREVENTED.

1758.

1758.
Et. 30.

It was now absolutely necessary that the proposed change in Goldsmith's life should be broken to his Irish friends; and he wrote to his brother Henry. The letter (which contained also the design of a heroi-comical poem at which he had been occasionally working), is lost; but some passages of one of nearly the same date to Mr. Hodson, have had a better fortune.

"Dear Sir," it began, in obvious allusion to some staid and rather gratuitous reproach from the prosperous brother-in-law, "You cannot expect regularity in one who is regular in nothing. Nay, were I forced to love you by rule, I dare venture to say that I could never do it sincerely. Take me, then, with all my faults. Let me write when I please, for you see I say what I please, and am only thinking aloud when writing to you. I suppose you have heard of my intention of going to the East Indies. The place of my destination is one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel, and I go in quality of physician and surgeon; for which the company has signed my warrant, which has already cost me ten pounds. I must also pay 50*l.* for my passage, and ten pounds for my sea stores: and the other

“annum; but the other advantages, if a person be prudent,
“are considerable. The practice of the place, if I am rightly
“informed, generally amounts to not less than one thousand
“pounds per annum, for which the appointed physician has
“an exclusive privilege. This, with the advantages resulting
“from trade, and the high interest which money bears,
“viz. 20l. per cent, are the inducements which persuade me
“to undergo the fatigues of sea, the dangers of war, and the
“still greater dangers of the climate; which induce me
“to leave a place where I am every day gaining friends
“and esteem; and where I might enjoy all the conveniences
“of life.” *

The same weakness which indulged itself with fine clothes when the opportunity offered, is that which prompts these fine words in even such an hour of dire extremity. Of the “friends and esteem” he was gaining, of the “conveniences of life” that were awaiting him to enjoy, these pages have told, and have more to tell. But why, in the confident hope of brighter days, dwell on the darkness of the past? or show the squalor that still surrounded him? Of already sufficiently low esteem were wit and intellect in Ireland, to give purse-fed ignorance another triumph over them, or again needlessly invite to himself the contempts and sneers of old. Yet, though the sadness he almost wholly suppressed while the appointment was but in expectation, there was at this moment less reason to indulge,—to seem other than he was, even thus, was an effort far from successful; and it marked with a somewhat painful distraction of feeling and phrase this letter to Mr. Hodson.

“precarious terms? Scarron used jestingly to call himself the marquis
“of Quenault, which was the name of the bookseller that employed
“him; and why may not I assert my privilege and quality on the
“same pretensions? Yet, upon deliberation, whatever airs I give
“myself on this side of the water, my dignity, I fancy, would be evapo-
“rated before I reached the other. I know you have in Ireland a
“very indifferent idea of a man who writes for bread; though Swift
“and Steele did so in the earliest part of their lives. You imagine, I
“suppose, that every author, by profession, lives in a garret, wears
“shabby cloaths, and converses with the meanest company. Yet I do
“not believe there is one single writer, who has abilities to translate a
“French novel, that does not keep better company, wear finer cloaths,
“and live more genteelly, than many who pride themselves for nothing
“else in Ireland. I confess it again, my dear Dan, that nothing but
“the wildest ambition could prevail on me to leave the enjoyment of
“the refined conversation which I am sometimes admitted to partake
“in, for uncertain fortune, and paltry shew. You cannot conceive how
“I am sometimes divided: to leave all that is dear to me gives me
“pain; but when I consider, I may possibly acquire a genteel indepen-
“dence for life: when I think of that dignity which philosophy claims,
“to raise itself above contempt and ridicule; when I think thus, I
“eagerly long to embrace every opportunity of separating myself from
“the vulgar, as much in my circumstances, as I am already in my
“sentiments. I am going to publish a book, for an account of which
“I refer you to a letter which I wrote to my brother Goldsmith.
“Circulate for me among your acquaintances a hundred proposals,
“which I have given orders may be sent to you: and if, in pursuance
“of such circulation, you should receive any subscriptions, let them,
“when collected, be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, who will give a
“receipt for the same.” [Omitting here, says the *Percy Memoir*, what
relates to private family affairs, he then adds:] “I know not how my
“desire of seeing Ireland, which had so long slept, has again revived
“with so much ardour. So weak is my temper, and so unsteady, that
“I am frequently tempted, particularly when low-spirited, to return
“home and leave my fortune, though just beginning to look kinder.

With such professions weakness continues to indulge itself, and faults are perpetuated. But some allowances are due. Of the Irish society he knew so well, and so often sarcastically painted, these Irish friends were clearly very notable specimens, with whom small indeed was his chance of decent consideration, if a garret, shabby clothes, and conversation with the meanest company, were set hopelessly forth as his inextricable doom. The error lay in giving faith of any kind to such external aid, and so weakening the help that rested in himself. When the claim of ten pounds for his appointment-warrant came upon him, it found him less prepared because of vague expectations raised on these letters to Mills and the Lawders. But any delay might be fatal; and in that condition of extremity, whose "wants," alas, are anything but "capricious," he bethought him of the *Critical Review*, and went to its proprietor, Mr. Archibald Hamilton.

Soon after he left Griffiths he had written an article for his rival, which appeared in November 1757; and as his contributions then stopped where they began, I am disposed to connect both his joining at that time so suddenly, and as suddenly quitting, the *Critical Review*, with a letter which Smollett published in that same November number "To the Old Gentlewoman who directs the *Monthly*." For though Goldsmith might not object to avenge some part of his own quarrel under cover of that of Smollett, he would hardly have relished the too broad allusion in which "goody" and "gammer" Griffiths were reminded that

“ of Doctors and authors you employ as journeymen in
 “ your manufacture. Did you in your dotage mistake the
 “ application, by throwing those epithets at us which so pro-
 “ perly belong to your own understrappers ? ”* But, whatever
 may have caused his secession then, now he certainly applied
 again to Hamilton, a shrewd man, who had just made a large
 fortune out of Smollett’s *History*, and, though not very liberal
 in his payments,† already not unconscious of the value of
 Griffiths’s discarded writer. The result of the interview was
 the publication, in the new-year number, of two more papers
 by Goldsmith, apparently in continuation of the first. All
 three had relation to a special subject; and, as connected
 with such a man’s obscurest fortunes, have an interest
 hardly less than that of writings connected with his fame.
 An author is seen in the effulgence of established repute, or
 discovered by his cries of struggling distress. By both
 “ you shall know him.”

Ovid was the leading topic in all three. His *Fasti*,
 translated by a silly master of a Wandsworth boarding-
 school, named Massey; his *Epistles*, translated by a pedantic
 pedagogue named Barrett (a friend of Johnson and Cave);
 and an antidote to his *Art of Love*, in an *Art of Pleasing*
 by Mr. Marriott; were the matters taken in hand. The *Art of*
Pleasing was treated with playful contempt,‡ and Mr. Massey’s
Fasti fared still worse. Here Goldsmith closed a series of
 most unsparing comparisons of the original with his trans-
 lator, by asking leave “to remind Mr. Massey of the old Italian
 “ proverb” (*Il tradattore tradatore*) “and to hope he will

was the last of these unhappy gentlemen rebuked. With very lively power Goldsmith dissected the absurdities of Mr. Barrett's version of poor ill-treated Ovid's *Epistles*; a classic to all appearance doomed, he humorously interposed, "to successive *Metamorphoses*: being sometimes transposed by schoolmasters unacquainted with English, and sometimes transversed by ladies who knew no Latin: thus he has alternately worn the dress of a pedant or a rake; either crawling in humble prose or having his hints explained into unbashful meaning." He showed that Mr. Barrett was a bad critic, and no poet; and he passed from lofty to low in his illustrations with amusing effect. Giving two or three instances of the translator's skill in "parenthetically clapping one sentence within another," this, pursued Goldsmith, "contributes not a little to obscurity; and obscurity, we all know, is nearly allied to admiration. Thus, when the reader begins a sentence which he finds pregnant with another, which still teems with a third, and so on, he feels the same surprise which a countryman does at Bartholomew fair. Hocus shows a bag, in appearance empty; slap, and out come a dozen new laid eggs; slap again, and the number is doubled; but what is his amazement, when it swells with the hen that laid them!" The poetry and criticism disposed of, the scholarship shared their fate. Mr. Barrett being master of the thriving grammar-

* Goldsmith's remark may remind us of the French lady, who, being complimented on her English, and asked in what manner she had contrived to speak it so well, replied, "I began by *translating*."

† *Critical Review*, iv. 409, November 1757.

Goldsmith, "to permit an ostentation of learning pass for merit, nor to give a pedant quarter on the score of his industry alone, even though he took refuge behind Arabic, or powdered his head with Hieroglyphics."†

In the garret of Griffiths, he would hardly have conceded so much; and since then, the world had not been teaching him literary charity. These Ovid translations had not unnaturally turned his thoughts upon the master of the art; on him who was the father of authorship by profession; and the melancholy image which arose to a mind so strongly disposed to entertain it then, of great "Dryden ever poor,"‡ and obliged by his miseries to suffer fleeting performances to be "quartered on the lasting merit of his name," did not the more entitle to any mercy which truth could not challenge for them, these gentlemen of a more thriving profession who had thrust themselves uninvited and unqualified on the barren land of authorship. "But let not the reader imagine," he said, "we can find pleasure in thus exposing absurdities which are too ludicrous for serious reproof. While we censure as critics, we feel as

* The second title of his translation runs thus: "Being part of a poetical or oratorical lecture, read in the grammar-school of Ashford, in the county of Kent; and calculated to initiate youth in the first rudiments of taste."

† *Critical Review*, vii. 38, January 1759.

‡ I am glad to record that, amid many heresies that forbid me to claim the merit of a sound or deep critical faculty for Goldsmith, he had a well-grounded and steady admiration for Dryden, which he often justified in language worthy of it. "The English tongue," he said, in the eighth number of the *Bee*, "is greatly his debtor. It was his pen that formed the Congreves, the Priors, and the Addisons, who succeeded him; and had it not been for Dryden, we never should have known a Pope, at least in the meridian lustre he now displays. But Dryden's excellencies, as a writer, were not confined to poetry alone. There

“ society, without being poets. The regions of taste can
“ be travelled only by a few, and even those often find
“ indifferent accommodation by the way. Let such as have
“ not got a passport from nature be content with happiness,
“ and leave the poet the unrivalled possession of his misery,
“ his garret, and his fame.

“ We have of late seen the republic of letters crowded
“ with some, who have no other pretensions to applause but
“ industry, who have no other merit but that of reading
“ many books and making long quotations; these we have
“ heard extolled by sympathetic dunces, and have seen
“ them carry off the rewards of genius; while others, who
“ should have been born in better days, felt all the wants of
“ poverty, and the agonies of contempt.* Who, then, that

* *Critical Review*, vii. 37-8, January 1759. Let me add an admirable passage from a later essay (*Citizen of the World*, letter xciii) in which Goldsmith speaks out for the *profession* of the writer: “For my own part, were I to
“ buy a hat, I would not have it from a stocking-maker, but a hatter; were
“ I to buy shoes, I should not go to the tailor’s for that purpose. It is just
“ so with regard to wit: did I, for my life, desire to be well served, I would
“ apply only to those who made it their trade, and lived by it. You smile
“ at the oddity of my opinion; but be assured, my friend, that wit is in
“ some measure mechanical, and that a man long habituated to catch at even
“ its resemblance, will at last be happy enough to possess the substance. By
“ a long habit of writing he acquires a justness of thinking, and a mastery
“ of manner, which holiday writers, even with ten times his genius, may vainly
“ attempt to equal. How then are they deceived, who expect from title,
“ dignity, and exterior circumstances, an excellence, which is in some measure
“ acquired by habit, and sharpened by necessity! You have seen, like me,
“ many literary reputations promoted by the influence of fashion, which have
“ scarcely survived the possessor; you have seen the poor hardly earn the
“ little reputation they acquired, and their merit only acknowledged when
“ they were incapable of enjoying the pleasures of popularity: such, how-
“ ever, is the reputation worth possessing; that which is hardly earned is

“ posterity, that would not choose to see such humbled as
“ are possessed only of talents that might have made good
“ cobblers, had fortune turned them to trade ? ” So will truth
force its way, when out of Irish hearing. The friends, the
esteem, and the conveniences, of the poet’s life, are briefly
summed up here. His misery, his garret, and his fame.

With part of the money received from Hamilton he
moved into new lodgings : took “ unrivalled possession ” of
a fresh garret, on a first floor. The house was number
twelve, Green Arbour Court, Fleet-street, between the
Old Bailey and the site of Fleet-market : and stood in the
right hand corner of the court, as the wayfarer approached
it from Farringdon-street by an appropriate access of
“ Break-neck Steps.” Green Arbour Court is now gone
for ever ; and of its miserable wretchedness, for a little time
replaced by the more decent comforts of a stable, not a
vestige remains. The houses, crumbling and tumbling in
Goldsmith’s day, were fairly rotted down some nineteen
years since ; and it became necessary, for safety sake, to
remove what time had spared. But Mr. Washington Irving
saw them first, and with reverence had described them,
for Goldsmith’s sake. Through alleys, courts, and blind
passages ; traversing Fleet-market, and thence turning
along a narrow street to the bottom of a long steep flight
of stone steps ; he made good his toilsome way up into

“ hardly lost.” Most true. He lived long enough himself to have some foretaste
of this in his own case ; we all of us now know it more completely. Let me not
quit this subject without saying that Johnson held much the same opinion as
Goldsmith about interlopers in literature. Boswell one day was full of regrets that
some learned judges had left no literary monument of himself. “ Alas, sir,” said

seemed turned inside out, to judge from the old garments and frippery that fluttered from every window. "It appeared," he says, in his *Tales of a Traveller*, "to be a region of washerwomen, and lines were stretched about the little square, on which clothes were dangling to dry." The disputed right to a wash-tub was going on when he entered; heads in mob-caps were protruded from every window; and the loud clatter of vulgar tongues was assisted by the shrill pipes of swarming children, nestled and cradled in every procreant chamber of the hive. The whole scene, in short, was one of whose unchanged resemblance to the scenes of former days I have since found curious corroboration, in a magazine engraving of the place nigh half a century old.* Here were the tall faded houses, with heads out of window at every story; the dirty neglected children; the bawling slipshod women; in one corner, clothes hanging to dry, and in another the cure of smoky chimneys announced. Without question, the same squalid, squalling colony, which it then was, it had been in Goldsmith's time. He would compromise with the children for occasional cessation of their noise, by occasional cakes or sweetmeats, or by a tune upon his flute, for which all the court assembled; he would talk pleasantly with the poorest of his neighbours, and was long recollected to have greatly enjoyed the talk of a working watchmaker in the court; every night, he would risk his neck at those steep stone stairs;† every day, for his clothes had become too ragged to

* See the frontispiece to vol. xliii of the *European Magazine*.

window bench. And that was Goldsmith's home.

On a certain night in the beginning of November 1758, his ascent of Break-neck Steps must have had unwonted gloom. He had learnt the failure of his new hope: the Coromandel appointment was his no longer. In what way this mischance so unexpectedly occurred, it would now be hopeless to enquire. No explanation could be had from the dying Doctor Milner; none was given by himself; he always afterwards withheld allusion to it, with even studious care. It is quite possible, though no authority exists for the assertion, that doubts may have arisen of his competence to discharge the duties of the appointment; what followed a few months later, indeed, will be seen to give warrant for such a surmise; but even supposing this to have been the real motive, there is no ground for suspecting that such a motive was alleged. The most likely supposition would probably be, that failure in getting together means for his outfit with sufficient promptitude, was made convenient excuse for transferring the favour to another. That it was any failure of his own courage at the prospect of so long an exile, or that he never proposed more by his original scheme than a foreign flight for two or three years, has no other or better foundation than the Hodson letter: on which authority it would also follow, that he remained contented with what he already possessed, subdued his capricious wants, and turned to the friends, the esteem, the refined conversation, and all the conveniences of life, which awaited him in Green Arbour Court, with a new and virtuous resolve

him, no office could be mean, no possible endurance hard. His determination was taken at once: probably grounded on the knowledge of some passages in the life of Smollett, and of his recent acquaintance Grainger. He would present himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination as a hospital mate: an appointment sufficiently undesirable, to be found always of tolerably easy attainment by the duly qualified.

But he must have decent clothes to present himself in: the solitary suit in which he crept between the court and the coffee-house, being only fit for service after nightfall. He had no resource but to apply to Griffiths, with whom he had still some small existing connection, and from whom his recent acceptance at the *Critical*, increasing his value with a vulgar mind, might help in exacting aid. The bookseller, to whom the precise temporary purpose for which the clothes were wanted does not seem to have been told, consented to furnish them on certain conditions. Goldsmith was to write at once four articles (he had given three to the *Critical*) for the *Monthly Review*. Griffiths would then become security with a tailor for a new suit of clothes; which were either to be returned, or the debt for them discharged, within a given time. This pauper proposal acceded to, Goldsmith doubtless returned to Green Arbour Court with the four books under his arm.

They were: *Some Enquiries Concerning the First Inhabitants of Europe*,* by a member of the Society of Antiquaries, known afterwards as Francis Wise, and Thomas Warton's

extorted made due appearance, as the first four articles of the *Monthly Review* for December 1758; the tailor was then called in, and the compact completed.

Equipped in his new suit, and one can well imagine with what an anxious, hopeful, quaking heart, Goldsmith offered himself for examination at Surgeons' Hall (the new building erected six years before in the Old Bailey), on the 21st December. "The beadle called my name," says Roderick Random, when he found himself in similar condition at that place of torture, "with a voice that made me tremble as much as if it had been the sound of the last trumpet: however there was no remedy: I was conducted into a large hall, where I saw about a dozen of grim faces sitting at a long table, one of whom bade me come forward in such an imperious tone, that I was actually for a minute or two bereft of my senses." Whether the same process, conducted through a like memorable scene, bereft poor Goldsmith altogether of his, cannot now be ascertained. All that is known, is told in a dry extract from the books of the College of Surgeons. "*At a Court of Examiners held at the Theatre 21st December, 1758. Present*" . . the names are not given, but there is a long list of the candidates who passed, in the midst of which these occur: "*James Bernard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith, found not qualified for ditto.*" A rumour of this rejection long existed, and on a hint from Maton the king's physician, the above entry was found.†

A harder sentence, a more cruel doom, than this at the

rejecting the short, thick, dull, ungainly, over-anxious, over-dressed, simple looking Irishman who presented himself that memorable day, can hardly, I think, be doubted; but unconsciously they also did a great deal more. They found him not qualified to be a surgeon's mate, and left him qualified to heal the wounds and abridge the sufferings of all the world. They found him querulous with adversity, given up to irresolute fears, too much blinded with failures and sorrows to see the divine uses to which they tended still; and from all this, their sternly just and awful decision drove him resolutely back. While the door of the surgeons' hall was shut upon him that day, the gate of the beautiful mountain was slowly opening. Much of the valley of the shadow he had still indeed to pass; but every outlet save the one was closed upon him, it was idle any longer to strike or struggle against the visions which sprang up in his desolate path, and as he so passed steadily if not cheerily on, he saw them fade and become impalpable before him. Steadily, then, if not cheerily, for some months more! "Sir," said Johnson, "the man who has vigour may walk to the East just as well as to the West, if he happens to turn his head that way."* So, honour to the court of examiners, I say, for that, whether he would or would not, they turned back his head to the East! The hopes and promise of the world have a perpetual springtime there; and Goldsmith was hereafter to enjoy them, briefly for himself, but for the world eternally.

* Boswell's *Life*, iv. 24.

CHAPTER V.



DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

1758—1759.

1758.
Æt. 30.

It was four days after the rejection at Surgeons' Hall, the Christmas day of 1758, when, to the ordinary filth and noise of number twelve in Green Arbour Court, there was added an unusual lamentation and sorrow. An incident had occurred, of which, painful as were the consequences involved in it, the precise details can but be surmised and guessed at, and must be received with that allowance, though doubtless in the main correct. It would appear that the keeper of this wretched lodging had been suddenly dragged by bailiffs from his home on the previous night, and his wife, with loud wailings, now sought the room of her poorer lodger. He was in debt to the unfortunate couple, who, for the amusement of their children by his flute, had been kind to him according to their miserable means: and it was the woman's sobbing petition that he should try to help them. There was but one way; and in the hope, through Hamilton or Griffiths, to be able still to meet the tailor's debt, the gay suit in which he went to Surgeons' Hall, and in which he was dressed for his doleful holiday, appears to have been put off and carried to the pawnbroker's. Nor had a week

earthly aid, for death had taken in Doctor Milner his apparently last friend, he carried the four books he had recently reviewed for Griffiths to a neighbouring house, and left them in pledge with an acquaintance for a trifling loan.* It was hardly done when a letter from Griffiths was put into his hand, peremptorily demanding the return of the books and the suit of clothes, or instant payment for both.

Goldsmith's answer, and the bookseller's violent retort, are to be presumed from the poor debtor's second letter: the only one preserved of this unseemly correspondence. He appears first to have written in a tone of mixed astonishment, anger, and solicitation; to have prayed for some delay; and to have been met by coarse insult, threats, and the shameless imputation of crime. These forced from him the rejoinder found in the bookseller's papers, endorsed by Griffiths with the writer's name, and as "*Rec^d. in Jan^y. 1759;*" which passed afterwards into the manuscript collections of Mr. Heber, and is now in my possession.† All concealment is ended here, and stern plain truth is told.

"Sir," wrote Goldsmith, "I know of no misery but a gaol to which my own imprudencies and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour, as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I

* *Prior*, i. 326-8.

† The appearance of this remarkable letter harmonises with its contents. There is nothing of the freedom or boldness of hand in it which one may perceive in his ordinary manuscript. To the kindness of my friend the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, I owe the possession of this most interesting of all the Goldsmith papers that have been preserved to our time, and I have been careful of the

neither able nor willing to pay you a return, but I will be patient
"to any appointment you or the taylor shall make ; thus far at least
"I do not act the sharper, since unable to pay my debts one way
"I would willingly give some security another. No Sir, had I been a
"sharper, had I been possessed of less good nature and native generosity
"I might surely now have been in better circumstances. I am guilty
"I own of meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it, my
"reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence but not with
"any remorse for being a villain, that may be a character you unjustly
"charge me with. Your books I can assure you are neither pawn'd
"nor sold, but in the custody of a friend from whom my necessities
"oblig'd me to borrow some money, whatever becomes of my person,
"you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports
"you have heard and your own suggestions may have brought you
"false information with respect to my character, it is very possible
"that the man whom you now regard with detestation may inwardly
"burn with grateful resentment, it is very possible that upon a
"second perusal of the letter I sent you, you may see the workings of
"a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy, if such circum-
"stances should appear at least spare invective 'till my book with
"Mr. Dodsley shall be publish'd, and then perhaps you may see the
"bright side of a mind when my professions shall not appear the
"dictates of necessity but of choice. You seem to think Dr. Milner
"knew me not. Perhaps so ; but he was a man I shall ever honour ;
"but I have friendship only with the dead ! I ask pardon for taking
"up so much time. Nor shall I add to it by any other professions than
"that I am Sir your Humble Serv^t.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"P.S. I shall expect impatiently the result of your resolutions."

Now, this Ralph Griffiths the bookseller, whom the diploma of some American university as obscure as himself made subsequently *Doctor* Griffiths, was one of the most thriving men of the day. In little more than three years

and at last kept his two carriages, and “lived in style.” But he lived, too, to see the changes of thirty years after the grave had received the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*; and though he had some recollections of the errors of his youth to disturb his decorous and religious peace of mind,—such as having become the proprietor of an infamous novel, and dictated the praise of it in his Review,—such as having exposed himself to a remark reiterated in Grainger’s letters to Bishop Percy, that he was not to be trusted in any verbal agreement upon matters of his trade,*—it may not have been the least bitter of his remembrances, if it ever happened to occur to him, that to Oliver Goldsmith, in the depths of a helpless distress, he had applied the epithets of *sharper* and *villain*.

From Goldsmith himself they fell harmless. His letter is most affecting: but the truth is manfully outspoken in it, and for that reason it is less painful to me than those in which the truth is concealed. When such a mind is brought to look its sorrow in the face, and understand clearly the condition in which it is,—without further doubling, shrinking, or weak compromise with false hopes,—it is master of a great gain. In the accession of strength it receives, it may see the sorrow anyway increase, and calm its worst apprehension. The most touching passage of that letter is the reference to his project, and the bright side of his mind it may reveal. I will date from it the true beginning of

* “You must have little dependence upon Griffiths. . . . Do not go on with him “without a positive bargain, &c. &c.” Grainger to Percy, Nichols’s *Illustrations*, vii. 259.

not till then was the discipline of his endurance complete, his wandering impulses settled firmly to the right object of their aptitude, or his real destiny revealed to him. He might have still to perish in unconquered difficulties, and with the word that was in him unspoken; but it would be at his post, and in a manly effort to speak the word. Whatever the personal weaknesses that yet remain,—nor are they few or trifling,—his confidence and self-reliance in literary pursuits date from this memorable time. They rise above the cares and cankers of his life, above the lowness of his worldly esteem, far above the squalor of his homes. They take the undying forms which accident or wrong cannot alter or deface; they are the tenants of a world where distress and failure are unknown; and perpetual cheerfulness sings around them. “The night can never endure so long, but “at length the morning cometh;” and with these sudden and sharp disappointments of his second London Christmas, there came into Green Arbour Court the first struggling beams of morning. Till all its brightness follows, let him moan and sorrow as he may;—the more familiar to himself he makes those images of want and danger, the better he will meet them in the lists where they still await him; the more he cultivates those solitary friendships with the dead, the more elevating and strengthening the influence that will reward him from their graves. The living, busy, prosperous world about him, might indeed have saved him much, by stretching forth its helping hand: but it had not taught him little in its lesson of unrequited expectation, and there was nothing now to distract him with delusive hopes from medi-

of the clothes to be deducted from that sum. His brother Henry wrote to him of the *Polite Learning* scheme, while engaged on this trade task; and the answer he made at its close, written early in February 1759, is in some sort the indication of his altered mind and purpose. There is still evidence of his personal weakness in the idle distrusts and suspicion it charges on himself, and in its false pretences to conceal his rejection and sustain his poor Irish credit: yet the general tone of it marks not the less, a new, a sincerer, and a more active epoch in his life. Whilst the quarrel with Griffiths was still proceeding, he had again written of the *Polite Learning* essay, and sent some scheme of a new poem to Henry (first fruit of the better uses of his adversity); but absolute silence as to the Coromandel appointment appears to have suggested a doubt in his brother's answer, to which very cursory and slight allusion is made in this reply. The personal portrait, in which the "big wig" of his Bankside days plays its part, will hardly support his character for personal vanity! "Dear Sir," the letter ran,*—

"Your punctuality in answering a man, whose trade is writing, is more than I had reason to expect; and yet you see me generally fill a whole sheet, which is all the recompense I can make for being so frequently troublesome. The behaviour of Mr. Mills and Mr. Lawder is a little extraordinary. However, their answering neither you nor me is a sufficient indication of their disliking the employment which I assigned them. As their conduct is different from what I had expected, so I have made an alteration in mine. I shall the beginning

* *Percy Memoir*, 53-9. It is addressed to "The Rev. Henry Goldsmith, at Lowfield, near Ballymore, in Westmeath, Ireland."

“ India voyage ; nor are my resolutions altered ; though, at the same
“ time, I must confess it gives me some pain to think I am almost
“ beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a
“ day’s sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong and active
“ man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight
“ years of disappointment, anguish, and study, have worn me down. If
“ I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I
“ dare venture to say, that if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me
“ the honours of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale melancholy
“ visage, with two great wrinkles between the eye-brows, with an eye
“ disgustingly severe, and a big wig ; and you may have a perfect
“ picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you
“ as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among
“ your own children, or those who knew you a child. Since I knew
“ what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I
“ have passed my days among a parcel of cool designing beings, and
“ have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behaviour.*
“ I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I
“ detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither
“ partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity.
“ I can neither laugh nor drink, have contracted a hesitating disagree-
“ able manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself ; in
“ short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter
“ disgust of all that life brings with it—Whence this romantic turn,
“ that all our family are possessed with ? Whence this love for every
“ place and every country but that in which we reside ? for every
“ occupation but our own ? this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness
“ to dissipate ? I perceive, my dear sir, that I am at intervals for
“ indulging this splenetic manner, and following my own taste, regard-
“ less of yours.

“ The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son as a

* “ This,” observes the *Percy Memoir* writer, in a note, “ is all *gratis dictum*,
“ for there never was a character so unsuspecting and so unguarded as the
“ writer’s.” 54.

perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him except your own. It is impossible to conceive how much may be done by a proper education at home. A boy, for instance, who understands perfectly well Latin, French, Arithmetic, and the principles of the civil law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking. And these parts of learning should be carefully inculcated, let him be designed for whatever calling he will. Above all things let him never touch a romance or novel; those paint beauty in colours more charming than nature; and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss. They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and has studied human nature more by experience than precept; take my word for it, I say, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous; may distress, but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach then, my dear sir, to your son thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher; while I was exposing myself to the insidious approaches of cunning; and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who thanked me for my bounty. When I am in the remotest part of the world, tell him this, and perhaps he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habits of thinking.

My mother, I am informed, is almost blind; even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could

“in my former. Just sit down as I do, and write forward until you
“have filled all your paper ; it requires no thought, at least from the
“ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to
“you. For, believe me, my head has no share in all I write ; my heart
“dictates the whole. Pray, give my love to Bob Bryanton, and
“intreat him, from me, not to drink. My dear sir, give me some
“account about poor Jenny.* Yet her husband loves her ; if so, she
“cannot be unhappy.

“I know not whether I should tell you—yet why should I conceal
“those trifles, or indeed anything from you ?—There is a book of
“mine will be published in a few days, the life of a very extraordinary
“man—no less than the great Voltaire. You know already by the
“title, that it is no more than a catch-penny. However I spent
“but four weeks on the whole performance, for which I received
“twenty pounds. When published, I shall take some method of
“conveying it to you, unless you may think it dear of the postage,
“which may amount to four or five shillings. However, I fear
“you will not find an equivalence of amusement. Your last letter,
“I repeat it, was too short : you should have given me your opinion of
“the design of the heroical poem which I sent you : you re-
“member I intended to introduce the hero of the poem, as lying in
“a paltry alehouse. You may take the following specimen of the
“manner, which I flatter myself is quite original. The room in which
“he lies, may be described somewhat this way :—

The window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That feebly shew'd the state in which he lay.
The sandy floor, that grits beneath the tread :
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread ;
The game of goose was there expos'd to view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew ;
The seasons fram'd with listing, found a place,
And Prussia's monarch shew'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold ; he views with keen desire,
A rusty grate unconscious of a fire.
An unpaid reck'ning on the freeze was scor'd,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board.

Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
That welcomes every stranger that can pay,
With sulky eye he smook'd the patient man,
Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus began, &c.

All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is a good remark of Montaigne's, that the wisest men often have friends, with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Take my present follies for instances of regard. Poetry is a much easier, and more agreeable species of composition than prose, and could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet. I am resolved to leave no space, though I should fill it up only by telling you, what you very well know already, I mean that I am

“ Your most affectionate

“ Friend and brother,

“ OLIVER GOLDSMITH.”

There is a practical condition of mind in this letter, notwithstanding its self-reproachful pictures, and protestations of sorrowful disgust. It is very clear, were it only by the example of his hero's example, that not all the miseries which surround him will again daunt his perseverance, or tempt him to begin life anew. If the bowl is now to be broken, it will be broken at the fountain. Could a man live by it, it would be not unpleasant employment to be a poet: but as he has set up his mind to live, and on the world's beggarly terms, he will take what practicable work he can get, and be content with its fare till pleasant employment comes. When the hero in black describes the change of good humour with which he went to his precarious meals; how he forbore to rant and bemoan at his situation, ceased to call down heaven and the gods to behold him dining on a half-pennyworth of radishes, and what his very companions to believe that he liked salad

the resolution to stick to nature is a good and hopeful one, and will admit of wise application, and many original results.

The poem seems to have gone no further: but its cheerful hero reappeared, after some months, in a "club of authors;" protested that the alehouse had been his own bed-chamber often; reintroduced the description with six new lines;

Where the Red Lion flaring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champagne,
Regales the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;
There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug . .

flattered himself that his work should not be of the order of your common epic poems, which come from the press like paper kites in the summer; swore that people were sick of your Turnuses and Didos, and wanted an heroical description of nature; offered, for proof of sound, and sense, and truth, and nature, in the trifling compass of ten syllables, the last of two added lines;

A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night, a stocking all the day!

and having quoted them, was so much elated and self-delighted, that he was quite unable to proceed.

Thus could Goldsmith already turn aside the sharpest edge of poverty; thus wisely consent to be Scroggen till he could be Goldsmith; in the paltry, slovenly pothouse of Drury-lane, give promise of the neat village alehouse of Auburn; and betake himself meanwhile to less agreeable

CHAPTER VI.

WORK AND HOPE.

1759.

SPEEDILY will be published," said the *Public Advertiser* of 7th of February, 1759, "*Memoirs of the Life of Monsieur Voltaire*, with critical observations on the writings of that celebrated poet, and a new *Translation of the Ænæid*. Printed for R. Griffiths, in Paternoster Row." Nevertheless, the publication did not take place. The *translation* was by an old fellow-student of Dublin, Edward Don; the poor uncertain hack, whose notoriety rests on Goldsmith's epigram, as his hunger was, even at this early age, supposed to be mainly appeased by a morsel of Goldsmith's crust;—and his share of the work was probably not completed in time. Some months later, it appeared in a magazine, and the *Life* was given to the public through the same bookselling channel; but it is clear that Goldsmith, when he wrote to his brother, had really performed his portion of the contract. It was but a catchpenny matter, as he called it; yet including passages of interesting narrative as well as just remark, and gracefully

1759.
Æt. 31.

written, passages might be given in exact paraphrase of the argument of his *Polite Learning*; such sayings from the last-quoted letter to his brother, as “frugality in the lower orders “of mankind may be considered as a substitute for ambition;” and such apophthegms from his recent sharp experience, as “the school of misery is the school of wisdom.”

The *Polite Learning* was now completed, and passing through the press: the Dodsleys of Pall Mall, who gave Johnson ten guineas for the poem of *London*, having taken it under their charge. This too was the time when, being accidentally in company with Grainger at the Temple Exchange-coffee-house, he was introduced to Thomas Percy, already busily engaged in collecting the famous *Reliques*;* now chaplain to Lord Sussex, and who became afterwards Bishop of Dromore.† Percy, who had a great love of letters and of literary men, was attracted to this new acquaintance; for before he returned to his vicarage of Easton Mauduit in Northamptonshire, he discovered Goldsmith’s address in Green Arbour Court, and resolved to call upon him. “A friend of his paying

* See a letter of the poet Shenstone (to whose suggestion we owe the *Reliques*) in Nichols’s *Illustrations*, vii. 220-3.

† Percy will frequently appear in these pages; and though, for some unexplained reason, Johnson said harsher things to him, as well as of him, than was ordinarily his habit towards men of that calling and station, he has also in a few lines so happily expressed his literary claims and character, that they will best introduce him here: “He is a man very willing to learn, and very able to teach; a man out “of whose company I never go without having learned something. It is sure that “he vexes me sometimes, but I am afraid it is by making me feel my own “ignorance. So much extension of mind, and so much minute accuracy of “inquiry, if you survey your whole circle of acquaintance, you will find so scarce, “if you find it at all, that you will value Percy by comparison. . . Percy’s “attention to poetry has given grace and splendour to his studies of antiquity.

“ proper to mention the circumstance, if he did not consider
“ it as the highest proof of the splendour of Doctor Gold-
“ smith’s genius and talents, that by the bare exertion of their
“ powers, under every disadvantage of person and fortune, he
“ could gradually emerge from such obscurity to the enjoy-
“ ment of all the comforts and even luxuries of life, and
“ admission into the best societies of London. The Doctor
“ was writing his *Enquiry* &c. in a wretched dirty room, in
“ which there was but one chair, and when he, from civility,
“ offered it to his visitant, himself was obliged to sit in the
“ window. While they were conversing, some one gently
“ rapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor
“ ragged little girl of very decent behaviour, entered, who,
“ dropping a curtsie, said, ‘ My mama sends her compli-
“ ‘ ments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-
“ ‘ pot full of coals.’ ” *

If the February number of the *Critical Review* lay by the
reverend, startled, and long-descended visitor, perhaps good-

* *Percy Memoir*, 60-1. “ I have *him* now in London,” writes Campbell to the bishop in 1790 (Nichols’s *Illustrations*, vii. 779), when describing his progress in throwing Percy’s biographical anecdotes into the form of a memoir, “ and am
“ endeavouring to recollect your first visit to him, when the loan, or repayment, of
“ the chamber-pot of coals was asked.” To this the bishop answered promptly,
by sending the anecdote, which Campbell (*Ibid*, 780) thus acknowledges : “ My
“ account of your visit to him there was almost verbatim, from my recollection of
“ your words, what you have set down in your last. But could there be any
“ harm in letting the world know who the visitant was ? without the circumstance of
“ the dignity of the guest, the contrast will be in a great measure lost.” In truth
however the contrast, though amusing enough, was not so very great as Dr. Campbell,
prematurely transforming the vicar of a small living into a bishop full-blown,
appears to have presented it to his imagination.

1759. natured Goldsmith, as he scraped together his answer to
 Æt. 31. that humble petition, pointed with a smile to a description of
 the fate of poets which he had just published there. "There
 "is a strong similitude," he had said, reviewing a new
 edition of the *Fairy Queen*, "between the lives of almost
 "all our English poets. The Ordinary of Newgate, we
 "are told, has but one story, which serves for the life of
 "every hero that happens to come within the circle of
 "his pastoral care; however unworthy the resemblance
 "appears, it may be asserted, that the history of one
 "poet might serve with as little variation for that of any
 "other.—Born of creditable parents, who gave him a pious
 "education; however, in spite of all their endeavours, in
 "spite of all the exhortations of the minister of the parish
 "on Sundays, he turned his mind from following *good things*,
 "and fell to — — writing verses!—Spenser, in short, lived
 "poor, was reviled by the critics of his time, and died at
 "last in the utmost distress."*

He was again working for Hamilton. Smollett himself had
 not seen his new reviewer, but, the success of the Ovid papers
 having proclaimed the value of such assistance,† he appears
 to have sent the publisher with renewed offers to Green
 Arbour Court. Goldsmith had resumed with this notice of
 Spenser; a discriminating proof of his appreciation of all
 true mastery in the divine art. Popular and practical
 himself, he wonders not the less at the "great magician :"
 suddenly taken "from the ways of the present world," and

from this Elysium, and comes back to the ways of the world, his conclusions are, that "no poet enlarges the imagination more than Spenser;" that "Cowley was formed into poetry by reading him;" that "Gray and Akenside have profited by their study of him;" and that "his verses may one day come to be considered the standard of English poetry." His next article, which appeared in the following number, was a notice of young Langhorne's translation of Bion's *Elegy of Adonis*; wherein he happily contrasted the false and florid tastes of the day with the pure simplicity of the Greek. "If an hero or a poet happens to die with us, the whole band of elegiac poets raise the dismal chorus, adorn his herse with all the paltry escutcheons of flattery, rise into bombast, paint him at the head of his thundering legions, or reining Pegasus in his most rapid career; they are sure to strew cypress enough upon the bier, dress up all the muses in mourning, and look themselves every whit as dismal and as sorrowful as an undertaker's shop. Neither pomp nor flattery agrees with real affliction: it is not thus that Marcellus, even that Marcellus who was adopted by the emperor of the world, is bewailed by Propertius: his beauty, his strength, his milder virtues, seem to have caught the poet's affections, and inspired his affliction. Were a person to die in these days, tho' he was never at a battle in his life, our elegiac writers would be sure to make one for the occasion."* Subsequently, and with as happy and clear a spirit, he discussed a book on *Oratory* by a Gresham professor of rhetoric: instancing the

And here I will sum up briefly as I may, what remains to be noticed of these humble and unacknowledged labours in the *Critical Review*. The tone is more confident than in the days when he wrote under the sign of the Dunciad; but the fair appreciation is the same. Obscure and depressed as the writer was, his free running hand very frankly betrays his work, amid the cramped laborious penmanship with which Smollett's big-wigged friends surrounded it. No man wishing to hide under cover of a mean fortune, was ever so easily detected. Favourite expressions, which to the end of his life continued so, are here; thoughts he had turned to happy use in his Irish letters, reappear again and again, and he disguises himself for Scroggen or James Willington, if he may, he cannot write from other inspiration, or with a less natural instinctive grace, than his own. The work now referred to connects itself, for this reason, with the more brilliant to follow. The foibles and social vanities which his Chinese friend is soon with indulgent humour to correct are here already clear to him;† the false poetic taste which he will shortly supplant with his natural manly verse he does his best thus early to weaken and expose; and the do-me-good family romances, with which the moralmonks of the day would make stand against the *Roderick Random* and *Tom Joneses*, are thrust back from before the *Vindication* way.

* *Critical Review*, vii. 369, April 1759.

† The reader will hardly fail to have observed that he seems already to have had in his mind a forecast of his Chinese Letters when he was writing to Brydges *ante*, p. 146.

recent reverend visitor (Mr. Percy), at that time preparing a Chinese translation* for the press. Butler's *Remains* furnished him another subject; in which, bewailing the "indigence in which the poet lived and died," he protested with generous "horror at the want of discernment, at the "more than barbarous ingratitude, of his contemporaries."† A third was Marriott's *Answer to the Critical Review*; containing whimsical and humorous apology for his own satirical comparisons of three months before. And he found a fourth in Dunkins's *Epistle to Lord Chesterfield*; which he closed with a story of a traveller passing through the city of Burgos in Spain, who, desirous of knowing their most learned men, applied to one of the inhabitants for information. "What," replied the Spaniard, who happened to be a scholar, "have "you never heard of the admirable Brandellius, or the "ingenious Mogusius? one the eye, and the other the heart "of our university, known all over the world." "Never," cries the traveller; "but pray inform me what Brandellius "is particularly remarkable for." "You must be very "little acquainted in the Republic of Letters," says the other, "to ask such a question. Brandellius has wrote a "most sublime panegyric on Mogusius." "And prithee, "what has Mogusius done to deserve so great a favour?" "He has written an excellent poem in praise of Brandellius."

* Goldsmith put this note to his article: "A specimen of this kind" [Chinese fiction] "will probably appear next season at Mr. Dodsley's, as we are informed." For the amusing and unsuccessful attempts of Grainger on his friend Percy's behalf, in 1758, to effect a bargain for the publication with Griffiths, see Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 249, 250, 259, 261, &c.

† *Critical Review*, viii. 1, July 1759. The same subject was resumed in the

blockheads are critics, and all critics are spiders,
“ spiders are a set of reptiles that all the world despises

Noticeable also, in recapitulation of this drudgery, papers on President Gouget's *Origin of Laws, Arts, Sciences*,† and on Formey's *Philosophical Miscellanies*, written with lively understanding of the characters of French and German intellect;—on Van Egmont's *Travels in Asia*, wherein a scheme of later life was shadowed forth; “ a
“ shall go a hundred miles to admire a mountain,
“ because it was spoken of in Scripture, yet what information
“ can be received from hearing that Ægidius Van Egmont
“ went up such a hill, only in order to come down again;
“ Could we see a man set out upon this journey, not with
“ intent to discover rocks and rivers, but the manners, customs,
“ mechanic inventions, and the imperfect learning of the
“ inhabitants; resolved to penetrate into countries as little
“ little known, and eager to pry into all their secrets, and
“ a heart not terrified at trifling dangers; if there could be
“ found a man who could thus unite true courage with
“ sound learning, from such a character we might expect
“ much information;”—on Guicciardini's *History of Italy*,
showing considerable knowledge of Italian literature; †—
Montesquieu's *Miscellaneous Pieces*, justifying, by his
expressions, such rapid indication as I now give of his
earlier and less known performances: (“ Cicero observes
remarks in it, “ that we behold with transport and enthusiasm
“ the little barren spot, or ruins of a house, in which a pe-

* *Critical Review*, ix. 235, March 1760.

† *Ibid*, vii. 270, March

‡ *Ibid*, viii. 89, August 1759.

“ any of their posthumous works, however inferior to what he had before seen !” *) ;—and finally, for my summary must be brief, on parson Hawkins’s *Works*,† and on the same irritable parson’s *Impartial Reader’s Answer* to the said review of his works ;‡ where Goldsmith thus drily, in the second of these articles, put the difference between himself and the reverend writer.§ “ He is for putting his own works upon

* *Critical Review*, vii. 535, June 1759.

† *Ibid*, viii. 98, August 1759.

‡ *Ibid*, ix. 214, March 1760.

§ Parson Hawkins was an Oxford professor of poetry, and the author, not only of the *Thimble*, but of a wretched tragedy called the *Siege of Aleppo*, which Garrick declined to act ; and as to which the reader may find it worth while to compare the capital letters in which the judicious manager met the angry professor’s outraged vanity, and the confused account he afterwards gave of those letters in conversation, when fluttered and agitated by Johnson’s laughter and sarcasm. See *Garrick Correspondence*, ii. 6, and *Boswell*, vii. 94-5. I happen myself to be able to quote a couple of passages from the letter, hitherto unprinted, that accompanied this very tragedy when it first went to Garrick (in the autumn of 1771) ; which will not only amuse the reader, but show him the preposterous vanities that, under cover of the utmost humility and the most friendly professions of service, were the plague of the poor Drury Lane manager’s life. In the remark about Hawkins and Shakspeare on the same shelf, quoted above, Goldsmith had hit the leading weakness of the reverend poet. This letter shows us that he had written his tragedy in express imitation of Shakspeare, that he sent it to Garrick solely because of his admiration for Shakspeare, and that he was willing Garrick should have it for a mere nothing strictly because of the obligations he had conferred on Shakspeare. “ I flatter myself this letter when favored with your perusal will carry its apology with it. As a passionate admirer of Shakspeare it is but natural for me to wish to be connected with Mr. Garrick, and I hope I shall be understood to mean more than a base compliment when I add that I really desire this from motives rather of an honoring than lucrative nature. In short (to give yourself and me as little trouble as may be) the case is this—I have a Play by me, written in imitation of Shakspeare in point of style, but on a plan &c. wholly new, which I have an ambition to recommend to your acceptance.” Recommend it to his acceptance he accordingly proceeds to do, by declaring that the Wartons, Tom and Joc, might be asked to give their opinion of it, by which he, Hawkins,

“ the same reader that commends Addison’s delicacy to
“ talk with raptures of the purity of Hawkins ; and he who
“ praises the *Rape of the Lock* to speak with equal feelings
“ of that richest of all poems, Mr. Hawkins’s *Thimble*.
“ But we, alas ! cannot speak of Mr. H. with the same
“ unrestrained share of panegyric that he does of himself.
“ Perhaps our motive to malevolence might have been, that
“ Mr. Hawkins stood between us and a good living : we can
“ solemnly assure him we are quite contented with our
“ present situation in the church, are quite happy in a wife
“ and forty pounds a year, nor have the least ambition for
“ pluralities.” *

I close this rapid account of his labours in the *Critical Review*, with a curious satire of the fashionable family novel of that day : the work with which the stately mother, and the boarding-school miss, were instructed to fortify themselves against the immoralities of Smollett and of Fielding. As with Jonathan Wild in the matter of Cacus, Goldsmith “knew a better way :” and in his witty exposure of *Jemima and Louisa*, he seems preparing to make it known. The tale professed to be written by a lady, in a series of letters ; and thus he described it.

would willingly be judged. And then he concludes. “ If you please I will send the
“ performance in a few weeks to yourself, relying cheerfully on your candour and
“ impartiality. Having only to say farther, that in case it be honoured with your
“ acceptance, the copy shall be at your service upon your own terms of purchase.
“ These I shall leave with the most implicit confidence to your honor, as I choose
“ for many reasons, to be concerned in this business rather as an Author, than
“ Proprietor ; and as (to say the truth honestly) I have herein principally in view
“ the cultivation of a correspondence, and give me leave to say and hope a friend-
“ ship, with a gentleman to whom the Immortal Shakspeare is confessedly under

“ she had one brother and one sister, with several other secrets of
“ this kind, all delivered in the confidence of friendship. In the
“ progress of this correspondence we find she has been taken from
“ home for carrying on an intrigue with Horatio, a gentleman of the
“ neighbourhood, and by means of her sister’s insinuations, for she
“ happens to be her enemy, confined to her chamber, her father at the
“ same time making an express prohibition against her writing love-
“ letters for the future. This command Miss Mima breaks, and of con-
“ sequence is turned out of doors ; so up she gets behind a servant
“ without a pillion, and is set down at Mrs. Weller’s house, the mother
“ of her friend Miss Fanny. Here, then, we shall leave, or rather
“ forget her, only observing that she is happily married, as we are told
“ in a few words towards the conclusion. We are next served up with
“ the history of Miss Louisa Blyden, a story no way connected with the
“ former. Louisa is going to be married to Mr. Evanion ; the
“ nuptials, however, are interrupted by the death of Louisa’s father,
“ and at last broke off by means of a sharper, who pretends to be
“ miss’s uncle, and takes her concerns under his direction. What
“ need we tell *as how* the young *lovier* runs mad, Miss is spirited away
“ into France ; at last returns ; the sharper and his accomplices
“ hang or drown themselves, her lover dies, and she, oh tragical !
“ keeps her chamber ? However, to console us for this calamity, there
“ are two or three other very good matches struck up ; a great deal
“ of money, a great deal of beauty, a world of love, and days and
“ nights as happy as heart could desire ; the old butt-end of a modern
“ romance.” *

And so Goldsmith’s adieu to both Reviews was said, and he left them to fight out their quarrels with each other.

* *Critical Review*, viii. 165-6, August 1759. Let me here add that our knowledge of Goldsmith’s labours in the *Critical Review* is mainly derived from the fact mentioned in a letter by George Steevens (Sept. 3, 1797) giving information about “ our little poet’s works ” to Bishop Percy, then engaged in preparing the edition delayed by so many mischances. After remarking that “ several pieces of the “ Doctor’s are still in MS. in the hands of various people ” (this could hardly be news to the bishop, who had himself more than one unpublished piece, which he

this interchange of abuse will in future cease to have a bitterness personal to his own fortunes. We are gradually now to follow him, and them, to "a more removed ground." Yet not until the scene of life shall entirely close will it be permitted him to forget that he once toiled in humiliating bondage at the sign of the Dunciad in Paternoster Row, and was paid retainer and servant to "those significant emblems, " the owl and the long-ear'd animal, which Mr. Griffiths so "sagely displays for the mirth and information of mankind."*

lost), he continues: "the late Mr. Wright, the printer, who had been either "apprentice to or in the service of Mr. Hamilton, at a time when Goldsmith "composed numerous essays for Magazines, articles for Reviews, &c. &c. preserved "a list of these fugitive pieces, which are now reprinting, and will make their "appearance in the course of next winter. Goldsmith likewise began a periodical "paper, which being unsuccessful, was laid aside, after a few numbers of it had "been issued out." Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 25. I cannot help doubting, however, if the true source has been at all times pointed out by Mr. Wright to the editor of these reprinted articles (Mr. Isaac Reed).

* *Critical Review*, iv. 471. November 1757. See also viii, 82-3, July 1759. In the latter, the *Monthly Review* is characterised as "that repository of dullness "and malevolence, replenished by the indefatigable care of the industrious nightman "R—h G—s, and his spouse." Smollett, or his writer, is speaking of a translation of Ariosto attacked by the Monthly reviewers, which he had himself praised; and characterises this review as "an instance of presumption in an illiterate bookseller "and his wife, which can scarcely be paralleled in the annals of dulness and "effrontery. . . . Ha! ha! ha! who is this venerable Aristarchus, who mounts the "chair of criticism? No Aristarchus, but an antiquated Sappho, a Sibyl, or rather "a Pope Joan in taste and literature, pregnant with abuse begot by rancour under "the canopy of ignorance. Purge your choler, goody; have recourse to your "apothecary in this adust weather, who will keep you cool and temperate. Mean- "while, you and your obsequious spouse may confer together on your vain import- "ance, like the two owls in the fable,

"Husband, you reason well, replies
The solemn mate with half-shut eyes:
My parlour is the seat of learning;

CHAPTER VII.

AN APPEAL FOR AUTHORS BY PROFESSION.

1759.

MEANWHILE the Dodsleys had issued their advertisements, and the *London Chronicle* of the 3rd of April, 1759, announced the appearance, the day before, of *An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*. It was a very respectable, well-printed duodecimo; was without the author's name on the title-page, though Goldsmith was anxious to have the authorship widely known; and had two learned mottoes. The Greek signified that the writer esteemed philosophers, but was no friend to sophists; and the Latin, that those only should destroy buildings who could themselves build.

The first idea of the work has been seen; as it grew consolingly, like the plant in the *Picciola*, from between the hard and stony environments of a desperate fortune. Some modifications it received, as the prospects of the writer were subjected to change; and in its scope became too large for the limited materials, both of reading and experience, brought to its composition. But it was in advance of

1759
Æt. 3

With any detailed account of this well-known *Enquiry* I do not propose to detain the reader; but for illustration of the course I have taken in this memoir, some striking passages should not be overlooked; others will throw light forward on new scenes which await us; and the contents of the treatise, as found in the current collections, are wanting in much that gives interest to the duodecimo now lying before me, the first of the Dodsley editions.

Manifest throughout the book is one over-ruling feeling, under various forms; the conviction that, in bad critics and sordid booksellers, learning has to contend with her most pernicious enemies. When he has described at the outset the wise reverence for letters which prevailed in the old Greek time, when "learning was encouraged, protected, "honoured, and in its turn adorned, strengthened, and harmonised the community," he turns to the sophists and critics for the day of its decline. By them the ancient polite learning was in his view "separated from common sense, "and made the proper employment of speculative idlers. . . "The wiser part of mankind would not be imposed upon by "unintelligible jargon, nor, like the knight in Pantagruel, "swallow a chimera for a breakfast, though even cooked by "Aristotle."* Thus he distinguished three periods in the history of ancient learning: its commencement, or the age of poets; its maturity, or the age of philosophers; and its decline, or the age of critics. *Corruptissima respublica, plurimæ leges.* In like manner, when he turned to the consideration of the doom of modern letters, the criticism

Nevertheless, it was with manly self-assertion of attainments which raised him above the herd, that he afterwards scornfully disclaimed that viler brotherhood. "I fire with indignation when I see persons wholly destitute of education and genius indent to the press, and thus turn book-makers, adding to the sin of criticism the sin of ignorance also ; whose trade is a bad one, and who are bad workmen in the trade." So much was not to be said of his workmanship, by even the deity of the Dunciad—the contriver of books to be made, the master-employer in the miserable craft, Griffiths himself.

And thus comes upon the scene that other arch-foe, to whom, in modern days, the literary craftsman is but minister and servant. The critic or sophist might have been contriver of all harms, while the field of mischief was his own, and limited to a lecture-room of Athens or Alexandria ; but he bowed to a more potent spirit of evil when the man of Paternoster Row or the Poultry came up in later days, took literature into charitable charge, and assumed exclusive direction of laws of taste and men of learning. Drawing on a hard experience, Goldsmith depicted the "precarious subsistence" and daily fate of the bookseller's workman : "coming down at stated intervals to rummage the bookseller's counter for materials to work upon : "† a fate which other neglects now made inevitable. "The author," Goldsmith had previously said, "when unpatronised by the great, has naturally recourse to the

Et. 31. "bination more prejudicial to taste than this. It is the
"interest of the one to allow as little for writing, and of the
"other to write as much, as possible; accordingly tedious
"compilations and periodical magazines are the result of
"their joint endeavours. In these circumstances the
"author bids adieu to fame, writes for bread, and for that
"only imagination is seldom called in; he sits down to
"address the venal muse with the most phlegmatic apathy;
"and, as we are told of the Russian, courts his mistress by
"falling asleep in her lap. His reputation never spreads
"in a wider circle than that of the trade, who generally
"value him, not for the fineness of his compositions, but
"the quantity he works off in a given time. A long habit
"of writing for bread thus turns the ambition of every
"author at last into avarice. He finds that he has written
"many years, that the public are scarcely acquainted even
"with his name; he despairs of applause, and turns to
"profit which invites him. He finds that money procures
"all those advantages, that respect, and that ease which he
"vainly expected from fame. Thus the man who under
"the protection of the great might have done honour to
"humanity, when only patronised by the bookseller, becomes
"a thing little superior to the fellow who works at the
"press."* In connection with this unpromising picture, in
his following chapter, he placed "the two literary reviews
"in London, with critical newspapers and magazines without
"number;" remarking in another place that, "were these
"Monthly Reviews and Magazines frothy, pert, or absurd,

over humour amongst us, from which no one in later years was to suffer as much as himself.* “Does the poet paint
 “the absurdities of the vulgar, then he is *low*: does he
 “exaggerate the features of folly to render it more
 “thoroughly ridiculous, he is then very *low*.”† And he laughingly suggested (but this joke he confined to his first edition) that check might possibly be given to it by some such law “enacted in the republic of letters as we find
 “takes effect in the House of Commons. As no man there
 “can show his wisdom, unless qualified by three hundred
 “pounds a-year, so none here should possess gravity, unless
 “his work amounted to three hundred pages.” In other parts of the treatise he guards himself from being supposed to wish that a mere money-service, a system of flattery and beggary, should replace that of the booksellers. He would object, he says, to indigence and effrontery subjecting

* How admirable are his remarks on style, in the same chapter! “It were to
 “be wished that we no longer found pleasure with the inflated stile that has
 “for some years been looked upon as fine writing, and which every young writer
 “is now obliged to adopt, if he chooses to be read . . it is not those who make
 “the greatest noise with their wares in the streets that have most to sell. Let us,
 “instead of writing finely, try to write naturally; not hunt after lofty expressions
 “to deliver mean ideas, nor be for ever gaping, when we only mean to deliver a
 “whisper.” Not against Johnson was this levelled, however, but at the swarm
 of empty imitators begotten of Johnson’s success. The author of the *Rambler*
 would think all the more highly of Goldsmith for such remarks. No one better
 knew his own defects, or made more candid avowal of them. “Sir,” he said to
 Boswell, “if Robertson’s style be faulty, he owes it to me; that is, having too
 “many words, and those too big ones.” *Life*, vi. 316. So when Langton one day
 read one of his *Ramblers* to him, and asked him how he liked it, he shook his
 head, and said, “Too wordy.” *Ib.* vii. 353. Langton also tells us that at
 another time, when a friend was reading his tragedy of *Irene* to a company at a
 house in the country, he left the room; and somebody having asked him the reason
 of this, he replied, “Sir, I thought it had been better.” *Ibid.* In these
 personal matters, as in all others, so far as his own judgment carried him.

take a purse, than present a pistol for the same purpose.

These passages in the *Enquiry* were startling, and not to be protected from notice by even the obscurity of the writer. They struck at the seat of a monstrous error. "We must observe," said Smollett, noticing the book in the *Critical Review*, "that, against his own conviction, the author has indiscriminately censured the two Reviews as 'confounding a work undertaken from public spirit, with one supported for the sordid purposes of a bookseller.' It might not become us to say more on this subject." The sordid bookseller was not so delicate, and did say more; calling in for the purpose the pen of Kenrick, a notorious and convicted libeller. "It requires a good deal of art and temper," said the *Monthly Review*, "and the objections to the whole treatise, some just enough, on the score of its want of learning and too hasty decision on national literatures, others, connected with the subject of patronage, shallow as they were severe, for a man to write consistently against the dictates of his own heart. The author notwithstanding our Author talks so familiarly of us, as great, and affects to be thought to stand in the ranks of Patrons, we cannot help thinking that in more places than one he has betrayed, in himself, the man he so severely condemns for drawing his quill to take a purse. We are even so firmly convinced of this, that we dare put the question home to his conscience, whether he never experienced the unhappy situation he so feelingly describes in that of a Literary Understrapper? His remarks on him as coming down from his garret, to a more

“ knowledge he displays of his minutest labours, give great
 “ reason to suspect” (generous and forbearing Griffiths !)
 “ he may himself have had concerns in the *bad trade* of
 “ bookmaking. *Fronti nulla fides*. We have heard of many
 “ a Writer, who, ‘patronised only by his bookseller,’ has
 “ nevertheless affected the Gentleman in print, and talked
 “ full as cavalierly as our Author himself. We have even
 “ known one hardy enough* publicly to stigmatise men of
 “ the first rank in literature, for their immoralities, while
 “ conscious himself of labouring under the infamy of having,
 “ by the vilest and meanest actions, forfeited all pretensions
 “ to honour and honesty. If such men as these, boasting
 “ a liberal education, and pretending to genius, practise at
 “ the same time those arts which bring the Sharper to the
 “ cart’s-tail or the pillory, need our Author wonder that
 “ ‘learning partakes the contempt of its professors.’ If
 “ characters of this stamp are to be found among the
 “ learned, need any one be surprised that the great prefer
 “ the society of Fiddlers, Gamesters, and Buffoons ? ” †

* Kenrick has the mock decency here to subjoin in a note exactly that kind of affected disclaimer of any personal allusion to Goldsmith in this particular passage, which fixes the offence charged more expressly upon him. “ Even our author,” he says, “ seems to have wandered into calumny when he speaks of the Marquis d’Argens as attempting to add the character of a philosopher to the vices of a debauchee.” That he was himself intended would require no clearer evidence to Goldsmith’s mind than the identity of the expression—*sharper*—with the “ sharper and villain ” of Griffiths’s letter, *ante*, p. 170.

† *Monthly Review*, xxi. 389, November 1759. Can any one doubt that these painful passages in Goldsmith’s history were vividly present with him two years later, when his man in black, talking of genius and its rewards among the tombs of Westminster Abbey, surprised the Chinese citizen by describing a class of men who “ have no other employment but to cry out Dunces, and Scribbler ; to “ praise the dead and revile the living ; to grant a man of confessed abilities “ some small share of merit : to enrol twenty blockheads in order to gain the

vulgar falsehoods ; and meanwhile they are not deserving of remark. Indeed the quarrel, or interchange of foul reproach, as between author and bookseller, may claim at all times the least possible part of attention. It is a third more serious influence to which appeal is made, and on whose right interference the righteous arrangement must at last depend. But at the close of the second epoch, so brief yet so sorrowful, in the life of this great and genuine man-of-letters, it becomes us at least to understand the appeal he would have entered against the existing controul and government of the destinies of literature. It was manifestly premature, and some passages of his after-life will plainly avow as much : but it had too sharp an experience in it not to have also much truth, and it would better have become certain bystanders in that age to have gone in and parted the combatants, than, as they did, make a ring around them for enjoyment of the sport, or in philosophic weariness abandon the scene altogether.

“ You know,” said Walpole to one of his correspondents, “ how I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company. “ They are always in earnest, and think their profession “ serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. “ I laugh at all these things, and divert myself.” “ It is “ probable,” said David Hume, “ that Paris will be long my “ home . . I have even thoughts of settling in Paris for the “ rest of my life . . I have a reluctance to think of living “ among the factious barbarians of London. Letters are “ there held in no honour. The taste for literature is

“ they are among the factious barbarians.” *

Matter of diversion for one, of disgust and avoidance for others, the factious barbarian struggle was left to a man more single-hearted, who thought the business of life a thing *to be* serious about, and who, unlike the Humes and Walpoles, was solely dependent for his bread on the very booksellers, of the danger of whose absolute power he desired to give timely warning. This he might do, as it seems to me, without personal injustice, and without pettish spite to the honest craft of bookselling, or to any other respectable trade. He might believe that those trade-indentures would turn out ill for literature ; that in enlarging its channels by vulgar means, might be mischief rather than good ; that facilities for appeal to a wide circle of uninformed readers, were but facilities for employment to a circle of writers nearly as wide and quite as uninformed ; that, in raising up a brood of writers whom any other earthly employment would have better fitted, lay the danger of bringing down the man of genius to their level ; and, in short, that literature, properly understood and rightly cherished, had altogether a higher duty and significance than the profit or the loss of a tradesman’s counter. In this I hold him to have taken fair ground. The reputations we have lived to see raised on these false foundations, the good clerks and accountants whom magazines have turned into bad literary men, the readers whose tastes have been pandered to and yet further lowered, the writers whose better talents have been disregarded and wasted, the venal

reduced his predecessors; are good evidence on that point.

But when Goldsmith wrote, there was still a certain recognised work for the bookseller to do. With the aftercourse of this narrative it will more fully appear, even in that entire assent and adhesion of Goldsmith himself which he certainly did not contemplate when the *Enquiry* was planned, yet which, at the close of the experience of his life, he would almost seem to have silently withdrawn, by leaving the book revised for a posthumous edition with its protest against booksellers unabated and unmodified. To complete that protest now (a most essential part of this chapter in his fortunes), I will add proof, from other parts of the *Enquiry* of the manly tendency, and freedom from personal spleen, apparent in the structure of the appeal which was built upon it. There will be found no inconsistency between the opening and closing lines of the sentences first given, by those who have studied the disclosures made recently by men who take the deepest interest in the welfare of our universities; and who contrast them, as they now are, with the original purpose for which the grand foundations of princely prelates and nobles in advance of their age first arose in Cambridge and Oxford.

“No nation gives greater encouragements to learning than we do; yet none are so injudicious in the application. We seem to confer them with the same view that statesmen have been known to grant employments at Court, rather as bribes to silence than incentives to emulation. All our magnificent endowments of colleges are erroneous;* and at best, more frequently enrich the prudent than reward the ingenious. Among the universities abroad I have ever observed

* A kind of endowment partaking of both pension list and college lectureship, not free from the taint of both, but more so than either.

a negative insult upon genius. This appears in nothing more evident

“than the undistinguished success of those who solicit subscriptions. When first brought into fashion, subscriptions were conferred upon the ingenious alone, or those who were reputed such. But at present, we see them made a resource of indigence, and requested not as rewards of merit, but as a relief of distress. If tradesmen happen to want skill in conducting their own business, yet they are able to write a book ; if mechanics want money, or ladies shame, they write books and solicit subscriptions. Scarcely a morning passes, that proposals of this nature are not thrust into the half-opening doors of the rich, with perhaps a paltry petition, showing the author’s wants, but not his merits. . . What then are the proper encouragements of genius ? I answer, subsistence and respect, for these are rewards congenial to its nature.”*

“does it meet the questions at issue. Even in a pecuniary point of view, a sum might often be necessary for a limited period in the production of a particular work, which it would not be necessary to continue for life, and which need not be applied to the mere relief of positive distress, or the support of infirmity and age. Schiller was in the prime of his life, and quite capable of being a bookseller’s drudge, perhaps of writing Grecian histories, and works on Animated Nature, when two noblemen, thinking that his genius was meant for other things, subscribed to endow him with a pension for three years, to enable him to do that which he was calculated best to do. It came to Schiller at the right time of his existence. It served, we believe, not only to aid his genius, but to soften his heart. Some help of a similar nature, a national fund in connection with the pension list might not unprofitably bestow. Perhaps, in any comprehensive system of national education which the conflicting opinions and prejudices of party may permit the legislature ultimately to accomplish, means may be taken to render the Mechanics’ Institutes (many of which are fast decaying, and cannot, we believe, long exist upon resources wholly voluntary) permanent and valuable auxiliaries to popular instruction ; and endowed lectureships or professorships, at the more important of these in our larger towns, might be devoted to men distinguished in letters and science, connect them more with the practical world, occupy but little of their time, and yield them emoluments, if modest, still sufficient to relieve them from actual dependence on the ordinary public and trading booksellers. Perhaps, too, in the point of social consideration, it may be well to reflect whether it is wise or just that England should be the only country in which men of letters are deprived of the ordinary social honours, which tend to raise literature to its proper place in the estimation of the crowd.” I may refer also, with the pride and interest of one associated in the scheme, to the recent project for a Guild

This is not the language of one who would have had literature again subsist, as of old, on servile adulation and vulgar charity. Goldsmith, indeed, seems rather to have thought with an earnest man of genius in our own day, that grants of money and subscriptions are by no means the chief things wanted for proper organisation of the literary class. "To give our men of letters," says Mr. Carlyle, "stipends, endowments, and all furtherance of cash, will do little toward the business. On the whole, one is weary of hearing about the omnipotence of money. I will say rather, that, for a genuine man, it is no evil to be poor . . . Money, in truth, can do much, but it cannot do all. We must know the province of it, and confine it there; and even spurn it back, when it wishes to get farther."* One of the lively illustrations of the *Enquiry* is not very unlike this. "The beneficed divine," says Goldsmith, "whose wants are only imaginary, expostulates as bitterly as the poorest author that ever snuffed his candle with finger and thumb. Should interest or good fortune advance the divine to a bishopric, or the poor son of Parnassus into that place which the other has resigned; both are authors no longer, the one goes to prayers once a day, kneels upon cushions of velvet, and thanks gracious Heaven for having made the circumstances of all mankind so extremely happy; the other batters on all the delicacies of life, enjoys his wife and his easy chair, and sometimes, for the sake of conversation, deplores the luxury of these degenerate days. All encouragements to merit are therefore misapplied, which make the author so rich to continue his profession,"†

dwells upon the contrast of existing times, in language which will hereafter connect itself with the deliberate dislike of Walpole, and the uneasy jealousy of Garrick.*

“When the link between patronage and learning was entire, then all who deserved fame were in a capacity of attaining it. When the great Somers was at the helm, patronage was fashionable among our nobility. The middle ranks of mankind, who generally imitate the Great, then followed their example, and applauded from fashion if not from feeling. I have heard an old poet” [he alludes to Young] “of that glorious age say, that a dinner with his lordship has procured him invitations for the whole week following; that an airing in his patron’s chariot has supplied him with a citizen’s coach on every future occasion. For who would not be proud to entertain a man who kept so much good company? But this link now seems entirely broken. Since the days of a certain prime-minister of inglorious memory, the

* I cannot help quoting also in this place, from the last edition (1853, ii. 223-4) of Lord Mahon’s *History*, a passage very pertinent to the matter under discussion, and very honourable to the writer. “Literary profits do not in all respects supply the place of literary patronage. First, there are several studies—such as many branches of science or antiquities—which are highly deserving of encouragement, but not generally popular, and therefore not productive of emolument. In these cases the liberality of the Government might sometimes usefully atone for the indifference of the public. But even with the most popular authors, the necessity of looking to their literary labours for their daily bread, has not unfrequently an unfavourable effect upon the former. It may compel, or at least induce, them to over-write themselves; to pour forth hasty and immature productions; to keep at all hazards their names before the public. How seldom can they admit intervals of leisure, or allow their minds to lie fallow for a season, in order to bear hereafter a larger and a better harvest! In like manner, they must minister to the taste of the public, whatever that taste may be, and sometimes have to sacrifice their own ideas of beauty, and aspirations of fame. These are undoubted evils, not merely to them, but to us; and as undoubtedly are they guarded against whenever a fixed and competent provision can be granted to genius. I am therefore clearly of opinion, that any Minister who might have the noble ambition to become the patron of literary men, would still find a large field open to his munificence; that his intercourse with them on the footing of equal friendship would be a deserved distinction to them, and a liberal recreation to himself; that his favours might be employed with great

"tancy the man of wit as leading a very agreeable life. They conclude,
 "perhaps, that he is attended to with silent admiration, and dictates
 "to the rest of mankind with all the eloquence of conscious superiority.
 "Very different is his present situation. He is called an author, and
 "all know that an author is a thing only to be laughed at. His person,
 "not his jest, becomes the mirth of the company. At his approach the
 "most fat unthinking face brightens into malicious meaning. Even
 "aldermen laugh, and avenge on him the ridicule which was lavished
 "on their forefathers :

*Etiam victis redit in præcordia virtus,
 Victoresque cadunt.*

. . . "The poet's poverty is a standing topic of contempt. His writing
 "for bread is an unpardonable offence. Perhaps of all mankind an
 "author in these times is used most hardly. We keep him poor and
 "yet revile his poverty. Like angry parents, who correct their children
 "till they cry, and then correct them for crying, we reproach him for
 "living by his wit, and yet allow him no other means to live. His
 "taking refuge in garrets and cellars has of late been violently objected
 "to him, and that by men who I dare hope are more apt to pity than
 "insult his distress. Is poverty the writer's fault ? No doubt he knows
 "how to prefer a bottle of champaign to the nectar of the neighbouring
 "alehouse, or a venison pasty to a plate of potatoes. Want of delicacy
 "is not in him but in us, who deny him the opportunity of making an
 "elegant choice. Wit certainly is the property of those who have it,
 "nor should we be displeased if it is the only property a man some-
 "times has. We must not underrate him who uses it for subsistence,
 "and flies from the ingratitude of the age even to a bookseller for redress.
 "If the profession of an author is to be laughed at by the stupid, it is
 "certainly better to be contemptibly rich than contemptibly poor. For
 "all the wit that ever adorned the human mind will at present no
 "more shield the author's poverty from ridicule, than his high-topped
 "gloves † conceal the unavoidable omissions of his laundress. To be

* This allusion to the "inglorious memory" of Sir Robert Walpole is more than
 enough to explain the never ceasing indifference, dislike, or contempt avowed by
 Horace Walpole for its author.

† "I asked Mr. Gray," says Nicholls, "what sort of a man Dr. Hurd was. He

“preventing them ; however virtuous the present age, there may be
“still growing employment for ridicule or reproof, for persuasion or
“satire. If the author be therefore still so necessary among us, let us
“treat him with proper consideration as a child of the public, not a
“rent-charge on the community. And indeed a *child* of the public he
“is in all respects ; for while so well able to direct others, how incapable
“is he frequently found of guiding himself ! His simplicity exposes
“him to all the insidious approaches of cunning ; his sensibility, to the
“slightest invasions of contempt. Though possessed of fortitude to
“stand unmoved the expected bursts of an earthquake, yet of feelings
“so exquisitely poignant as to agonise under the slightest disappoint-
“ment.* Broken rest, tasteless meals, and causeless anxiety, shorten
“his life, or render it unfit for active employment ; prolonged vigils
“and intense application still farther contract his span, and make his
“time glide insensibly away. Let us not then aggravate those natural
“inconveniences by neglect ; we have had sufficient instances of this
“kind already. Sale and Moore will suffice for one age at least. But
“they are dead, and their sorrows are over. The neglected author of
“the Persian *Eclogues* [Collins] which, however inaccurate, excel any
“in our language, is still alive. Happy, if *insensible* of our neglect, not
“*raging* at our ingratitude. It is enough that the age has already
“produced instances of men pressing foremost in the lists of fame, and
“worthy of better times, schooled by continued adversity into an hatred
“of their kind, flying from thought to drunkenness, yielding to the
“united pressure of labour, penury and sorrow, sinking unheeded,
“without one friend to drop a tear on their unattended obsequies, and
“indebted to charity for a grave.”†

These words had been written but a very few years, when the hand that traced them was itself cold ; and, yielding to that united pressure of labour, penury, and sorrow, with a

* He improved upon this description in the 84th Letter of the *Citizen of the World*. “I fancy the character of a poet is in every country the same : fond of
“enjoying the present, careless of the future ; his conversation that of a man of
“sense, his actions those of a fool ; of fortitude able to stand unmoved at the
“bursting of an earthquake, yet of sensibility to be affected by the breaking of a

peaceful burial. It is not, then, in the early career of learned Sale, driven mad with those fruitless schemes of a society for encouragement of learning, which he carried, it may be hoped, to a kinder world than this; it is not from the grave of Edward Moore, with melancholy playfulness anticipating, in his last unsuccessful project, the very day on which his death would fall; it is not even at the shrieks of poor distracted Collins, heard through the melancholy cathedral-cloister where he had played in childhood: but it is in this life, adventures, and death of Oliver Goldsmith, that the mournful and instructive moral speaks its warning to us now.

I know of none more deeply impressive, or of wider import and significance. When Collins saw the hopes of his youth in the cold light of the world's indifference, with a mixed impulse of despair and revenge he collected the unsold edition of his hapless *Odes and Eclogues*, and with a savage delight beheld them slowly consume, as, in his own room, he made a bonfire of them. When Goldsmith was visited with a like weakness, something of a like result foreboded; but the better part was forced upon him in his own despite, and in the present most affecting picture of his patience the hectic agony of Collins is but an idle frenzy. Steadily gazing on the evil destinies of men-of-letters, he no longer desires to avoid his own; conscious of the power of the booksellers, he condemns and denounces it; without direct hope, save of some small public favour, he protests against cruelties for which the public are responsible. The protest will accompany us through the remainder of his life: and be remembered as well in its lightest passages, as in those

Such, at the worst, is the resource of a healthy genius. It works evil into good, and has within it a principle of sustenance and of self-consolation. The more particularly does it become the world to take note of this, as a party far more deeply concerned than bookseller or than author. That cry of Goldsmith is little for himself. Who wins his passage to the goal, may care little at the close for a larger suffering or a less: the cry is raised for others, meanwhile perishing by the way. When *Irene* failed, and Johnson was asked how he felt, he answered "like the Monument;"* but when he had arrived at comfort and independence, and carelessly taking up one day his own fine satire, opened it at the lines which paint the scholar's fate, and the obstructions, almost insurmountable, in his way to fortune and fame, he burst into a passion of tears.† Not for what he had himself endured, whose labour was at last victoriously closed; but for all the disastrous chances that still awaited others. It is the world's concern. There is a subtle spirit of compensation at work, when men regard it least, which to the spiritual sense accommodates the vilest need, and lightens the weariest burden. Milton talked of the lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented should be the reward of those whose published labours have advanced the

* Boswell's *Life*, i. 230.

† Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 50. "The family and Mr. Scott only were present, who in a jocose way clapped him on the back, and said, 'What's all this, my dear sir? Why you, and I, and *Hercules*, you know, were all troubled with 'melancholy.'...He was a very large man, and made out the triumvirate with Johnson and Hercules comically enough. The Doctor was so delighted at his odd sally, that he suddenly embraced him, and the subject was immediately

are long passed away into the rubbish they sprang from, and all of us will be apt enough now to thank heaven that we were not Griffiths. Jacob Tonson's hundred thousand pounds are now of less account, than the bad shillings he insinuated into Dryden's payments; and the fame of Secretary Nottingham is very much overtopped by the pillory of De Foe. The Italian princes who beggared Dante are still without pity writhing in his deathless poem, while Europe looks to the beggar as to a star in heaven; nor has Italy's greater day, or the magnificence which crowded the court of Augustus, left behind them a name of any earthly interest to compare with his who restored land to Virgil, and who succoured the fugitive Horace. These are results which have obtained in all countries, and been confessed by every age; and it will be well when they win for literature other living regards, and higher present consideration, than it has yet been able to obtain. Men of genius can more easily starve, than the world, with safety to itself, can continue to neglect and starve them. What new arrangement, what kind of consideration may be required, will not be very distant from the simple acknowledgment that greater honour and respect ARE due.

This is what literature has wanted in England, and not the laced coat and powdered wig, the fashionable acceptance and great men's feasts, which have on rare occasions been substituted for it. The most liberal patronage vouchsafed in this country to living men-of-letters, has never been unaccompanied by degrading incidents; nor their claims

passed with a sort of kindly consideration on their behalf, by favour of which the poet and the teacher of writing, the historian and the teacher of dancing, the philosopher and the royal coachman, Sir Christopher Wren's great grand-daughter and the descendant of Charles the Second's French riding-master, are permitted to appear in the same annual charitable list. But though statesmen have yet to learn what the state loses by such unwise scorn of what enlightens and refines it, they cannot much longer remain ignorant to what extent they are themselves enslaved by the power they thus affect to despise, or of the special functions of government and statesmanship which it is gradually assuming to itself. Its progress has been uninterrupted since Johnson's and Goldsmith's time, and cannot for as many more years continue unacknowledged. Pitt sneered when the case of Burns was stated to him, and talked of literature taking care of itself;—which indeed it *can* do, and in a different and larger sense from what the minister intended: but whether society can take care of itself, is also a material question.

Towards its solution, one sentence of Goldsmith's protest is an offering from his sorrow in these times of authorship by compulsion, not less worthy than his more cheerful offerings in those days of authorship by choice, to which the reader is now invited. "An author may be considered "as a merciful substitute to the legislature. He acts not by "punishing crimes, but by preventing them."

BOOK THE THIRD.

AUTHORSHIP BY CHOICE.

1759 to 1767.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

WRITING *THE BEE*.

1759.

THE Booksellers were never more active than at the close 1759.
1759. If literature had anything to hope from such Æt. 31.
times, its halcyon days were come. If it could live on
magazines and reviews; if strength, subsistence, and respect,
in employment of the multitudinous force of Grub-street;
demand and supply were law sufficient for its higher
needs; literature was prosperous at last, and might laugh
at Pope's prophecies. Every week had its spawn of
radical publications; feeble, but of desperate fecundity.
Dealers, and Schemers; Friends, and Advisers; Auditors,
Controllers, and Grumblers; Spendthrifts, and Bachelors;
Inquirers, Scrutators, and Investigators; Englishmen,
Whig-holders, and Moderators; Sylphs, and Triflers; Rangers,
Cottagers; Templars, Gentlemen, and Skeptics;—in
constant succession rose and fell.* “Sons of a day, just
effluent on the flood,” next day might see them “num-
bered with the puppies in the mud:” but the parents of

* See the list in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, iv. 38—97.

a very few weeks, between the close of 1759 and the beginning of 1760, added to a multitude already wearing out their brief existence. They were: the *Royal Magazine, or Gentleman's Monthly Companion*; the *Impartial Review, or Literary Journal*; the *Weekly Magazine, or Gentlemen and Ladies' Polite Companion*; the *Ladies' Magazine*; the *Public Magazine*; the *Imperial Magazine*; the *Royal Female Magazine*; the *Universal Review*; the *Lady's Museum*; the *Musical Magazine*; and the *British Magazine, or Monthly Repository for Gentlemen and Ladies*.

See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the Mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God:
Not less with glory mighty Dullness crown'd,
Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round;
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

Whether with equal triumph she beheld the new recruit advance to take his place, may admit of question. But her favourite Purdons, Hills, Willingtons, Kenricks, Shiels, Bakers, Guthries, Wotys, Ryders, Collyers, Joneses, Pilkingtons, Huddlestons, Wynnes, and Hiffernans, were always at hand to comfort her: and there was an ill-fashioned, out-of-the-way corner, in even her domain, for temporary reception of the Smolletts and the Johnsons; men who owed her no allegiance, but had not yet deserted Grub-street altogether. "It is a street in Lo co." wa J n n's

...y, a man might enter even Grub-street, then, with bold cheerful heart, seeing the author of the *English Dictionary* there. For there, as occasion called, he was still to be seen : poor, persevering, proud ;

“ Unplaced, unpension’d, no man’s heir or slave ;”

...ing the world to take heed that indeed he *was* there, gging at the oar.”

With that great, independent soul of his, Samuel Johnson no reproach for Fortune : she might come to him now, stay away for ever. What other kind of man he might have been, if something more than fourpence halfpenny a year had welcomed him in the outset ; or if houseless and homeless street-wanderings with Savage, and resolutions to be aided by his country,* had been forestalled by house and money, and resolution of his country to stand by him ; is not in this case a matter of much importance. He dealt with life as he found it ; toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail, he grappled with as they came ; and the profession of literature he had now quietly, and finally, accepted upon its own terms. Repulsed from the west-end mansion, he turned to the counters of the east ; insulted by bookseller Osborne, he checked him down with one of his own folios ; decently paid

Johnson told Murphy that he and Savage, on one occasion, walked round Kenilworth Square till four in the morning ; in the course of their conversation not falling foul of Walpole for laying restraints upon the stage, neglecting the sciences, and letting science go unrewarded, but themselves reforming the world generally, dethroning princes, establishing new forms of government, giving laws to different nations, and, when at last fatigued with their legislative office, and sorely in need of refreshment and rest, finding themselves both together unable to make up more than the sum of fourpence-halfpenny. *Monthly Review*, lxxvi. 281-282. And see

heartily embracing poverty as a trusted and honourable companion, was content in Grub-street, or any other street, to work out his case as he could. “Seven years, my lord, have “now past,” he wrote to Lord Chesterfield, on appearance of the *Dictionary* four years before, “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. . . . 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, 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.” What! said he in more familiar mood to Garrick, have I sailed a long and difficult voyage round the world of the English language, and does he *now* send out his cock-boat to tow me into harbour? *

* His letter to Thomas Warton announcing the near completion of his *Dictionary* is less known; yet I do not know that his manly courage and self-reliance have anywhere found more masterly expression. “I now begin to see land, after “having wandered, according to Mr. Warburton’s phrase, in this vast sea of words.

umblest of literary workmen. Here were his words, a trumpet, to call them to the field; and there he was himself, in person, to animate the struggle. To what, then, could he first look, who, hitherto a compelled and reluctant wanderer on the threshold of literature, was now of his own free choice advancing within to try his fortune, if not to the great, unyielding figure of Samuel Johnson, for aid and sustainment? There, beyond a doubt, were the thoughts of Oliver Goldsmith now;—with poverty, not only endured, but made a badge of honour; with independence, though indeed but a bookseller's servant; without constraint or uneasy resistance, should even the worst conditions of the garret continue to be his lot for ever. "He assured me," says the author of the *Rambler* of his friend Julius, "that thirty pounds a year was enough to enable a man to live in London without being contemptible. He allowed ten pounds for clothes and linen. He said a man might live in a garret at eighteenpence a week; few people would inquire where he lodged; and if they did, it was easy to say, *Sir, I am to be found at such a place*. By spending threepence in a coffee-house, he might be for some hours every day in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, and do without supper. On *clean-shirt day*, he could go abroad and pay visits."* Nor were these the holiday theories

hells, and acclamations of the people, which Ariosto talks of in his last Canto, 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

1759. of one to whom the practice of poverty was not still familiar.
 Et. 31. Here lay the singular worth of Johnson's example : that the world of enemies as well as friends were beginning, in a poor man, to recognise an intellectual chief and potentate of literature, a man who had the right to rule them. "He and I were "never cater-cousins," wrote Smollett to Wilkes a month or two before the date to which I have brought this narrative, and in the same letter Smollett calls him the "Great Cham of "literature." Yet the great cham's poverty was obliged in this very year to surrender Gough-square for a humbler lodging in Gray's Inn : that same Gough-square in Fleet-street, where Doctor Burney had found him amid a chaos of Greek folios, and with the moderate accommodation of one deal writing-desk and a chair and a half ; the entire seat offered to his visiter, and himself tottering on its three-legged and one-armed fellow. Nay, some few brief years before, he had been placed under arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings ; though already he had written *London*, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, and the *Rambler*, and was author of *The English Dictionary*.

Now, week by week, in a paper of Mr. John Newbery's, he sent forth the *Idler*.* What he was, and what with a serious earnestness, be it wrong or right, he had come into the world to say and do, were at last becoming evident to all. Colleges were glad to have him visit them, and a small enthusiastic circle was gradually forming around him. The Reynoldses,

in their allegiance; and Arthur Murphy was full of wonder at his submitting to contradiction, when they dined together this last Christmas day with young Mr. Burke of Wimpole-street. But not more known or conspicuous was the consideration thus exacted, than the poverty which still waited on it, and claimed its share. So might literature avenge herself, in this penniless champion, for the disgrace of the money-bags of Walpole and Pelham. "I have several times called on Johnson," wrote Grainger to Percy, some months before the present date, "to pay him part of your subscription" (for his edition of Shakspeare). "I say part, because he never thinks of working if he has a couple of guineas in his pocket."* And again, a month later: "As to his Shakspeare, *movet, sed non promovet*. I shall feed him occasionally with guineas."† It was thus the good Mr. Newbery found it best to feed him too; and in that worthy publisher's papers many memoranda of the present year were

Idler into two small volumes, when the arrangement seems to have been that Johnson should receive two-thirds of the profits. It shows the growing popularity of Johnson, and is also worth comparing with similar charges in our own time.

"THE IDLER.

" Dr.	£	s.	d.	" Cr.	£	s.	d.
Paid for Advertising .	20	0	6	1500 Sets at 16 <i>l.</i> per 100 .	240	0	0
Printing two vols, 1500	41	13	0				
Paper	52	3	0	Dr. Johnson two-thirds .	84	2	4
	113	16	6	Mr. Newbery one-third .	42	1	2
Profit on the Edition .	126	3	6		126	3	6
	240	0	0				

Prior, i. 357.

* Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 259.

† *Ibid*, 261. Letter of 20th July, 1758. Mr. John Nichols communicated to Boswell the subjoined anecdote. "In the year 1763 a young bookseller, who was an apprentice to Mr. Whiston, waited on him with a subscription to his

poverty, and to her only would he owe his independence. When his mother was dying, he did not ask his friend Mr. Reynolds, the fashionable painter in receipt of thousands, for the six guineas he sent to comfort her death-bed : it was the advance of a printer.* When, in the present year, she died, he paid the expenses of her funeral with the manuscript of *Rasselas*.

So schooled to regard the struggle of life and literature as one, and in midst of all apparent disadvantage to venerate its worth and sacredness, the author of the *Enquiry into the State of Polite Learning* stepped cheerfully forward into the market of books, and offered his wares for sale. Bookseller Wilkie, of the Bible in St. Paul's-churchyard, a spirited man in his way, and one of the foremost of magazine speculators, proposed a weekly publication of original essays, something in the *Rambler* form, but once instead of twice a week, and with greater variety of matter. Goldsmith assented; and on Saturday the 6th of October, 1759, there appeared, price threepence, to be continued every Saturday, *The Bee*.

Floriferis ut apes saltibus omnia libant
Omnia nos itidem

was its motto; learned, yet of pleasant promise; taken from Lucretius. It was printed "neatly," as the advertisement in the *London Chronicle* of the 29th September had promised that it should be; "in crown octavo, and on good

"complacently, 'Sir, I have two very cogent reasons for not printing any list of
" ' subscribers : one, that I have lost all the names ; the other, that I have spent
" ' all the money ! ' " *Boswell*, viii. 88.

* " I find in his diary a note of the payment to Mr. Allen the printer, of six

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Æt. 5

paper, containing two sheets or thirty-two pages, stitched
“in blue covers.” In other respects also it kept the book-
seller’s advertised promise; “consisting of a variety of
“essays on the amusements, follies, and vices in fashion,
“particularly the most recent topics of conversation, remarks
“on theatrical exhibitions, memoirs of modern literature,
“&c. &c.” And on the back of the blue cover, Mr. Willkie
begged leave to inform the public “that every twelve numbers
“would make a handsome pocket volume, at the end of which
“should be given an emblematical frontispiece, title, and
“table of contents.” So there was reasonable hope at start-
ing; and no doubt a long line of handsome pocket volumes
already jostled each other, in Goldsmith’s lively brain.

The first number, it must be said, was of good promise.
One finds a lack of its wisdom and its lightness in books
“stitched in blue covers” now. The introduction dis-
claimed relationship to the magazine trade and family;
refused to tempt its readers with “three beautiful prints,
“curiously coloured from nature,” or to take any kind of
merit from “its bulk or its frontispiece;” and invoked for
itself, with mixed mirth and earnestness, a class of readers
that should know the distinction between a *bon-mot* for
White’s, and a jest for the Cat and Bagpipes in St. Giles’s.
There was a letter on the Poles; a notice of the death of
Voltaire’s victim, Maupertuis; and, under the title of
Alcander and Septimius, a popular version of that beautiful
tale of Boccaccio, which afterwards suggested to a writer who
belonged to Goldsmith’s country, took early inspiration from
his genius, and bore up uncrushed against as desperate

and Bettertons of a past age, had any such just or lively writing on the theatres been given to the world, as the playhouse criticism of the *Bee*.

The first of his papers on this subject pointed out the superiority of French comic acting over English, and its

the reader will find a brief mention of it not at all inappropriate to my present subject. He was a Limerick man, and at the age of twenty, eager to make a great dash upon the stage, he came up to London without a friend, but with one tragedy finished in his pocket, and another rapidly forming in his brain. The desperate *craving* of his youth was to force his way into the London theatres, and he seems to have determined very resolutely to use the faculty of which he felt himself possessed to that end, failure or neglect to the contrary notwithstanding. *Aguire*, his first tragedy, making no way towards a hearing, he wrote a second. This was *Gisippus*; and, written as it was in his twentieth year, I do not hesitate to call it one of the marvels of youthful production in literature. The solid grasp of character, the manly depth of thought, the beauties as well as defects of the composition (more than I can here enumerate), wanted only right direction to have given to our English drama another splendid and enduring name. In little London coffee-houses, on little slips of paper, this tragedy was written. But he could get no hearing for it. Still undaunted, he wrote a comedy, he wrote farces,—he tried the stage at every avenue, and it would have none of him. Meanwhile, he had been starving for two miserable years; writing all day within doors, and never venturing out till darkness threw its friendly veil over his threadbare coat; to use the common phrase, *denying himself* (because he could not get them) the common necessities of life; passing “three days together without tasting food,” in a small room in an obscure court near St. Paul’s; living for the most part, in short, on such munificent booksellers’ rewards as two guineas for the translation of a volume and a half of a French novel. Something better presented itself at last, however; and, emerging from his misery, he became a critic, a reporter, and, stimulated by Banim’s success, a writer of Irish tales;—his dramatic dream was dreamt, and he never turned to the stage again. But not without ill effects to himself could he hope to keep thus dormant and unused the faculty which, as it seems to me, he had received in greatest abundance. More oven than the zeal of God’s House in his later years, this *eat him up*. What he wrote thereafter achieved a reasonable success; but, in the character of its pretension or achievement, bore so little proportion to the performances that shed lustre on his boyhood, that a growing sense of the worthlessness of literary pursuit at last led to a desire for the priesthood, and in his thirty-fifth year he entered a convent. He passed the various grades of his noviciate, and after two years of rigorous monastic seclusion, in which the monkish passion became more and more intense. ell int a s n

their eyes round upon the audience, instead of keeping them fixed upon the actors"); on skilful management of the stage (in which he excepts Garrick and Mrs. Clive from censure, placing them on a level with the French); and on the explanation of the ill-success of the English operatic system, where he touches the springs that operate to this

This essay touches the vital distinction between comic acting as an art, and comic acting as a mere effusion of personal humour or enjoyment. I heard my honoured friend Charles Lamb say, shortly before he died, that the decline of the existing race of comedians from those he remembered in early years was that less study is now found necessary than was formerly judged to be requisite. That I believe to be the truth. We do not want capable actors, at least in comedy; but their end is answered with less pains. The modern way, as I have too truly objected, is to get a familiarity with the audience, to strike up a kind of personal friendship, a reciprocity of greeting and good will, to be hailed as well-met with them; and it is amazing, he would say, how much carelessness in acting slips in by this intercourse. It is indeed easy to imagine such intimacy between the performer and the public, where ladies are in question, to lead to an alarming excess. Instead of playing their pretty airs upon their lovers on the stage, as Mrs. Abingdon or Mrs. Cibber were content to do, or Mrs. Oldfield to do them, their whole artillery of charms is now directed to ensnare the whole company — "a thousand gentlemen perhaps!" For this many-headed beast they now unfurl their fans, and teach their lips to curl in smiles, and their eyes to exhibit the prettiest instructive heavings. Those personal applications, which used to be a sort of sauce piquant for the pert epilogue, now give a new and pleasing relish to the whole play. "Oh!" exclaimed Charles Lamb, at the mention of some such description as this, "when shall we see a female parted in the quiet unappealing manner of Miss Pope's Mrs. Candour? When shall we get rid of the Dalilahs of the stage?" It is something of the same tone that Goldsmith adopts in his criticism. "I would particularly recommend our acting actresses never to take notice of the audience, on any occasion whatever; let the spectators applaud never so loudly, their praises should pass, except at the end of the epilogue, with seeming inattention."

Need I quote from his later *Essays* to show what a thorough notion he had of the art of acting, and, for the matter of that, of town acting too? "There is one rule which a strolling player may be ever secure of success; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To talk and act as in common life, is not playing, nor is it what people come to see: natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarcely

hour ; still further demonstrate how competent he was to this department of criticism.

But, like Hume's *Epigoniad* effort, all this was uphill work : his first *Bee* had an idle time of it, and greater favour was asked for the second in a paid-for newspaper paragraph of particular earnestness. "The public," said this advertisement, which had a pathetic turn in it, "is requested to compare " this with other periodical performances which more pomp-
" ously solicit their attention. If upon perusal it be found
" deficient either in humour, elegance, or variety, the author
" will readily acquiesce in their censure. It is possible the
" reader may sometimes draw a prize, and even should it
" turn up a blank it costs him but threepence." In number the second, for that small sum, was a most agreeable little lesson on Dress, against fault-finders and dealers in ridicule, proving by example of cousin Hannah that such folks are themselves the most ridiculous ; and a much sounder notion of a patriot king than Bolingbroke's, in homely sketches of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, in remark on the difficulties of so educating princes that "the superior dignity of man
" to that of royalty" should be their leading lesson, and in warning against the folly of entrusting a charge so sacred to men "who themselves have acted in a sphere too high to
" know mankind." A delightful essay in the same number, with Cardinal de Retz and Dick Wildgoose side by side, to prove that pleasure is in ourselves, not in the objects offered for our amusement, and that philosophy should force the trade of happiness when nature has denied the means, also well deserves mention.

middle of this exquisite sketch, some perhaps relieved
; and many have undergone the truth of his life's philo-
sophy, that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only
way to have more, since it is the man who has no occasion
for money, that alone finds numbers willing to lend. "You
see, O ye beggars of my acquaintance," exclaimed Gold-
smith, "whether in rags or lace, whether in Kent-street or
in the Mall, whether at Smyrna or St. Giles's, might I advise
you as a friend, never seem in want of the favour you
desire. Apply to every passion but pity for redress. You
may find relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from
avarice, but seldom from compassion." Following this
were three well-written characters;—of Father Feyjoo,
whose popular essays against degrading superstitions have
procured him the title of the Spanish Addison; of
Alexandrian Hypatia, afterwards immortalised by Gibbon;
and of Lysippus, an imaginary representative of some pecu-
liarities in the essayist himself, and timely assertor of the
true virtues as opposed to what are commonly mistaken
for the great ones.

But till the churlish public would not buy the *Bee*; and the
fourth number's opening article was a good-humoured com-
ment on that fact. Not a newspaper or magazine, he said,
had not left him far behind; they had got to Islington

I learn from the valuable and well-conducted *Notes and Queries* (i. 83) the
fact, that four years after this remark had thus been made by Goldsmith,
it was repeated by Voltaire (from whom, no doubt, Talleyrand afterwards stole it)
in his satiric little dialogue of *Le Chapon et la Poullarde* (*Œuvres Complètes*, xxix.
1744. Ed. 1822), where the capon, complaining of the treachery of men, says,
"Je me suis vu trahir par un homme qui se dit un homme."

at least, while the sound of Bow bell still stayed in his ears : nevertheless, "if it were only to spite all Grub-street," he was resolved to write on ; and he made light-hearted announcement to the world of what he had written to Bryanton.* "If the present generation will not hear my voice, hearken, "O Posterity ! to you I call, and from you I expect redress ! "What rapture will it not give, to have the Scaligers, "Daciers, and Warburtons of future times commenting with "admiration upon every line I now write, and working away "those ignorant creatures who offer to arraign my merit, "with all the virulence of learned reproach. Ay, my "friends, let them feel it ; call names ; never spare them ; "they deserve it all, and ten times more." In a like playful tone are his closing threats, that, if not better supported he must throw off all connection with taste, and fairly address his countrymen in the engaging style and manner of other periodical pamphlets. He will change his title into the *Royal Bee*, he says, the *Anti-gallican Bee*, or the *Bee's Magazine*. He will lay in a proper stock of popular topics ; such as encomiums on the King of Prussia, invectives against the Queen of Hungary and the French, the necessity of a militia, our undoubted sovereignty of the seas, reflections upon the present state of affairs, a dissertation upon liberty, some seasonable thoughts upon the intended bridge of Blackfriars, and an address to Britons ;—the history of an old woman whose tooth grew three inches long shall not be omitted, nor an ode upon "our victories," nor a rebus, nor an acrostic upon Miss Peggy P—, nor a journal of the

ivation.

While he satirised it thus good-naturedly, Goldsmith took also to append graver remarks on the more serious matter involved, and which with his own experience lay so near heart; but in no querulous spirit. He is now content have found out the reason why mediocrity should have rewards at once, and excellence be paid in reversion. There is in these earliest essays something more pleasing than even their undoubted elegance and humour, in that condition of mind. If neglects and injuries are still to be in proportion, you do not now despair that he will turn them into commodities. It is not by his cries and complainings that we shall hereafter trace him to his neglected, ill-furnished, and patched home. As he watches its naked cobwebbed walls, he finds matter for amusement to the readers of the *Bee*, in catching the spiders that have refuge there; and in his fourth number puts forth an instructive paper on the habits of the predatory life of that most wary, ingenious, hungry, and persevering insect.

He was not to be daunted, now. Looking closely into the life, one finds that other works beside this of the *Bee* were eking out its scanty supplies. He was writing for the *Grub Street Body*, published thrice a week for twopence by worthy Thomas Pottinger, and brought out but three days after the *Bee*. He was writing for the *Lady's Magazine*, started not many days later by persevering Mr. Wilkie, in the hope of supplanting up the *Bee*. He had taken his place, and would go to his journey's end. Since the "pleasure stage coach"

overtaken again by his old "vanity whim;" and with such help, even hopeful to come up with the "landau of riches," and find lodgment at last in the "fame machine." We note this pleasant current of his thoughts in the *Bee's* fifth number. There, in that last conveyance he places Addison, Steele, Swift, Pope, and Congreve; and, vainly stretching out a number of his own little blue-backed book to entice the goodly company, resolves to be useful since he may not be ambitious, and to earn by assiduity what merit does not open to him. But not the less cheerfully does he concede to others, what for himself he may not yet command. He shuts fame's door, indeed, on Arthur Murphy, but opens it to Hume and to Johnson: he closes it against Smollett's *History*, but opens it to his *Peregrine Pickle* and his *Roderick Random*. And with this paper, I doubt not, began his first fellowship of letters in a higher than the Grub-street region. Shortly after this, I trace Smollett to his door; and, for what he had said of the author of the *Rambler*, Johnson soon grasped his hand. "This was a
"very grave personage, whom at some distance I took for
"one of the most reserved and even disagreeable figures I
"had seen; but as he approached, his appearance improved;
"and when I could distinguish him thoroughly, I perceived
"that in spite of the severity of his brow, he had one
"of the most goodnatured countenances that could be
"imagined." In that sentence lay the germ of one of the pleasantest of literary friendships.

The poor essayist's habits, however, know little change

lady of Green Arbour Court remembered one festivity there, which seems to have been highly characteristic. A "gentleman" called on a certain evening, and asking to see her lodger, went unannounced up stairs. She then heard Goldsmith's room door pushed open, closed again sharply from within, and the key turned in the lock; after this, the sound of a somewhat noisy altercation reached her; but it soon subsided; and to her surprise, not unmingled with alarm, the perfect silence that followed continued for more than three hours. It was a great relief to her, she said, when the door was again opened, and the "gentleman," descending more cheerfully than he had entered, sent her out to a neighbouring tavern for some supper.* Mr. Wilkie or Mr. Pottinger had obtained his arrears, and could afford a little comforting reward to the starving author.

Perhaps he carried off with him that mirthful paper on the clubs of London, to which a pleasant imagination most loved to pay festive visits on solitary and supperless days. Perhaps that paper on public rejoicings for a victory which described the writer's lonely wanderings a few nights before, from Ludgate-hill to Charing-cross, through crowded and illuminated streets, past punch-houses and coffee-houses, and where excited shoe-makers, thinking wood to be nothing like leather, were asking with frightful oaths what ever would become of religion if the wooden-soled French papishes came over! Perhaps that more affecting lonely journey through the London streets, which the *Bee* soon after published with the title of the *City Night Piece*,† in which there was so much of the past struggle and the lesson it had

What he was to the end of his London life, when miserable outcasts had cause with the great and learned to lament him, this paper shows him to have been at its beginning. The kind-hearted man would wander through the streets at night, to console and reassure the misery he could not otherwise give help to. While he thought of the rich and happy who were at rest; while he looked up even to the wretched roof that gave shelter to himself; he could not bear to think of those to whom the streets were the only home. "Strangers, wanderers, and orphans," too humble in their circumstances to expect redress, too completely and utterly wretched for pity;—"poor shivering girls" who had seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty and into sin, now lying peradventure at the very doors of their betrayers;—"poor houseless creatures" to whom the world, responsible for their guilt, gives reproaches but will not give relief. These were teachers in life's truths, who spoke with a sterner and wiser voice than that of mere personal suffering. "The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them. Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility, or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse?" In thoughts like these, and in confirmed resolution to make the poor his

CHAPTER II.

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DAVID GARRICK.

1759.

On the 29th of November, the *Bee's* brief life closed, with its eighth number; and in the following month its editor, Oliver Goldsmith, was sought out both by that distinguished author Doctor Smollett, and by Mr. John Newbery bookseller, of St. Paul's-churchyard. But as he had while made earnest application to Mr. David Garrick in his interest in an election at the Society of Arts, it will be best to describe at once the circumstances involved in his application, and its result on the poor author's subsequent intercourse with the rich manager and proprietor of the theatre royal in Drury Lane.

Goldsmith was passionately fond of the theatre. In his leisure days, it will ring with his humour and cheerfulness; in these struggling times, it was the help and refuge from his loneliness. We have seen him steal out of his garret near Columba sing: and if she fell short of the good old song he had learnt to love at Lissoy, the other admiration was taught there, of happy human faces, at the theatre was always in his reach. If there is truth in what was said of Richard Steele, that being happy, and seeing others

1759.

Æt. 31.

sighted by so short-lived creature as man, it is certain that he who despises the theatre adds short-sightedness to short life.* If he is a rich man, he will be richer for hearing there of what account the poor may be ; if he is a poor man, he will not be poorer for the knowledge that those above him have their human sympathies. Sir Thomas Overbury held a somewhat strong opinion as to this ; thinking the play-house more necessary in a well-governed commonwealth than the school, because men were better taught by example than by precept : and it seems at any rate, however light the disregard it has fallen into now, of at least equal importance with many of the questions which in these days form and dissolve governments, whether a high and healthy entertainment, the nature of which, conservative of all kindly relations between man and man, is to encourage, refine, and diffuse humanity, might not claim, in some degree, the care and countenance of the State.

This grave remark occurs to me here, because grave disappointments in connection with it will occur hereafter ; and already even Garrick's fame and strength had been shaken by his difficult relations with men of letters. " I am as much " an admirer of Mr. Garrick," said Mr. Ralph, in his *Case of Authors by Profession*, published in 1758, " and his " excellences, as I ought to be : and I envy him no part of " his good fortune. But then, though I am free to acknow- " ledge he was made for the stage, I cannot be brought to " think the stage was made only for him ; or that the fate of " every dramatic writer ought either to be at his mercy, or " that of any other manager whatever ; and the single

ration that there is no alternative but to fly from 1759.
case of any neglect or contempt, to Mr. Rich, is Æt. 31.
to deter any man in his senses from embarking a
time on such a hopeless voyage." Manifestly,
this was neither the fault of Rich nor of
but of the system which left both to shift as they
d made self-protection the primary law. "The
r," he continues, admitting the whole question at
is complaints, "whether player or harlequin, must
sole pivot on which the whole machine is both to
nd rest; there is no drawback on the profit of the
old plays; and any access of reputation to a dead
carries no impertinent claims and invidious dis-
s along with it. When the playhouse is named,"
bitterly, "I make it a point to pull off my hat,
ak myself obliged to the lowest implement belonging
I am ready to make my best acknowledgments
arlequin, who has continence enough to look
author in the green-room, of what consideration
without laughing at him." Other pamphlets
in the cry; and Ned Purdon drew up a number of
us suggestions as to "how Mr. Garrick ought to
" *

employment of this tone which introduced needless
of bitterness. The charge was a simple one,
nt have been stated simply. No doubt Garrick,
on with every manager-actor, before or since his
s fairly exposed to it. I have turned to the play-

Taming of the Shrew as a farce, but one original production : *Lilliput*, played by children. It is not immaterial to the question, however, to recount the highest tragic claimants

* An unpublished letter is before me, written by this same Mr. Ralph to Garrick, the year before his pamphlet, containing a brief summary of his private wrongs, and furnishing so complete an illustration of Garrick's case, as well as of that of his opponents, that I am glad to have the opportunity of printing it. The weakness as well as strength of both may be observed in it. The manager's mistake was to encourage hopes up to the point when it no longer seemed unreasonable to the expectant to claim a sort of property in their realisation. The author's mistake was to suppose that any such encouragement could involve the right to force a play upon a theatre irrespective not only of the manager's convenience, but of his final right of judgment and rejection. Let it be observed, too, that Garrick has evidently obliged Mr. Ralph with money, and that the offence which causes the rupture does not appear to have been anything more grave than the suggestion that Mr. Ralph should wait one season more. "Sir," he writes, dating his letter the 17th September 1757, "So long ago as the year 1743, I had reason to be convinced that "the stage was enchanted ground to me, which I might see, but was never to "take hold of, and I then resolved to turn my back on the delusion for good and "all. This resolution I adhered to invariably for ten years in succession, and you "were the only man that could have induced me to break it, which you did "by putting me on altering some old comedy under promise that it should be "performed when done. In this service I employed time enough to convince me "that to compose was as easy as to cobble. I then turned my hand from old to "new things, hoping to be instrumental at least in preserving a secret which "seemed to be on the point of being lost to the country ; but on this I was again "unlucky, for having submitted to be judged in part by producing three acts only "out of five, my plan was condemned without mercy, and I acquiesced in the "sentence almost without a murmur. I then became humble enough to think of "stooping to a farce, which it is true I was promised room for, by Mr. Lacy in "your name : but on second thoughts chose to avoid the imprudence of risking the "little character I had in a way which could add so little to it, and again applied "myself to the construction of another comedy, on a plan acknowledged by your- "self to be new and striking, which, having licked into something like shape, "I took care to tender before your doors were opened, believing in such case no "danger of a disappointment could be against me in point of time. But by some "strange fatality, I was never, it seems, to make a right judgment with regard to "the theatre. Your letter of the 10th gave me to understand this belief of mine "was ill-grounded, and your other letter of Wednesday the 14th is full of "resentment that a man of the wrong side of fifty should find out another year "of waiting was too large a tax on a short term for any man of common sense to

thus affronted by Shakspeare, Fletcher, Shirley, and *Lilliput*. They were Whitehead, Crisp, Francis, Francklin, Glover, Brown, Mallet, Murphy, and Dodsley: for denying whose higher attractiveness to the Shakspeares and Fletchers, nay, for preferring even the comic to that tragic *Lilliput*,* the public seems a better object of attack than the manager. When, some years afterwards, Horace Walpole joined the cry, this had sarcastic admission. "Garrick is treating the town "as it deserves," he said, "*and likes to be treated*: with scenes, "fireworks, and his own writing. A good new play I never "expect to see more; nor have seen since the *Provoked* "*Husband*, which came out when I was at school."† Was it Garrick's crime, without good new plays, to make the venture of good old ones?

In truth, looking fairly at his theatrical management, with

"terms in my power to use; and if some little impatience had been visible at "bottom, allow me to ask you, Sir, whether it would not have been nobler in you "to have imputed it to the peevishness incident to all mankind under disap- "pointments and difficulties, and whether in your happy situation you could not "very well have afforded to do so. For the rest, Sir, you must be convinced that "I cannot be so absurd as to put my time into the scale against yours *or even* "*your very harlequins*. I was in fact desirous to avoid a farther éclaircissement "which I foresaw would administer no consolation to me; and as to the favours you "have done me, and the trouble you have bestowed upon me, nothing that "has happened, or can happen, shall ever put me on diminishing their value, or "explaining away the duties of acknowledgment incumbent on me for them. "Being still, with truth and sincerity, Sir, Your most obliged, humble Servant, "J. RALPH." It is characteristic of Mr. Ralph, that even in this last appeal for a friendly settlement before open war (for so I apprehend the letter should be taken), he cannot suppress his jeer about the harlequins.

* Most happily did Goldsmith himself, a few months later, ridicule these tragedies, as "good, instructive, moral sermons enough," which a theatre-goer might turn to much profit. "There," he says, "I learn several great truths: "as, that it is impossible to see into the ways of futurity; that punishment "always attends the villain; that love is the fond soother of the human breast;

Et. 31. it was a great improvement, in all generous and liberal points, on those which preceded it. Booth treated writers of Anne much more scurvily than the writers of George the Second were treated by Garrick. "Booth often declared," says his biographer, "in public company, that he and his "partners lost money by new plays; and that, if he were "not obliged to it, he would seldom give his consent to "perform one of them." Garrick transposed and altered often; but he never forced upon the unhappy author of a tragedy a change in the religion of his hero, nor told a dramatist of good esteem that he had better have turned to an honest and laborious calling, nor complacently prided himself on *choaking singing birds*, when his stern negative had silenced a young aspirant. Those were the achievements of manager Cibber. He was at all times fonder than needful of his own importance, it is true: but society has no right to consent to even the nominal depression, in the so-called social scale, of a man whose calling exacts no common accomplishments, and then resent the self-exaggeration unwholesomely begotten on its own injustice. When Junius took offence at the player whom dukes and duchesses tolerated at their table, it was not a matter to waste wit upon, or sarcasm, or scathing eloquence: he simply told the "*Vagabond*" to stick to his pantomimes. Even men of education were known to have pursued Garrick, when on country visits to noblemen of his acquaintance, with dirty, clumsily-folded notes, passed amid the ill-concealed laughter of servants to the great man's guest, with the address of "*Mr. David*

even dependents listened to his public distress on the mornings of crowded rehearsals, that to decline some ambassador's proffered courtesies made him wretched, but prior promises to countess dowagers must be kept.

A satisfaction of this kind was afforded to Mr. Ralph, when, in the season (57-58) of this the appearance of his pamphlet, the outraged manager, laughing heartily at all authors' complaints and attacks, and tearing up their rebellious pamphlets with as elaborate carelessness as he would the card of a duke, lord, judge, or bishop, to strike awe and admiration into bystanders, did yet, most laboriously and most clumsily, *bring out* Doctor Smollett, in a piece altogether unworthy of his genius.* The concession was appropriately followed by production of the *Agis* of Mr. Home; not without reason cried over, for its exclusively modern Greek, by *Douglas-loving* Gray, and compared to "an
" antique statue, painted white and red, frizzed and dressed
" in a negligée made by a Yorkshire mantua-maker."† Then, failure and laughter repaying this pains and warmth, the cold fit came violently back; and in the season of '58 and '9 the wrongs of Robert Dodsley and Arthur Murphy, the bereaved *Cleone* and deserted *Orphan of China*, were the talk of the town. The topic seemed to force itself on one who was delivering in a protest against the wrongs of men of letters; and with the *Enquiry into Polite Learning* appeared these remarks, in a chapter devoted to the stage.‡

* *The Reprisals, or the Tars of Old England*, written and acted to animate the people against the French; a poor comedy, or rather farce, but containing some capital sailor-talk, and inimitable touches of caricature.

† *Murphy's Gleanings* i. 217. See also *George IV.* iii. 161, 188, &c.

Our poet's performance must undergo a process of trial
St. 31. "chemical, before it is presented to the public. It must be
"tried in the manager's fire, strained through a licenser,
"suffer from repeated corrections till it may be a mere *caput*
" *mortuum* when it arrives before the public. It may be
"said that we have a sufficient number of plays upon our
"theatres already, and therefore there is no need of new
"ones. But are they sufficiently good? And is the credit
"of our age nothing? Must our present times pass away
"unnoticed by posterity? If these are matters of indiffer-
"ence, it then signifies nothing, whether we are to be
"entertained with the actor or the poet, with fine sentiments
"or painted canvas; or whether the dancer or the carpenter
"be constituted master of the ceremonies. How is it at
"present? Old pieces are revived, and scarcely any new
"ones admitted. The actor is ever in our eye, the poet
"seldom permitted to appear; and the stage, instead of
"serving the people, is made subservient to the interests of
"avarice. Getting a play on even in three or four years,
"is a privilege reserved only for the happy few who have
"the arts of courting the Manager as well as the Muse:
"who have adulation to please his vanity, powerful patrons
"to support their merit, or money to indemnify disappoint-
"ment. Our Saxon ancestors had but one name for a wit
"and a witch. I will not dispute the propriety of uniting
"those characters then: but the man who, under the present
"discouragements, ventures to write for the stage, whatever
"claim he may have to the appellation of a wit, at least has
"no right to be called a conjuror."

tract, as well as the pamphlet of Mr. Ralph, was now becoming general with the literary class, and tended greatly to embitter the successes of Garrick's later life. In connection with it, at the same time, a regret will always arise, remembering the differences of a Goldsmith and a Ralph, that the lively irritable actor should have been indiscriminate in the resentments it provoked, and unable, in any instance, to conceive a better actuating motive than the envy his prosperity had excited. Thomas Davies tells us, that when, somewhere about the time of his connection with the *Bee*, Goldsmith sought to obtain, what a struggling man of letters was thought to have some claim to, the vacant secretaryship of the Society of Arts, Garrick made answer to a personal application for his vote, that Mr. Goldsmith having "taken pains to deprive himself of his assistance by "an unprovoked attack upon his management of the theatre "in his *Present State of Learning*," it was "impossible he "could lay claim to any recommendation from him."* Davies adds, that "Goldsmith, instead of making an "apology for his conduct, either from misinformation or "misconception, bluntly replied, 'In truth he had spoken "his mind, and believed what he said was very right.' "The manager dismissed him with civility."

The manager might with wisdom have done more. The blunt reply, in a generous man's interpretation, should at least have blunted the fancied wrong. It is painful to think that neither of these famous men, whose cheerful gaieties of heart were the natural bonds of a mutual sympathy and fast alliance, should throughout their lives have wholly lost the

Et. 31. removed from the second edition of the *Polite Learning* much of the remark that had given Garrick most offence, and in the ordinary copies it is now no longer found, it may the more freely be admitted that the grounds of offence were not altogether imaginary. Indeed, besides what I have quoted, there were incidental expressions yet more likely to breed resentment in a sensitive, quick nature. "I am not
" at present writing for a party," said Goldsmith, "but
" above theatrical connexions in every sense of the expres-
" sion. I have no particular spleen against the fellow who
" sweeps the stage with the besom, or the hero who brushes
" it with his train. It were a matter of indifference to me,
" whether our heroines are in keeping, or our candle-
" snuffers burn their fingers, did not such make a great part
" of public care and polite conversation. Our actors assume
" all that state off the stage which they do on it; and, to
" use an expression borrowed from the green-room, every
" one is *up* in his part. I am sorry to say it, they seem to
" forget their real characters."* With sorrow is it also to be said, that here the writer was manifestly wrong. Mr. Ralph's "implements" and "harlequins" were not less tasteful and considerate than this jeering tone.

There is no intellectual art so peculiarly circumstanced as that of the actor. If, in the hurried glare which surrounds him, each vanity and foible that he has comes forth in strong relief, it is hard to grudge him the better incidents to

* The same feeling and spirit are perceptible in Letter lxxxv of the *Citizen of the World*. "How will your surprise, my Fum, increase when told that though

influences they wither soonest. He may plant in infinite hearts the seeds of goodness, of ideal beauty, and of practical virtue ; but with their fruits his name will not be remembered, or remembered only as a name. And surely, if he devotes a genius that might command success in any profession, to one whose rewards, if they come at all, must be immediate as the pleasure and instruction it diffuses, it is a short-sighted temper that would eclipse the pleasure and deny the rewards.

The point of view at this time taken by Goldsmith was, in fact, obscured by his own unlucky fortunes ; but the injustice he shrunk from committing in the case of the prosperous painter, Mr. Reynolds, he should not thus carelessly have inflicted on the prosperous actor, Mr. Garrick. If to neither artist might be conceded the claim of creative genius, at least the one might have claimed to be a painter of portraits, even as the other was. Uneasy relations, indeed, which only exist between author and actor, have had a manifest tendency at all times unfairly to disparage the actor's intellectual claims, and to set any of the inferior arts above them. Nevertheless, the odds might be made more even. The deepest and rarest beauties of poetry are those which the actor cannot grasp ; but, in the actor's startling triumphs, whether of movement, gesture, look, or tone, the author has no great share. Thus, were accounts fairly struck with the literary class, a Garrick might be honestly left between the gentle and grand superiority of a Shakspeare on the one hand, who, from the heights of his immeasurable genius, smiles down help and fellowship upon him ; and the eternal petulance and pretensions of an Arthur Murphy on the other, who

Et. 31. could have mounted, looks down with ludicrous contempt on what Mr. Ralph would call the "implements" of his elevation.

Let me here add, that since this portion of my book was first written, I have had access to unprinted letters* which not only place Garrick in a more favourable light than his biographers generally have shown him in, but suggest a tenderness of consideration for what was defective in his character, even greater than I have ventured to claim for him. In the actual path of life he crossed Goldsmith so often, that perhaps the reader will not think it a censurable digression, if in some few additional pages I give him tidings he has not before seen of a man so famous, and whose gay, bright, glancing little figure, reappears with such frequent and pleasant cheerfulness in every social picture of the time.

David Garrick was, as all of us know, the son of a recruiting captain whose family originally was French (the name was *Garrique*), and from whom he appears to have inherited his little figure, his expressive eye, his happy buoyancy of spirit, and restless vivacity of motion. His biographers describe him acting Serjeant Kite at a private play when he was eleven years old; and the first of these letters I have seen, written to his father when he was fifteen, marks exactly that bent of his tastes in describing "a very
" pretty woman, only she squints a little, as Captain Brazen

Garrick's increasing family made it desirable that he should exchange for his own half-pay, even at the sacrifice of a lengthened exile from his home at Lichfield. What Johnson said of his old friend, the year after his death, stands out on the very face of this correspondence. "Garrick, sir, was a
" very good man, the cheerfullest man of his age. He began
" the world with a great hunger for money. The son of a half-
" pay officer, he was bred in a family whose study was to make
" fourpence do as much as others made fourpence halfpenny
" do. But when he had got money he was very liberal."*

In no querulous or complaining spirit, the boy's letters yet show us, from year to year, the straitened circumstances of that otherwise happy home. Their "accoutrements," as, in the necessity of describing the family wardrobe to his father, he prefers dramatically to express himself, are shabby. Another year, his mother's health is not strong, and wine has to be purchased for her. Another, and he is himself showing off quite grand at a fine house in the neighbourhood, on the strength of two half-crowns which Mr. Walmsley has given him to bestow on the servants. Then, sisters Lenny and Jenny (Magdalen and Jane) want small sums to buy lace for their head-dresses, or how otherwise distinguish them from the vulgar madams? And at length he has to inform his dear papa that he is himself quite turned philosopher; but yet, to show that he is not vain of it, he protests that he would gladly "get shut" of the philosopher's characteristic, to wit, a ragged pair of breeches (especially as he has lately had a pair of silver breeches-buckles presented to him); wherefore,

if the gallant captain would cure his son of philosophic contemplation, the only way will be to send some handsome thing for a waistcoat and breeches as aforesaid. "They tell me " velvet is very cheap at Gibraltar. Amen, and so be it!"

One fancies the smile and tear together starting to the father's face as he reads little David's letters; and if, over that last, the tear lingered a little, its successor of a fortnight's later date brought happier thoughts again. Here the young letter-writer broke off into talk about art and painters, saying suddenly, that there existed one piece of Le Grout's (a miniature-painter of that day) which he valued above all the pieces of Zeuxis or Apelles; and it gave him more pleasure, he would affirm, to have one glance of that than to look a whole day at the finest picture in the world; nay, it had this effect upon him, that whenever he looked upon it he fancied himself at Gibraltar, saw the Spaniards, and sometimes mounted garrison. The portrait was then in his hand, he added, yet he could not satisfactorily describe it. "It is the figure of a gentleman, and I suppose military " by his dress; I think Le Grout told me his name was one " Captain Peter Garrick; perhaps as you are in the army " you may know him, he is pretty jolly, and I believe not " very tall." Is not the letter a bit of comedy in itself, a piece of character and feeling such as Farquhar might have written?

Meanwhile there has been talk of the University for the young letter-writer, which again and again recedes under pressure of wants more craving, but is still not wholly given up, when, on the good Gilbert Walmsley's suggestion, he avails

“Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded, and taught Et. 2
“the Latin and Greek languages, by SAMUEL JOHNSON.”
Here he remains but a very few months ; which nevertheless
suffice to break up the teacher’s establishment, to dissipate
the scholar’s hopes either of army-chaplaincy or country-
rectory, and to bring up both to London in search of other
fortune. They separate on arriving there, in what altered
circumstances to meet again !

Another interval of some five years has seen little David
a student of Lincoln’s Inn, a loungeur about the theatres, a
mourner within the same year for the deaths of his father
and mother, and, on the receipt of a legacy of a thousand
pounds from an uncle who had been in the wine trade in
Lisbon, a partner with his elder brother Peter as wine
merchant of London and Lichfield. Peter, born six years
before David, was an honest worthy man, who according to
Boswell strongly resembled David in countenance, though
of more sedate and placid manners, and of whom Johnson
believed that if he had cultivated all the arts of gaiety as much
as David, he might have been as brisk and lively ;* but in
reality of very formal cut, anything but brisk or lively, not in
the least a cultivator of gaiety, on the contrary methodical and
precise in the extreme, and always objecting to his brother’s
hankering for the stage, even from those youthful days when
the sprightly lad of fourteen underwent sharp lectures from
his grave senior of twenty, on the impropriety of getting up
theatrical squibs, or writing comic verses against the ladies
of Lichfield. Davies, Murphy, Galt, and Boaden, all tell
us that their altercations became at last so frequent, that in

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ship was dissolved; but this I can now show to be a mistake. They were partners to the close of that year, though Peter even then had heard painful rumours of the younger member of the firm being frequently seen in company with an actor and playhouse manager, Mr. Giffard of Goodman's Fields. They were in partnership in the summer of the following year, when Peter, on coming to London, found his brother subject to unaccountable fits of depression, abstraction, and lowness of spirits; warned him against play-actors and play-managers (notwithstanding advantages gained to the firm by Mr. Giffard having recommended it to supply the Bedford coffee-house, "one of the best in London"); and, happily for himself, did not know that his associate in a respectable business had already, impelled by a secret passion he dared not openly divulge, gone privately to Ipswich with that very manager Giffard, and under the name of Lyddal had played in *Oronoko* and the *Orphan*, and had performed Sir Harry Wildair, and our old friend Captain Brazen. They were partners still, as that year went on, though the business had fallen very low, and Foote afterwards remembered Davy, as he said in his malicious way, living in Durham-yard with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine merchant. They continued even to be partners, when at last, on the evening of the 19th October 1741, the curtain rose on the performance of *Richard the Third* in the theatre at Goodman's Fields.

The tragic stage was then sunk very low. Betterton had been dead more than thirty years. He had quitted the pro-

hand at tragedy, he is careful to tell us what pains he took to ground himself on some great actor of the days of his youth, to the minutest copy of look, gesture, gait, speech, and "every motion of him;" nor does it appear that at this time any higher impression of the tragic art prevailed. In comedy, genius might yet be seen; it was something more than tradition that shone in Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Woffington;* Cibber still occasionally (and to good audiences) played one of his comic parts,† Quin's Falstaff and Fondlewife were not yet passed away, and originality, by those who had a taste for it in no very tasteful form, might be enjoyed in Harper, Neale, Hippisley, Ben Johnson, Woodward, and Macklin. But the lovers were now bellowed forth by Ryan, Bridgewater and Walker stormed in the tyrants, and the heroes belonged exclusively to Milward and Delane, except when Quin, turning from what he could to what he could not do, mouthed forth Othello, Richard, or Lear. In such a night of tragedy, it was with the sudden effulgence as of new-risen day that Garrick burst upon the scene. It is not for one who can speak but from report of others, to pretend to describe the effect upon those who actually witnessed it. But let me borrow the description of a sixth-form scholar of Westminster School, who saw Garrick's acting at the age most impressible to all such emotions, and saw it side by side with the style of acting it displaced; who remembered it as vividly to the

* Horace Walpole (who however was seldom a just, and never an indulgent critic of theatres) was thus writing to Mann three days (22nd October, 1741) after Garri k's first appearance at Goodman's Fields. "I have been w or

The scene is Covent Garden, for the time is nearly five years advanced from the first night at Goodman's Fields; and the play, which is Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, is to be played by Quin and Ryan in Horatio and Altamont, by Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, and Garrick, in Calista, Lavinia, and Lothario. The curtain rises, and Quin presents himself. His dress is a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled square-toed shoes. He goes through the scene with very little variation of cadence. In a deep full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which has more of the senate than the stage in it, he rolls out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference that seems to disdain the plaudits bestowed on him. Then enters Mrs. Cibber, and in a key, high pitched, but sweet withal, sings, or rather recitatives, Rowe's lines: but her voice so extremely wants contrast, that though it does not wound the ear it wearies it; when she has once recited two or three speeches, the manner of every succeeding one is known; and the hearer listens as to a long old legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is chanted to the same tune, eternally chiming without variation or relief. Mrs. Pritchard follows, and something of the habit of nature, caught from comedy, enters the scene with her. She has more change of tone, more variety both of action and expression; and the comparison is decidedly in her favour. "But when," continues Richard

“ transition! it seemed as if a whole century had been
“ stepped over in the passage of a single scene ; old
“ things were done away, and a new order at once brought
“ forward, bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel
“ the barbarisms of a tasteless age, too long superstitiously
“ devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation.”

Such was the actor whose Richard first blazed forth on the night of the 19th October 1741, to the sudden amazement of all whom sympathy or chance had brought to Goodman's Fields, and the abiding delight of the few who had the taste or powers of appreciation of this Westminster scholar. But if any such were present, they have made no sign for us, and the glories of that night are passed away. What survives of it, and I can alone exhibit, are the fears which dashed the triumph ; the misgivings inseparable from the calling on which little David had entered ; the sense as of a shameful forfeiture of station, which had lowered the son of a marching captain into a mean stage-player ; and the trembling deference and deprecation with which tidings had to be conveyed to the sedate and respectable Lichfield wine-merchant, that his younger brother had taken that fatal step in life, which at no distant day was to associate him with whatever the land contained illustrious by birth or genius, to open to him such instant means of giving innocent pleasure to great masses of his fellow creatures as any other human being has perhaps never enjoyed, to load himself with wealth, to lift above necessity all who were related to him, and to make the name they bore a pleasant and long-remembered word all over England.

Garwick, a new soldier, who post himself as corresponding to its date of the 20th of October 1741. Many there are, this good old citizen does not question, who, because their fathers were called gentlemen, or perhaps themselves the first, will think it a disgrace and a scandal that the child of an old friend should endeavour to get an honest livelihood, and is not content to live in a scanty manner all his life because his father was a gentleman. But Mr. Swynfen thinks he knows "Mr. Garwick" well enough to be convinced that he has not the same sentiments; and he knows better of his friend's judgment than to suppose him partaking of the prejudices of other country friends of theirs, who have been most used to theatrical performances in town-halls, &c, by strollers, and will be apt to imagine the highest pitch a man can arrive at on the stage is about that exalted degree of heroism which they two, in old days at Lichfield, used to laugh and cry at in "the Herberts and the Hallams;" but, as he does not doubt but that Mr. Peter will soon hear "my good friend David Garwick performed last night at "Goodman's Fields theatre," for fear he should hear any false or malicious account that may perhaps be disagreeable to him, "I will give you the truth," says the good old gentleman plunging into it, "which much pleased me. *I was there,* "and was witness to a most general applause He gain'd in "the character of Richard the Third; for I believe their "was not one in the House that was not in Raptures, and "I heard several Men of Judgment declare it their Opinion "that nobody ever excelled Him in that Part; and that they "were surprised, with so peculiar a Genius, how it was

be hoped that Mr. Peter was able to read thus far with reasonable patience ; but, if he had opened his old friend's letter first (as David, who no doubt suggested it, seems to have reckoned on his doing), one may imagine the nervous haste with which he now took up another letter that had travelled to him by the same post, superscribed in the well-known hand of brother David himself.

It began by telling "Dear Peter" that he had received his shirt safe, and was now to tell him what he supposes he may already have heard ; but before he lets him into the affair, it was proper to premise some things that the writer may appear less culpable in his brother's opinion than he might otherwise do. He has made an exact estimate of his stock of wine, and what money he has out at interest ; and finds that since he has been a wine-merchant he has run out near four hundred pounds, and, trade not increasing, he became very sensible some way must be thought of to redeem it. Then out ventures a weakness never before confessed. "My mind (as you must know) has been always
"inclined to y^e Stage, nay so strongly so that all my Illness
"and lowness of Spirits was owing to my want of resolution
"to tell you my thoughts when here. Finding at last both
"my Inclination and Interest requir'd some new way of Life,
"I have chose y^e most agreeable to myself, and though
"I know you will be much displeas'd at me, yet I hope
"when you shall find that I may have y^e genius of an Actor
"without y^e vices you will think less severe of me, and not
"be asham'd to own me for a Brother." After this appeal

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Et. 31. either send him his share, or settle it any other way he shall
propose. Then, at last, out comes the awful fact which can
no longer be withheld; and then, as suddenly on the heels
of it, as if ashamed of the brief show of courage he had made,
the wine business again! "Last night I played Richard
" y^e Third to y^e Surprise of Every Body, and as I shall make
" very near £300 per annum by it, and as it is really what I
" doat upon, *I am resolv'd to pursue it.* I believe I shall
" have Bower's money, which when I have it shall go
" towards my part of the wine you have at Lichfield. Pray
" write me an answer immediately. I am, D^r Brother,
" y^{rs} sincerely D. GARRICK. I have a farce (y^e *Lying Valet*)
" coming out at Drury Lane."

Ah, poor David! a brother who has the charge of a
respectable business, who is the eldest of a family, including
two sisters, that have yet to hold up their heads among the
gentlefolks at Lichfield, who has to bear the upbraidings of
an uncle too prosperous in trade to have any toleration for
those who do *not* prosper, and who has never himself done
anything to discredit your father's memory and red coat, is
not propitiated so easily. Peter's reply is now only to be
inferred from the prompt rejoinder it wrung from David,
bearing date the 27th October, and too plainly revealing to
us all that both brother and sisters had suffered from the
dreadful news. He begins by assuring his dear brother that
the uneasiness he has received at his letter is inexpressible.
However, it was a shock he expected, and had guarded him-
self against as well as he could. Nay, the love he sincerely
bore his brother Peter, together with the prevailing a con-

so much to blame as Peter seemed to think he was. As to their uncle* upbraiding his brother with keeping their circumstances a secret, he was indeed surprised at it; for, to be sure what he, David, had run out had been more owing to his own wilfulness than any great miscarriage in trade. But run out he had, and, let him live never so warily, must run out more; and indeed let Peter only reflect a little seriously, and he will hardly say that the trade they have could ever be sufficient to maintain himself and a servant handsomely. “As for the stage,” he continues, gathering boldness again to speak of it, “I know in the General it deserves your
“Censure, but if you will consider how handsomely and how
“reputably some have liv’d, as Booth, Mills, Wilks,
“Cibber, &c, and admitted into, and admir’d by, y^e best
“Companies; and as my Genius that way (by y^e best Judges)

* I am able also to subjoin, from another collection, the letter in which, enclosing one from Garrick himself, his cousin sorrowfully communicates to the wealthier branch of his family (that from which his Lisbon legacy had been derived) the sad step he had taken. “Dear Madam, The underwritten is a Copy of a Letter
“sent me from David Garrie, who play’d Crook’d Back Richard last night and
“does it to night again at Goodman’s Fields. *The Letter.* ‘Dear Sir, I
“‘suppose you must have heard by this time of my playing King Richard at
“‘Goodman’s Fields, and suppose you are Apprehensive I design to Continue on
“‘the Stage—I have troubled you with an Account of my Intention. You must
“‘know that since I have been in Business (the wine-trade I mean), I have run out
“‘almost half my Fortune, and though to this Day I don’t owe anything, yet the
“‘terrible prospect of running it all out made me think of something to redeem it.
“‘My Mind led me to the Stage which from being very Young I found myself very
“‘much Inclining too, and have been very unhappy that I could not come upon it
“‘before. The only thing that gives me pain is that my Friends I suppose will
“‘look very cool upon me, particularly the Chief of them, those at Carsbolton;
“‘but what can I do? I am wholly bent upon the thing, and can make £300 per
“‘ann of it. As my brother will settle at Litchfield I design to throw up the
“‘wine business as soon as I can conveniently, and desire you’ll let my Uncle
“‘know. If you sh^d want o Spea wi e. the Stage Door will b alwa s

“ceedings when not only my Inclinations, but my Friends
 “who at first were surpris’d at my Intent, by seeing me on
 “y^e stage are now well convinc’d ’twas impossible for me
 “to keep of. As to Company, y^e Best in Town are desirous
 “of mine, and I have received more Civilities and favours
 “from such since my playing than I ever did in all my life
 “before. Mr. Glover (*Leonidas* I mean)* has been every
 “Night to see me, and sent for me and told me as well as
 “Every Body he converses with, that he had not seen Acting
 “for ten years before. In short, were I to tell you what
 “they say about me, ’twould be too vain tho’ I am now
 “writing to a Brother.”

Nor is it less clear that another feeling checks him, the fear that he has already said too much. However, he adds, so willing is he to be continued in his dear Peter’s affections, that were he certain of a less income with more reputation, he would gladly take to it. He has not yet had his name in the bills, and has only played the part of Richard the Third, which brings crowded audiences every night, and Mr. Giffard returns the service he has done him very amply. However (as though again in dread that he may be showing too little regard to his objectors), let “dear Peter” send him a letter next post, and he’ll give a full answer, not having time enough

* Richard Glover was a merchant of that day, whose popular speaking, clever writing, and influence in the city, procured him a distinguished place in the Leicester House councils; but unhappily, on the Prince’s death, his affairs became embarrassed, his services were no longer required by the politicians with whom he had acted, and, acutely sensible of certain social neglects he then experienced, he ultimately died by his own hand. Horace Walpole, coupling him with the London lord mentioned in March 1712, “his name is now in the streets”

“sisters are under such uneasinesses, and, as I really love
“both them and you, will ever make it my study to appear
“your affectionate Brother, D. Garrick.”

The post brings back the letter asked for, but as far as ever from the tone desired. Peter still protests, urges, entreats, casts discredit on Giffard, and, while he washes his own hands of the consequences he sees impending, warns David against them with such persevering emphasis, that, but for each day's felt and palpable increase to the actor's unexampled success, it might have gone hard with him in this epistolary war. But how should he now turn back with the incentives that on the other side urged him on — plebeian Goodman's Fields lighted up with the splendour of Grosvenor-square and St. James's! grand people's coaches jammed up in the narrow alleys between Temple-bar and Whitechapel! and, though he has not yet been three weeks on the stage, the very patriots from Whitehall, in the agony of their struggle with Walpole, flocking to that wretched little theatre in the lowest and most vulgar of the suburbs? Has not the Prince's confidant, Mr. Glover, been every night to see him? And, since he wrote last to Lichfield, even grave Mr. Lyttelton has been there, the Prince himself is daily expected, and he has been praised and encouraged by that fiery young orator Mr. Pitt, who, already reckoned the greatest actor in the House of Commons, has given eager welcome to an actor reported to be even greater than himself. “Sometimes, at Goodman's Fields,” writes Gray to Chute, “there are a dozen dukes of a night.” *

that his "Dear Brother" should still seem so utterly averse to what he was so greatly inclined to, and to what the best judges think he has the greatest genius for, should go on to say that the great, nay, incredible success and approbation he has met with from the greatest persons in England, had almost made him resolve (though he is sorry to say it, against dear Peter's entreaties) to pursue it, as he shall certainly make a fortune by it if health continues. He then talks of money affairs in the old strain; and as to Giffard, protests that 30*l.* was all he had ever lent that manager in former days, which sum was paid long ago. He adds, that at present he receives from Giffard (though this was a secret) six guineas a week, and was to have a clear benefit, and the benefit was to be very soon, and he had been offered 120*l.* for it, and dear Peter cannot imagine what regard he meets with, and on the occasion of that benefit the pit and boxes are to be put together, and he shall have all his friends (who still continue so though his brother is not to be brought over), and if his brother will only come his lodgings shall cost him nothing. "Mr. Littleton, Mr. Pit, and Several other Members of Parliament were to see me play Chamont, in y^e *Orphan*, and "Mr. Pit, who is reckon'd y^e greatest Orator in the House of Commons, said I was y^e best Actor y^e English Stage had produc'd, and he sent a Gentleman to me to let me know he and y^e other Gentlemen would be glad to see Me. The Prince has heard so great a Character of me that we are in "daily expectations of his coming to see me." And so the gossiping, kindly, anxious letter ends, with another entreaty that Peter will let him know what he resolves upon, the

But not Pitt, nor Lyttelton, nor Glover, nor the Prince himself, can yet entirely break down the obdurate resolution of Peter, who proves well worthy of his name. There are *some* signs of relenting, nevertheless; as even rocks may yield to melting influences at last. He cannot, of course, save David the pain of feeling that he has inflicted irreparable hurt on the respected mercantile position of Mr. Peter Garrick of Lichfield; but he brings himself to close his letter by saying, that though he never can approve of the stage, yet he will always be David's affectionate brother. Well, for even such scant mercies, the brother is thankful. In the first flush of a success that might well have spurned at every kind of control, the good-hearted little fellow continues as eager to propitiate this formal, unsympathising, intolerant old vendor of claret and sherry, as if he were himself still the hobbledehoy youth of fourteen looking up with timid deference to his revered superior of twenty. Every point of complaint, as if each were the first and not the dozenth time of urging, he meets with respectful argument or loving remonstrance; and as to the alleged injury to him in his mercantile position, he has now to tell Peter that their uncle, he has it on good authority, will be reconciled to him, "for even the Merchants say 'tis an honour to him, "not Otherwise. As to hurting you in y^r affairs," he goes on (his letter bears date the 24th Nov^r), "it shall be "my constant Endeavour to promote y^r welfare with my all. "If you should want Money, and I have it, you shall command my whole, and I know I shall soon be more able by "playing and writing to do you service than any other way."

(may, they say that already he is, not only the best tragedian but comedian in England. "I would not," he pro interposes here, "say so much to any body else; but as "may somewhat palliate my folly, you must excuse "Mr. Littleton was wth Me last Night, and took me "hand and said, he never saw such playing upon y^e En "Stage before." And for other more practical proofs of success, he tells Peter that he has had great offers from Fleetwood; that they have had finer business than either Drury Lane or Covent Garden; that Mr. Giffard himself had given him yesterday twenty guineas for a ticket; (for a climax) that next week he designed buying 200*l.* of stock out of his profits of playing. So, as to the business between them, and the selling off of their joint stock in London, if his brother should want more money than his share comes to, he will supply it. In conclusion he adds that the trade is rather better than it was, but, his business being quite turned another way, he desires to be released as soon as possible from it.

Now, that this was a highly practical, business-like letter, though written by a flighty stage-player, even the obstinate unbelieving Peter appears to have felt. It went, at any rate, straight to the heart of the partnership affairs between them, and, however reluctantly, he would seem to have made up his mind to accept it as the best of a bargain that must be in any way a bad one. But one matter he should like to have cleared up. *Had his brother really been playing Harlequin as reported, before he came out at Goodman's Fields?*

the whole town both in comedy and tragedy, nay, who had just come out as an author, and whose farce of the *Lying Valet*, acted (not at Drury Lane, but) at Goodman's Fields six days after the date of his last letter, was taking prodigiously, and was approved of by men of genius, and thought the most diverting farce that ever was performed. "I believe you'll find it read pretty well," he continues, addressing Peter with somewhat more courage than usual, and sending him a copy; "and in performance 'tis a General Roar from beginning to end; and I have got as much Reputation in y^e Character of Sharp, as in any other character I have perform'd, tho far different from y^e others."

Far different, indeed! as different as Romeo from Sir John Brute, as Othello from Fondlewife, as Richard from Jack Smatter, as Shakspeare's Lear from Colley Cibber's Master Johnny, as eighty-four from fifteen.* Yet even such was the surprising versatility now displayed with consummate ease by this greatest of actors; who alone, of all performers on record, seems to have hit the consummation of the actor's art in being able to drop altogether his own personality. "All the run is now after Garrick," writes Walpole. "The Duke of Argyll says he is superior to Betterton."† "We are all wrong, if this

* "For his benefit on the 18th of March," says Mr. Boaden, "he amazed the town by repeating" (he had first played it on the preceding 22nd of February) "after his performance of King Lear, his Master Johnny, a lad of fifteen, in the *Schoolboy*. The farce was written by Colley Cibber, who was still living; and he might, and very probably did, see that wonderful junction of eighty-four and fifteen by the same actor." *Memoir*, vii, viii (*Gar. Cor.*) "The stage" said the play bills of the night "will be formed into an amphitheatre, where servants will be allowed to keep places." *Account of the Stage*, iv 24.

Cibber, taking snuff, and turning to his ancient partner in theatrical glory, Mrs. Bracegirdle, “the lad is clever!”

Justly was Garrick proud of that opinion; for only a year before, the *Apology* had given proof of what a masterly critic Cibber was, and all the old man’s prejudices and tastes were strongly counter to the admission thus wrung from him. That *it was* given, however, and in still stronger terms, may fairly be inferred from what Garrick goes on to say to his brother in this letter dated the 22nd December. “You perhaps will be glad to know what parts I have play’d. King Richard, Jack Smatter in *Pamela*, Clody Fop’s *Fortune*, Lothario in *Fair Penitent*, Chamont Orphan, Ghost *Hamlet*, and so on, will soon be ready in Bays, in y^e *Rehearsal*, and in y^e part of *Othello*, Both which I believe will do Me and Give me a great service. I have had great success in all, and ’tis yet determin’d whether I play Tragedy or Comedy. Old Cibber has spoke with y^e Greatest Commendation of my Acting.” Of course the reader has observed that the grave question as to Harlequin has not been answered. But it creeps into the letter before its close. “As to my playing a Harlequin, ’tis quite false. Yates* last season was taken very ill, and was not able to begin y^e Entertainment; so I put on y^e Dress, and did two or three scenes.

* He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and I say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it. It is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyll says, ‘he is superior to Betterton.’
Coll. Lett. i. 189.

* Then a brother actor at Goodman’s-fields, who afterwards married the celebrated actress, his second wife, for whom Goldsmith, as will hereafter be seen

“for him, but Nobody knew it but him and Giffard. I know
 “it has been said I play’d Harlequin at Covent Garden,
 “but ’tis quite false.” With which imperfect explanation
 Peter’s ruffled dignity had to compose itself, as best it might.

The anticipation of a triumph in Bayes proved thoroughly well-founded. After Bayes there was no disputing the predominance he had reached. To the roar of laughter and delight at its imitations, what still remained of the old school came tumbling down irrecoverably. “Heresy,” growled Quin;* “Reformation,” cried Garrick; and the smartness of the retort showed off also his pretensions as a man of wit. Noblemen had him to their houses; Pope came out of his retirement to see him play; the great Mr. Murray, leader of the King’s Bench, forgot his briefs and his politics to entertain him at supper in Lincoln’s-inn-fields; ladies fell in love with him; he had to write to Lichfield to protest he was not going to be married; and if, in the last letter I shall quote from this remarkable collection, and which is dated within less than six months from the first I have quoted, he refers to some of these distinctions and compliments with a modest and manly pride, let us admit that some such set-off was needed to all the bitter mortifications his brother Peter had been heaping upon him, and that while he remains victor in the epistolary duel, he sings no

* “Pooh! pooh!” exclaimed that old stage despot. “This Garrick is a new religion. Whitfield was followed for a time, but they’ll all come to church again.” It was the “Bayes” which gave Quin mortal offence. Quin was not himself among the actors who were ridiculed, but he took to himself the laughter at others who were in fact *his* imitators and disciples. “Delane” says

“with from y^e Greatest men,” he writes to his brother on the 19th of April, “has made me far from repenting of my choice. I am very intimate with Mr. Glover, who will bring out a Tragedy next winter upon my acc^t. Twice I have sup’d wth y^e Great Mr. Murray, Counsellr, and shall wth Mr. Pope, by his Introduction. I sup’d with y^e Mr. Littleton, y^e Prince’s Favourite, last Thursday night, and that with y^e highest Civility and complaisance. He told me he never knew what Acting was till I appeared, and said I was only born to act w^t Shakespear writ. These things daily occurring give me Great Pleasure. I din’d with L^d Hallifax and L^d Sandwich, two very ingenious Noblemen, yesterday, and am to dine at L^d Hallifax’s next Sunday with L^d Chesterfield. I have the Pleasure of being very intimate, too, with Mr. Hawkins Browne, of Burton.* In short, I believe nobody (as an Actor) was ever more caress’d, and my Character as a private Man makes ’em more desirous of my Company. (All this *entre nous*, as one Broth^r to another.) I am not fix’d for next year, but shall certainly be at y^e Other End of y^e Town. I am offered 500 guineas and a Clear Benefit, or part of y^e Management.”

Here, then, I leave him, rapidly on his way to the other end of town, manager in expectancy already, the architect in six months of a fortune which went on increasing for thirty-six years, now as always the darling of the great,† and a

* The author, among other things, of *A Pipe of Tobacco* (the original of the *Rejected Addresses, Odes and Addresses*, &c. &c.), which Goldsmith praises deservedly in his *Beauties of English Poetry*, not on the ground that the parody is ridiculous, but that the imitation is excellent. “I am told” he remarks “that

er by anticipation of the bitters as well as the sweets of 1759.
cup so plentifully filled for him. For those reproaches Æt. 31.
his brother's had a sting to be remembered when his
her's outraged dignity had been long forgotten. The
r we have seen sensibly assuaged even in the letters
ed; and its conclusion and moral might be yet more
tedly drawn out of others of later date in the same
ection, which show Mr. Peter Garrick solely indebted to
actor for retrieval of his shattered fortune, a successful
oliant for favours over and over again conferred on him,
finally indebted to no less a friend and patron of
id's than the Duke of Devonshire for "the finger" that
ed" himself "out of those cursed wine-vaults." But
withstanding all this, very correctly did Peter's first shock
horror on learning that David had become a player, reflect
eling which others used throughout his life to gall and to
iliate him; which, while it could not shut against him the
urs of the great, for that reason more bitterly exposed him
ne malice and insult of the little; which threw him into
asy relations with men of his own social station; obscured
often his better nature; and remains for us the clue by
ch, if we would judge him favourably, we may unravel
t appears least consistent in his character. I have had
less scruple in giving at some length, therefore, even to the
porary interruption of my narrative, that critical passage
is life which till now has never been authentically told.

s, the crooked Mostyn, and Dabreu the Spanish minister; two regents, of
ch one is lord chamberlain, the other groom of the stole; and the wife of a
retary of state. This is being *sur un assez bon ton* for a player! Don't you

CHAPTER III.

OVERTURES FROM SMOLLETT AND MR. NEWBERY.

1759—1760.

1759. BUT, at the door of Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, Doctor Smo
Et. 31. and Mr. Newbery have been waiting us all this while,
neither of them belonged to that leisurely class which
very well afford to wait. The Doctor was full of energy
movement always, as one of his own headlong heroes;
who remembers not the philanthropic bookseller in
Vicar of Wakefield, the good-natured man with the
pimpled face, who had no sooner alighted but he was in l
to be gone, “for he was ever on business of the utmost im
“tance, and was at that time actually compiling mate
“for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip.” But no
Mr. Thomas Trip’s affairs had the child-loving publis
now ventured up Break-neck Steps; and upon other
the old *Critical* business was the author of *Peregrine P*
a visitor in Green Arbour Court. Both had new and
portant schemes in hand, and with both it was an obje
secure the alliance and services of Goldsmith. Smollett

* “He called himself their friend,” says Doctor Primrose, “but he w
“friend of all mankind . . . he had published for me against the Deuterog
“of the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces.” And see Nichols’s *L*
Anecdotes, iii. 731-2.

patrons of the author of the unsuccessful *Bee*. Their offers were of course accepted; and it seems to imply something, however slight, of a worldly advance in connection with them, that, in the month which followed, the luckless *Bee* was issued in the independent form of a small half-crown volume by Mr. Wilkie, and Kenrick received instructions from Mr. Ralph Griffiths to treat it in the *Monthly Review* "with the greatest candour toward an unsuccessful Author."*

The 1st of January, 1760, saw the first venture launched. It was published for sixpence, "embellished with curious "copperplates," and entitled "*The British Magazine, or "Monthly Repository for Gentlemen and Ladies. By "T. Smollett, M.D., and others.*" It was dedicated with much fervour to Mr. Pitt; and Mr. Pitt's interest (greatly to the spleen of Horace Walpole, who thinks the matter worthy of mention in his *Memoirs of George the Second*†) enabled Smollett to put it forth with a royal license, granted in consideration of the fact that Doctor Smollett had "represented "to his Majesty that he has been at great labour and "expense in writing original pieces himself, and engaging

* *Monthly Review*, xxii. 42, January 1760. A specimen of the candour is worth quoting. "We do not mean" (after saying that experience had, no doubt, proved the justice of the author's anticipations of failure, as well as of his belief that nobody but himself would regret it) "to insinuate that his lucubrations are so void "of merit as not to deserve the public attention. On the contrary, we must "confess ourselves to have found no inconsiderable entertainment in their perusal. "His stile is not the worst, and his manner is agreeable enough, in our opinion, "however it may have failed of exciting universal admiration. The truth is, most "of his subjects are already sufficiently worn-out, and his observations frequently "trite and common."

† iii. 259, 261. It follows an allusion to the abusive portrait of Lord Lyttelton in *Roderick Random*, "a novel of which sort he published two or three."

three months imprisonment for libel into which his spirited avowal of the authorship of a criticism on Admiral Knowles had betrayed him; and the king's patronage had probably been sought as a counterpoise to the king's prison. But the punishment had not been without its uses. In the nature of Smollett, to the last, there were not a few of the heedless impulses of boyhood; and from this three months' steady gaze on the sadder side of things, he seems to have turned with tempered and gentler thoughts. In the first number of the *British Magazine* was the opening of the tale which contained his most feminine heroine (Aurelia Darnel), and the most amiable and gentlemanly of his heroes (Sir Launcelot Greaves); for, though Sir Launcelot is mad, wise thoughts have made him so; and in the hope to "remedy " evils which the law cannot reach, to detect fraud and " treason, to abase insolence, to mortify pride, to discourage " slander, to disgrace immodesty, and to stigmatise ingrati- " tude," he stumbles through his odd adventures. There is a pleasure in connecting this alliance of Smollett and Goldsmith, with the first approach of our great humourist to that milder humanity and more genial wisdom which shed its mellow rays on Matthew Bramble.

1760. Nor were the services engaged from Oliver unworthy of
Æt. 32. his friend's Sir Launcelot. Side by side with the kindly enthusiast, appeared some of the most agreeable of the *Essays* which were afterwards re-published with their writer's name; and many which were never connected with it, until half a century after the writer's death. Here Mr. Rigmorole fell into that Boar's Head reverie in Eastcheap, since so

Andrew, Bajazet, and Wildair, laughed at Garrick in his glory. Here journey was made to the Fountain in whose waters sense and genius mingled, and by whose side the traveller found Johnson and Gray (a pity it did not prove so !) giving and receiving fame.* And here, above all, the poor, hearty, wooden-legged beggar, first charmed the world with a philosophy of content and cheerfulness which no misfortune could subdue. This was he who had lost his leg and the use of his hand, and had a wound in his breast which was troublesome, and was obliged to beg, but with these exceptions blessed his stars for knowing no reason to complain: some had lost both legs and an eye, but thank Heaven it was not so bad with him. This was he who remarked that people might say this and that of being in gaol, but when he was found guilty of being poor, and was sent to Newgate, he found it as agreeable a place as ever he was in, in all his life :† who fought the French in six pitched battles, and verily believed, that, but for some good reason or other his captain would have given him promotion and made him a corporal: who was beaten cruelly by a boatswain, but the boatswain did it without considering what he was about: who

* Another proof that Goldsmith had not yet surrendered his own judgment to Johnson's in the matter of Gray. The four papers enumerated will be found in *Miscell. Works*, i. 179, 229, 195, and ii. 461 ; the last having been transferred to the *Citizen of the World*.

† “ O liberty ! liberty ! liberty ! that is the property of every Englishman, and I will die in its defence ; I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go into the country, but kept about town, and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for some time ; till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand still. They belonged to a press-gang.” ii. 465.

1760. slept on a bed of boards in a French prison, but with a
 Et. 32. warm blanket about him, because, as he remarked, he always
 loved to lie well: and to whom, when he came to sum up
 and balance his life's adventures, it occurred that had he had
 the good fortune to have lost his leg and the use of his hand
 on board a king's ship, and not a privateer, he should have
 had his sixpence a week for the rest of his days; but that
 was not his chance; one man was born with a silver spoon
 in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle: "however,
 "blessed be God, I enjoy good health." This was as wise
 philosophy as *Candide's*, at which Europe was then laughing
 heartily; and it is worth mention that from the countrymen
 of Voltaire this little essay should first have derived its
 fame. So popular in France was the "humble optimist," as
 his translator called him, that he is not unlikely to have
 visited even the halls of *Les Délices*; to be read there, as
 everywhere, with mirth upon the face and tenderness at the
 heart; perhaps to reawaken recollections of the ungainly,
 wandering scholar.

Of upwards of twenty essays thus contributed to Smollett's
 magazine, few were republished by Goldsmith; but from
 other causes, certainly, than lack of merit. One was a
 criticism of two rival singers, two Polly Peachums then
 dividing Vauxhall, so pleasantly worded that neither could
 take offence; but of temporary interest chiefly. Another
 was a caution against violent courtships, from a true story in

A fourth was a little history of seduction, hasty, abrupt, and not very real; but in which the hero bore such a general though indistinct resemblance to the immortal family of the Primroses, as to have fitly merged and been forgotten in their later glory.*

The last of these detached essays which I shall mention for the present, did not appear in the *British Magazine*, but much concerned it; and, though not reckoned worthy of preservation by its writer, is evidence not to be omitted of his hearty feeling to Smollett, and ready resource to serve a friend. It was in plain words a puff of the *British Magazine* and its projector; and a puff of as witty pretension as ever visited the ingenious brain of the yet unborn friend of Mr. Dangle. It purported to describe a Wow-wow; a kind of newspaper club of a country town, to which the writer amusingly described himself driven, by his unavailing efforts to find anybody anywhere else. All were at the Wow-wow, from the apothecary to the drawer of the tavern; and there he found, inspired by pipes and newspapers, such a smoke and fire of political discussion, such a setting right of all the mistakes of the generals in the war, such a battle, conducted with chalk, upon the blunders of Finck and Daun, and such quidnunc explosions against the Dutch in Pondicherry, that infallibly the Wow-wow must have come to a war of its own

* This "History of Miss Stanton" is included in Mr. Prior's edition of the *Miscellaneous Works* (i. 214) with many other pieces not before collected, which make the book by far the best of the collections that have yet appeared, though it is by no means carefully or accurately edited. The other three papers mentioned above are in i. 201, 205, 224; and for the Wow-wow, see i. 322.

“*Launcelot Greaves*, to the entire satisfaction of the audience, which being finished, he threw the pamphlet upon the table: ‘That piece, gentlemen,’ says he, ‘is written in the very spirit and manner of Cervantes; there is great knowledge of human nature, and evident marks of the master in almost every sentence; and from the plan, the humour, and the execution, I can venture to say that it dropped from the pen of the ingenious Doctor ——’ Every one was pleased with the performance, and I was particularly gratified in hearing all the sensible part of the company give orders for the *British Magazine*.”

So said the not less anonymous or ingenious Doctor, in that venture of good Mr. Newbery’s which started but twelve days after Smollett’s, and in which also had been enlisted the services of the Green Arbour Court lodger. War is the time for newspapers; and the inventive head which planned the *Universal Chronicle*, with the good taste that enlisted Johnson in its service, now made a bolder effort in the same direction. The first number of *The Public Ledger* was published on the 12th of January 1760. Nothing less than a Daily Newspaper had the busy publisher of children’s books projected. But a daily newspaper was not an appalling speculation, then. Not then, morning after morning, did it throw its eyes of Argus over all the world. No universal command was needed for it then, over sources of foreign intelligence that might controul and govern the money transactions of rival hemispheres. There existed with it,

valued to a perfection high as the pigeon's flight, swift as the courier's horse, or deep as the secret drawer of the diplomatist's bureau. Then, it was no more essential to a paper's existence, that countless advertisements should be scattered broadcast through its columns ; than to a city's business, that puffing vans should perambulate its highways, and armies of placard-bearing paupers seize upon its pavements. Neither as a perfect spy of the time, nor as a full informer or high improver of the time, did a daily journal yet put forth its claims. Neither to prompt and correct intelligence, nor to great political or philanthropic aims, did it as yet devote itself. The triumphs or discomfitures of Freedom were not yet its daily themes. Not yet did it assume, or dare, to ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm of great political passions ; to grapple resistlessly with social abuses ; or to take broad and philosophic views of the world's contemporaneous history, the history which is a-making from day to day. It was content with humbler duties. It called itself a daily register of commerce and intelligence, and fell short of even so much modest pretension. The letter of a Probus or a Manlius sufficed for discussion of the war ; and a modest rumour in some dozen lines, for what had occupied parliament during as many days. " We are unwilling," said the editor of the *Public Ledger* (Mr. Griffith Jones, who wrote children's books for Mr. Newbery)* in his first number,

* " It is not, perhaps, generally known, that to Mr. Griffith Jones, and a brother of his, Mr. Giles Jones, in conjunction with Mr. John Newbery, the public are indebted for the origin of those numerous and popular little books for the amusement and instruction of children, the Lilliputian histories of Goody Two-shoes, Giles Gingerbread, Tommy Trip, &c. &c. which have been ever since received with " universal approbation." Nichol's *Literary Anecdotes*. iii. 66. Hereafter ar

apparently calculated for the public good. Discreetly avoiding, thus, all undue expectation, there quietly came forth into the world, from Mr. Bristow's office "next the "great toy-shop in St. Paul's-churchyard," the first number of the *Public Ledger*. It was circulated gratis : with announcement that all future numbers would be sold for two-pence half-penny each.

The first four numbers were enlightened by Probus in politics and Sir Simeon Swift in literature ; the one defending the war, the other commencing the "Ranger," and both very mildly justifying the modest editorial announcements. The fifth number was not so common-place. It had a letter (vindicating with manly assertion the character and courage of the then horribly unpopular French, and humorously condemning the national English habit of abusing rival nations), which implied a larger spirit as it showed a livelier pen. The same hand again appeared in the next number but one ; and the correspondent of Green Arbour Court became entitled to receive two guineas from Mr. Newbery for his first week's contributions to the *Public Ledger*. His arrangement was to write twice in the week, and to be paid a guinea for each article.

books. He did not thrust all naughty boys into the jaws of the dragon, nor elevate all good boys to ride in King Pepin's coach. That Goldsmith had a hankering to write for children he more than once confessed ; and if he had realised his intention of composing the fables in which little fishes and other creatures should talk, our children's libraries would have had one rich possession the more.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

1760.

WITH the second week of his engagement on the *Public Ledger*, Goldsmith had taken greater courage. The letter which appeared on the 24th of January, though without title or numbering to imply intention of continuance, threw out the hint of a series of letters, and of a kind of narrative as in the *Lettres Persanes*. The character assumed was that of a Chinese visitor to London: the writer's old interest in the flowery people having received new strength, of late, from the Chinese novel on which his dignified acquaintance Mr. Percy had been recently engaged.* The second letter, still without title, appeared five days after the first; some inquiry seems to have been made for their continuance; and thence uninterruptedly the series went on. Not until

* "I will endeavour," writes Shenstone in the following year (Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 222), "to procure and send you a copy of Percy's translation of a "genuine Chinese novel in four small volumes, printed months ago, but not to be "published before winter." Percy was the editor, and wrote the preface and notes; but the actual translation of *Hau Kiou Chooan* from the Chinese was executed by Mr. Wilkinson, and all that Percy did in that respect was to translate the translator "into good reading English." It may be worth remarking, that, three years before, some noise had been made by a smart political squib of Horace Walpole's, which he protested he had writ in an hour-and-a-half, and which passed through five editions in a fortnight, the *Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese Philosopher at London, to his friend Lien Chi at Pekin*. See *Coll. Lett.* iv. 289, 290.

sufficiently acquainted with the merit of these entertaining
“ Letters, which were first printed in *The Ledger*, and are
“ supposed to have contributed not a little towards the
“ success of that paper. They are said to be the work of
“ the lively and ingenious Writer of *An Enquiry into the*
“ *Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*; a Writer whom,
“ it seems, we undesignedly offended by some Strictures
“ on the conduct of many of our modern Scribblers. As the
“ observation was entirely general, in its intention, we were
“ surprised to hear that this Gentleman had imagined him-
“ self in any degree pointed at, as we conceive nothing can be
“ more illiberal in a Writer, or more foreign to the character
“ of a Literary Journal, than to descend to the meanness
“ of personal reflection.”* Pity might be reasonably given
to men humiliated thus; but Goldsmith withheld forgiveness.
Private insults could not so be retracted; nor could imputations which sink deepest in the simplest and most honourable natures, be thus easily purged away. Mr. Griffiths was left to the consolation of reflecting, that he had himself eaten the dirt which it would have made him far happier to have flung at the *Citizen of the World*.

In what different language, by what different men, how highly and justly this book has since been praised, for its fresh original perception, its delicate delineation of life and manners, its wit and humour, its playful and diverting satire, its exhilarating gaiety, and its clear and lively style,

* *Monthly Review*, xxvi. 477, June 1762.

turn back to read in it.

One marked peculiarity its best admirers have failed to observe upon ; its detection and exposure, not simply of the foibles and follies which lie upon the surface, but of those more pregnant evils which rankle at the heart, of society. The occasions were frequent in which the Chinese citizen so lifted his voice that only in a later generation could he find his audience ; and they were not few, in which he has failed to find one even yet. He saw, in the Russian Empire, what by the best English statesman since has not been sufficiently guarded against, the natural enemy of the more western parts of Europe, “ an enemy already possessed “ of great strength, and, from the nature of the government, “ every day threatening to become more powerful.” He warned the all-credulous and too-confident English of their insecure tenure of the American colonies ; telling them, with a truth as prophetic, and which anticipated the vigorous reasoning of Dean Tucker, that England would not lose her vigour when those colonies obtained their independence. He unveiled the social pretences, which, under colour of protecting female honour, are made the excuse for its violation. He denounced that evil system which left the magistrate, the country justice, and the squire, to punish transgressions in which they had themselves been the guiltiest transgressors. He laughed at the sordidness which makes penny shows of our public temples, turns Deans and Chapters into importunate “ beggars,” and stoops to pick up half-pence at the tombs of our patriots and

by either.† He protested earnestly against the insufficient

* “I marched up without farther ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person, who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand, and asked the man whether the people of England kept a show? whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? whether it was not more to the honour of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour? As for your questions, replied the gate-keeper, to be sure they may be very right, because I don’t understand them; but, as for that there threepence, I farm it from one—who rents it from another—who hires it from a third—who leases it from the guardians of the temple; and we all must live.” *Citizen of the World*. Letter xiii.

† Who does not remember the talk that the astonished traveller had to listen to soon after his arrival, outside a metropolitan jail? “The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burthen, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. ‘For my part,’ cries the prisoner, ‘the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom; if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman’s prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us; it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer.’ ‘Ay, slaves,’ cries the porter, ‘they are all slaves, fit only to carry burthens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison, (and he held the goblet in his hand), ‘may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a soldier.’ The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe fervently cried out, ‘It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change; ay, our religion, my lads. May the Devil sink me into flames (such was the solemnity of his adjuration), if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone.’” *Citizen of the World*. Letter iv. Byrom’s *Tom the Porter* is now forgotten, but Goldsmith evidently knew the lines :

“The soldier, touch’d a little with surprise,
“To see his friend’s indifference, replies,
“‘What you say, Tom, I own is very good;
“‘But—our religion!’ (and he d—d his blood)—
“‘What will become of our religion?’ ‘True,’
“Says the jail bird, ‘and our freedom too?
“‘If the Pretender,’ rapt he out, ‘comes on,
“‘Our liberties and properties are gone!’”

against the laws which meted out, in so much gold or silver, the price of a wife's or daughter's honour. He ridiculed the prevailing nostrums current in that age of quacks ; doubted the graces of such betailing and bepowdering fashions, as then made beauty hideous, and sent even lads cocked-hatted and wigged to school ; and had sense and courage to avow his contempt for that prevailing cant of connoisseurship (" your Raffaelles, Correggios, and Stuff ") at which Reynolds shifted his trumpet. The abuses of church patronage did not escape him ; any more than the tendency to " superstition and imposture " in the " bonzes " and priests of all religions." He thought it a fit theme for mirth, that holy men should be content to receive all the money, and let others do all the good ; and that preferment to the most sacred and exalted duties should wait upon the whims of members of parliament, and the wants of younger branches of the nobility.* The incapacities and neglect thus engendered in the upper clergy, he also connected with that disregard of the lower, which left a reverend

* I would refer the reader to George Selwyn's *Correspondence* if he would desire to study attentively one of the latest full-blown specimens of the breed of clergymen engendered by this system, and introduce himself to by no means one of the most objectionable of the smoking, reading, claret-drinking, toadying, gormandising, good-humoured parsons of the time when Goldsmith lived and wrote. He will find Doctor Warner quite an ornament to the Establishment throughout that book, and only cursing, flinging, stamping, or gnashing, when anything goes amiss with Selwyn. He will observe that the reverend doctor is ready to wager his best cassock against a dozen of claret any day ; and that the holy man would quote you even texts with the most pious of his cloth, " if our friend the Countess " had not blasted them." In short, at whatever page he opens the *Correspondence*, he will find parson Warner in the highest possible spirits, whether quizzing " canting pot-bellied justices," contemplating with equanimity " a fine corpse at " Surgeons' Hall " or looking forward with cheerful vivacity to be in a better place

risen to put down cheerfulness, and could find its only music in a chorus of sighs and groans, he aimed the shafts of his wit as freely, as at the over-indulging, gormandising priests of the bishop's visitation-dinner, face to face with whom, gorged and groaning with excess, he brought the hungry beggar, faint with want, to ask of them the causes of his utter destitution, body and soul. Nor did he spare that other dignified profession, which, in embarrassing what it professed to make clear, in retarding with cumbrous impediments the steps of justice, in reserving as a luxury for the rich what it pretended to throw open to all, in fencing round property with a multiplicity of laws and exposing poverty without a guard to whatever threatened or assailed it, countenanced and practised no less a falsehood.* Almost alone in that age of indifference, the Citizen

contemplate this. Goldsmith is less severe in his exposure, but it is efficient, too; and I confess I never read a letter of Doctor Warner's, or think of his guzzling, his telling the same story over and over again, and his indifference to any kind of treatment shown him or service exacted of him so long as his bumper of claret is well filled, without being forcibly reminded of Doctor Marrowfat. " 'As good a
" 'story,' cries he, bursting into a violent fit of laughter himself, 'as ever you
" 'heard in your lives. There was a farmer in my parish who used to sup upon
" 'wild ducks and flummery; so this farmer'—'Doctor Marrowfat,' cries his
" 'lordship, interrupting him, 'give me leave to drink your health'—'so being
" 'fond of wild ducks and flummery'—'Doctor,' adds a gentleman who sat next
" 'him, 'let me advise you to a wing of this turkey; '—'so this farmer being fond'
" '—Hob and nob, doctor, which do you choose, white or red? '—'so being fond of
" 'wild ducks and flummery; '—'Take care of your band, sir, it may dip in the
" 'gravy.' The doctor, now looking round, found not a single ear disposed to
" 'listen: wherefore, calling for a glass of wine, he gulped down the disappoint-
" 'ment and the tale in a bumper.' Letter lviii.

* The simple notions of the Chinese citizen on this subject appear very alarming to his friend, who uses precisely the defensive argument with which the absurdity has been upheld ever since. " 'I see,' cries my friend, 'that you are for a speedy

insisted that the sole means of making deterrence effective was to make it an infrequent, punishment; and was a society of the crime of disregarding human life and temptations of the miserable, by visiting petty thefts with penalties of blood.*

He who does not read for amusement only, may find in these delightful letters, thus published from week to week, a comment of special worth on casual incidents of the time. There was in this year a city-campaign of peculiar cruelty. A mob has indiscriminate tastes for blood

“ ‘ administration of justice; but all the world will grant, that the more time
“ ‘ is taken up in considering any subject, the better it will be understood. Be
“ ‘ it is the boast of an Englishman, that his property is secure, and all the
“ ‘ will grant that a deliberate administration of justice is the best way to *secure*
“ ‘ *property*. Why have we so many lawyers, but to *secure our property*? w
“ ‘ many formalities, but to *secure our property*? Not less than one hu
“ ‘ thousand families live in opulence, elegance, and ease, merely by *securin*
“ ‘ *property*.’ . . . ‘ But bless me,’ returned I, ‘ what numbers do I see h
“ ‘ all in black—how is it possible that half this multitude find employm
“ — ‘ Nothing so easily conceived,’ returned my companion, ‘ they live by wat
“ ‘ each other. For instance, the catchpole watches the man in debt, the att
“ ‘ watches the catchpole, the counsellor watches the attorney, the solicitor
“ ‘ counsellor, and all find sufficient employment.’—‘ I conceive you,’ interr
“ I, ‘ they watch each other : but it is the client that pays them all for watchi
Letter xcviii. The reader is to remember that this was written a hundred
ago, and that we are only at this hour bestirring ourselves to provide someth
a remedy.

* Could anything be better reasoned than this, which indeed anticipates the closest arguments of Bentham? “ When a law, enacted to make theft punishable with death, happens to be equitably executed, it can at best only guard the possessions; but when, by favour or ignorance, justice pronounces a guilty verdict, it then attacks our lives, since in such a case the whole community suffers with the innocent victim : if, therefore, in order to secure the effect of one man, I should make a law which may take away the life of another, in such a case, to attain a smaller good, I am guilty of a greater evil ; to secure safety in the possession of a bauble, I render a real and valuable possession precarious . . . Since punishments are sometimes necessary, let them at least be rendered terrible, by being executed but seldom, and let Justice lift her sword rather

were slaughtered wholesale, and their bodies literally blocked up the streets. "The dear, good-natured, honest, sensible "creatures!" exclaimed Horace Walpole. "Christ! How "can anybody hurt them?" But what Horace said only to his friend, Goldsmith said to everybody: publicly denouncing the cruelty, in a series of witty stories ridiculing the motives alleged for it, and pleading with eloquent warmth for the honest associate of man.* Nor was this the only mad-dog-cry of the year. The yell of a Grub-street mob as fierce, on a false report of the death of Voltaire, brought Goldsmith as warmly to the rescue. With eager admiration, he asserted the claims of the philosopher and wit; told the world it was its lusts of war and sycophancy which unfitted it to receive such a friend; set forth the independence of his life, in a country of Pompadours and an age of venal oppression; declared (this was before the Calas family) the tenderness and humanity of his nature; and claimed freedom of religious thought for him and all men. "I am "not displeased with my brother because he happens to "ask our father for favours in a different manner from "me." As we read the Chinese Letters with this comment of the time, those actual days come vividly back to us.

* It is pleasant to quote his most kindly speech. "Of all the beasts that graze "the lawn, or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, "attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks in all his necessities "with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his "power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with "patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce "him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is "still an humble stedfast dependant; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. "Hence, then, a texture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to

again contend with their Pollys and Macheaths, and tire the town with perpetual *Beggars' Operas*. Merry and fashionable crowds repeople White Conduit and Vauxhall. We get occasional glimpses of even the stately commoner and his unstately ducal associate. Old George the Second dies, and young George the Third ascends the throne. Churchill makes his hit with the *Rosciad*; and Sterne, having startled the town with the humour and extravagance of his *Tristram Shandy*, comes up from country quiet to enjoy popularity.

How sudden and decisive it was, need not be related. No one was so talked of in London this year, and no one so admired, as that tall, thin, hectic-looking Yorkshire parson. He who was to die within eight years, unheeded and untended, in a common lodging-house, was everywhere the honoured guest of the rich and noble. His book had become a fashion, and east and west were moved alike. Mr. Dodsley offered him 650*l.* for a second edition and two more volumes; Lord Falconberg gave him a curacy of 150*l.* a-year; Mr. Reynolds painted his portrait; and Warburton, not having yet pronounced him an "irrecoverable scoundrel," went round to the bishops and told them he was the English Rabelais. "They had never heard of such a writer," adds the sly narrator of the incident.* "One is invited to dinner where he dines," said Gray, "a fortnight beforehand:"† and he was boasting,

* Walpole's *Coll. Lett.* iv. 39.

† Letter to Wharton, 22d April, 1760. *Works*, iii. 241. In another letter to Wharton, two months later, he writes, with his usual manly appreciation of all that

Perhaps he referred to Goldsmith, from whose garret in Green Arbour Court the first heavy blow was levelled at him; but there were other assailants, as active though less avowed, in cellars of Arlington-street and garrets of Strawberry-hill. Walpole may yet more easily be forgiven than Goldsmith in such a case. The attack in the *Citizen of the World* was aimed, it is true, where the work was most vulnerable;* and it was not ill done to protest against the indecency and affectation, which doubtless had largely contributed to the so sudden popularity, as they found promptest imitators;—but the humour and wit ought surely to have been admitted; and if the wisdom and charity of an uncle Toby, a Mr. Shandy, or a corporal Trim, might anywhere have claimed frank and immediate recognition, it should have been in that series of essays which Beau Tibbs and the Man in Black have helped to make immortal.

Most charming are these two characters. Addison would

“the two future volumes with pleasure. Have you read his sermons (with his own comic figure at the head of them)? They are in the style, I think, most proper for the pulpit, and show a very strong imagination and a sensible heart. But you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience.” iii. 251.

* “If a bawdy blockhead thus breaks in on the community, he sets his whole fraternity in a roar; nor can he escape, *even though he should fly to the nobility for shelter.*” *Citizen of the World*, Letter lxxv. The sarcasm of this may be forgiven, since Goldsmith showed always an honest and high-minded dislike of all coarseness, all approach to even sensual allusions, in his own writings; but why blockhead? except indeed in the sense that the man who resorts to such, may be held so far to open himself to the imputation expressed by Roscommon’s couplet, so often given to Pope,—

“Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.”

together with more playful wit, or a more tender sweetness. Fielding's majestic major, who will hear of nothing less than the honour and dignity of a man, and is caught in an old woman's bedgown warming his sick sister's posset, is not a nobler specimen of manhood than the one; Steele's friend at the trumpet club, that very insignificant fellow but exceeding gracious, who has but a bare subsistence yet is always promising to introduce you into the world, who answers to matters of no consequence with great circumspection, maintains an insolent benevolence to all whom he has to do with, and will desire one of ten times his substance to let him see him sometimes, hinting that he does not forget him, is not more delicious in his vanity than the other. The country ramble of the Man in Black, wherein, to accompaniment of the most angry invective, he performs acts of the most exquisite charity; where with harsh loud voice he denounces the poor, while with wistful compassionate face he relieves them; where, by way of detecting imposture, he domineeringly buys a shilling's worth of matches, receives the astonished beggar's whole bundle and blessing, and, intimating that he has taken in the seller and shall make money of his bargain, bestows them next moment on a tramper with an objurcation; is surely never to be read unmoved. For Beau Tibbs, who has not laughed at and loved him, from the first sorry glimpse of his faded finery? * Who has not felt, in the airs of wealth and grandeur with

* "His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist;

thorough enjoyment, which all the real wealth might have purchased cheaply? What would his friends Lords Muddler and Crump, the Duchess of Piccadilly or the Countess of Allnight, have given for it? Gladly, for but a tithe of it, might the lords have put up with his two shirts, and uncomplainingly the ladies assisted Mrs. Tibbs, and her sweet pretty daughter Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia, in seeing them through the wash-tub. It is an elegant little dinner he talks of giving his friend, with bumpers of wine, a turbot, an ortolan, and what not: but who would not as soon have had the smart bottled-beer which was all he had to give, with the nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping-hot, and dressed with a little of Mrs. Tibbs's own sauce which "his grace" was so fond of? It is supposed that this exquisite sketch had a living original in one of Goldsmith's casual acquaintance; a person named Thornton, once in the army.

This is not improbable, any more than that the beau's two shirts might have been copied from Goldsmith's own; for everywhere throughout the Letters actual incidents appear, and the "fairy tale" of the prince and the white mouse had an origin whimsical as the story itself. Mr. Newbery's two guineas a-week would seem to have attracted weekly levies, in a double sense, from Grub-street (when was there ever a good-natured Irishman with five shillings in his pocket, and any lack of Irish hangers-on to share the spoil?), at which Pilkington, son of the notorious Lætitia, was most assiduous. But with other than his usual begging aspect, he appeared in Green Arbour Court one day; for good luck had dawned

ready to offer the most extravagant price for. Aware of her grace's weakness, he had long ago implored of a friend going out to India to procure him, if possible, two white mice, and here they were actually arrived; they were in the river at that moment, having come by an Indiaman, now in the docks; and the small sum, to which allusion had been made, was all that now stood between Jack Pilkington and independence for life! Yes; all he wanted was two guineas, to buy a cage for the creatures sufficiently handsome to be received by a duchess;—but what was to be done, for Goldsmith had only half a guinea? The anxious client then pointed to a watch, with which his poor patron (indulging in a luxury which Johnson did not possess till he was sixty) had lately enriched himself; deferentially suggested one week's loan as a solution of the difficulty; and carried it off.* And though Goldsmith never again had tidings of either, or of

* Cooke tells the story as one which Goldsmith used himself to tell very humourously; informing us, however, that even Goldsmith's credulity could not be at first imposed upon by so preposterous a flim. But Jack was prepared for the worst, and he instantly produced his friend's letter advising of the shipping of the white mice, their size, qualities, &c. which so entirely convinced the Doctor of the fact, that he wished him joy of it. “‘How much will a cage cost?’ said Goldsmith, upon this. ‘About *two guineas*,’ replied Pilkington. ‘In truth, Jack, “then you're out of luck, for I have got but half-a-guinea in the world.” ‘Ay, “but my dear Doctor,” continues Pilkington, “you have got a watch, and though “I would rather die than propose such an indelicacy upon any other occasion than “the present, if you could let me have that, I could pawn it across the way for “two guineas, and be able to repay you, with heartfelt gratitude, in a few days.” This last bait took poor Goldsmith fully on the hook; he confidently gave him “his watch, which he was some months after obliged to take up himself, without “hearing anything more of his friend or the success of his white mice. The Doctor “used to tell this story with some humour, and never without an eulogium on the “ingenuity of Pilkington, who could take him in after such experience of his “shifts and contrivances.” *European Magazine*, xxiv. 259-60.

“ P—lk—g—on was endeavouring to raise money,”—yet a messenger, not long afterwards, carried to the poor starving creature’s death-bed “ a guinea from Mr. Goldsmith.”

The same journal (by the favour of an old friend, Kenrick) described for the public at the same time an amusing adventure in White-conduit gardens, of which no other than “ Mr. G—d—th ” himself was the hero. Strolling through that scene of humble holiday, he seems to have met the wife and two daughters of an honest tradesman who had done him some service, and invited them to tea; but after much enjoyment of the innocent repast, he discovered a want of money to discharge the bill, and had to undergo some ludicrous annoyances, and entertain his friends at other expense than he had bargained for, before means were found for his release. Another contemporary anecdote reverses this picture a little, and exhibits him paymaster, at the Chapter-coffee-house, for Churchill’s friend Charles Lloyd, who in his careless way, without a shilling to pay for the entertainment, had invited him to sup with some friends of Grub-street.* A third incident of the same date presents

* Cooke tells this story pleasantly enough, and I think it worth quoting, with some obvious and unimportant corrections rendered necessary by its date. “ Goldsmith sitting one morning at the Chapter-coffee-house, Lloyd came up to him “ with great frankness, and asked him how he did? Goldsmith, who certainly “ was a very modest man, seeing a stranger accost him so intimately, shrunk back “ a little, and returned his inquiries with an air of distant civility. ‘ Pho ! pho ! ’ “ says Lloyd, ‘ my name is Lloyd, and you are Mr. Goldsmith, and, though not “ ‘ formally introduced to one another, we should be acquainted as brother poets and “ ‘ literary men ; therefore, without any ceremony, will you sup with me this “ ‘ evening at this house, where you will meet half-a-dozen honest fellows, who, “ ‘ I think, will please you.’ Goldsmith, who admired the frankness of the “ introduction, immediately accepted. The party, which principally consisted of

“ Why, sir,” said Johnson laughing, when Boswell told some years later of a different kind of fracas in which his friend had been engaged, “ I believe it is the first time he has *beat* ; he may have been *beaten* before. This, sir, is a new plume to him.” If the somewhat doubtful surmise of the beating be correct, the scene of it was Blackwell’s Hall, and if (a surmise still more doubtful) the story Hawthorne tells about the trick played off by Roubiliac, which like all such tricks tells against both the parties to it, be also correct, this was the time when it happened. The “ little ” sculptor, as he is called in the Chinese Letters, being a familiar acquaintance, and fond of music, Goldsmith would play the flute for him ; and to such assumed delight on the part of his listener did he do this one day, that Roubiliac, protesting he must copy the air upon the spot, took up a sheet of paper, scored a few lines and spaces (the form of the notes being, as he knew of the matter), and with random blotches pretended to take down the tune as repeated by the good-natured musician ; while gravely, and with great attention, Goldsmith surveying these musical hieroglyphics, “ said they were
“ very correct, and that if he had not seen him do it

“ his voice was heard rather loud in the adjoining passage, in conversation with
“ the master of the house. Goldsmith immediately flew to his new friend
“ to inquire what was the matter ; when he found Lloyd in vain attempting to
“ to an understanding with the landlord, who, protesting that already he had
“ more than 14*l*, swore that nothing should induce him to take either his
“ or his note for the reckoning. ‘ Pho ! pho ! ’ says Goldsmith, ‘ my dear
“ ‘ let’s have no more words about the matter, ’tis not the first time a gentleman
“ ‘ wanted cash ; will you accept *my* word for the reckoning ? ’ The landlord
“ assented. ‘ Why then,’ says Lloyd, whispering to him and forgetting his
“ animosities, ‘ send in another cast of wine and add it to the bill.’

town upon his friends, yet with an innocent conceit of attending to the science of music, gives great delight to Joseph Hawkins, as a learned historian of crotchets and revers. It seems more than probable, notwithstanding, that there is not a syllable of truth in the story.*

He passed the thoughtless life of Goldsmith in his first year of success: if so may be called the scanty pittance which served to expose his foibles, but not to protect him from their consequence. So may his life be read in these columns to the *Public Ledger*; and still with the comment of pleasure and instruction for others, though at the cost of suffering to himself. His habits as well as thoughts are in harmony. He is at the theatre, enjoying Garrick's *Abel Druggier* and laughing at all who call it "low;" a little tired of *Polly Macheath*; † not at all interested by the famous and

I quote an address "to the Philological Society of London," on Sir John Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, published in May 1787. "The writer of this is acquainted with a gentleman who knew Goldsmith well, and has often requested him to play different pieces from music which he laid before him; and this, Goldsmith has done with accuracy and precision, while the gentleman, who is himself musical, looked over him; a circumstance utterly impossible, if we admit the foolish story related by Sir John Hawkins of Roubiliac's imposition on Goldsmith." Nor can I help thinking that this explicit contradiction is strongly sanctioned by his essay on the different schools of music (written for Smollett's magazine in 1760), and still more by the notes which ("in so much respect were his talents then held, though he had not obtained celebrity, but lived in an obscure lodging in Green Arbour Court," &c.) Smollett permitted him to append as a remonstrance of a correspondent against that essay. The notes (*Miscell.* vol. i. 176) possess great merit, and show a larger amount of knowledge in ready use than Goldsmith generally was able to display.

The allusion, however, implies no envy of the popularity of this piece of fine wit, as unfriendly critics have implied. The complaint expressly is that singing women, instead of singing for the public, should be allowed to "sing at each other," and nothing but the same song. "What! Polly and the Pick-

his way home after all is over, through a hundred obstacles from coach-wheels and palanquin-poles, "like a bird in flight through the branches of a forest." He is a visitor to the humble pot-house clubs, whose follies and enjoyments he moralises with touching pleasantry. "Were I to be angry at men for being fools, I could here have found a room for declamation; but, alas! I have been angry at myself, and why should I be angry with them for being so something so natural to every child of humanity." In sparing historian of this folly of his own, he conceals his imprudence as little as his poverty; and his kind heart has not the choice to conceal. Everywhere it betrays itself. In hours of depression, recalling the disastrous fate of genius, and "mighty poets in their misery dead;

"pocket to-night, Polly and the Pickpocket to-morrow night, and Polly and the Pickpocket again! I want patience. I will hear no more." Goldsmith took part whatever in a graver outcry which was afterwards levelled against the masterpiece, and which at last, the year before his death, took the form of an application from the magistrates of Bow-street to request the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden "not to exhibit this opera, deeming it productive of no chief to society." Peake's *Memoirs of the Colmans*; i. 317.

* All the tumblers, he says, with a sarcastic humour that may be forgiven in his garret, "from the wonderful dog of knowledge, at present under the patronage of the nobility, down to the man with the box, who professes to be 'the best imitation of nature that was ever seen,' they all live in luck." "A singing-woman shall collect subscriptions in her own coach-and-six; and a clown shall make a fortune by tossing a straw from his toe to his nose; one in particular has found that eating fire was the most ready way to live; and another, who has gingles several bells fixed to his cap, is the only man that I know of who has received emolument from the labours of his head." Letter xlv. The chief encouragement, now-a-days, Goldsmith had before remarked bitterly—and how since has the same thought occurred to a struggling man of letters!—lies not in the head, but in the heels. "One who jumps up and flourishes his toe ten times before he comes to the ground, may have three hundred a year; another flourishes them four times, gets four hundred; but he who arrives at the ground in the first place, is inestimable and may demand what salary he thinks proper. The

warning them of the danger of despising each other; and, in rarer periods of perfect self-reliance, rising to a lofty superiority above the temporary accidents around him, asserting the power and claims of men of letters, and denouncing the short-sightedness of statesmen. "Instead
" of complaining that writers are over-paid, when their works
" procure them a bare subsistence, I should imagine it the
" duty of a state, not only to encourage their numbers, but
" their industry. . . Whatever be the motives which induce
" men to write, whether avarice or fame, the country becomes
" most wise and happy, in which they most serve for
" instructors. The countries where sacerdotal instruction
" alone is permitted, remain in ignorance, superstition, and
" hopeless slavery. In England, where there are as many
" new books published as in all the rest of Europe together, a
" spirit of freedom and reason reigns among the people: they
" have been often known to act like fools, they are generally
" found to think like men."* At the close of the same paper
he rises into a pathetic eloquence while pleading for those
who have thus served and instructed England; men "whom
" nature has blest with talents above the rest of mankind;
" men capable of thinking with precision, and impressing
" their thoughts with rapidity; beings who diffuse those
" regards upon mankind, which others contract and settle
" upon themselves. These deserve every honour from that
" community of which they are more peculiarly the children;
" to such I would give my heart, since to them I am indebted
" for its humanity!" In another letter the subject is more

“ assistance, they have now no other patrons but the public
“ and the public, collectively considered, is a good and
“ generous master. It is, indeed, too frequently mistaken
“ as to the merits of every candidate for favour ; but to
“ amend, it is never mistaken long. . . A man of letters
“ present, whose works are valuable, is perfectly sensible
“ of their value. Every polite member of the community
“ is buying what he writes, contributes to reward him.
“ The ridicule, therefore, of living in a garret, might have
“ been true in the last age, but continues such no longer, be-
“ cause no longer true.” *

The quiet composure of this passage exhibits the healthy
aspect of his mind. Bookseller and public are confronted
calmly, and the consequences fairly challenged. It is in-
very obvious, at the close of this first year of the *Edinburgh*
Ledger, that increasing opportunities of employment (to
nothing of the constant robbery of his writings by periodical
magazine-men) were really teaching him his value,
suggesting hopes he had not earlier dared to entertain.
He resumed his connection with the *Lady's Magazine*,
became its editor : publishing in it, among other writings
known and unknown, what he had written of his *Letters to*
Voltaire ; and retiring from its editorship at the close of the
year, when he had raised its circulation (if Mr. Warton's
advertisements are to be believed) to three thousand
hundred. He continued his contributions, meanwhile, to the
British Magazine ; from which he was not wholly separated
till two months before poor Smollett, pining for the land,
his only daughter, went upon the continent (in 1763)

English Poets alphabetically displayed;† and he gave some papers (among them a *Life of Christ* and *Lives of the Fathers*, re-published with his name, in shilling pamphlets, a few months after his death) to a so-called *Christian Magazine*, undertaken by Newbery in connection with the macaroni parson Dodd, and conducted by that villainous pretender as an organ of fashionable divinity.

It seems to follow as of course upon these engagements, that the room in Green Arbour Court should at last be exchanged for one of greater comfort. He had left that place in the later months of 1760, and gone into what were called respectable lodgings in Wine Office Court, Fleet-street. The house belonged to a relative of Newbery's, and he occupied two rooms in it for nearly two years.

* Of course these prefaces were always strictly taskwork. To seek to connect them in any way with the work prefaced, would be generally labour in vain. The moral of them is in a remark of Johnson's, when Boswell, admiring greatly his preface to *Rolt's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce*, asked him whether he knew much of Rolt and of his work. "Sir," said Johnson, "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." *Boswell*, ii. 125.

† Mr. Crossley possesses a copy of this selection, which is rare and very little known, and says of it (*Notes and Queries*, v. 534) that "the preface is evidently "written by Goldsmith, and with his usual elegance and spirit; and the selection "which follows is one of the best that has ever yet been made."

CHAPTER V.



FELLOWSHIP WITH JOHNSON.

1761-1762.

1761.
Æt. 33.

A CIRCUMSTANCE occurred in the new abode of which Goldsmith had now taken possession in Wine Office Court, which must have endeared it always to his remembrance ; but more deeply associated with the wretched habitation he had left behind him in Green Arbour Court, were days of a most forlorn misery as well as of a manly resolution, and, round that beggarly dwelling (" the shades," as he used to call it in the more prosperous aftertime), and all connected with it, there crowded to the last the kindest memories of his gentle and true nature. Thus, when bookseller Davies tells us, after his death, how tender and compassionate he was ; how no unhappy person ever sued to him for relief without obtaining it, if he had anything to give ; and how he would borrow, rather than not relieve the distressed,—he adds that " the poor woman with whom he had lodged during his " obscurity, several years in Green Arbour Court, by his " death lost an excellent friend ; for the Doctor often supplied her with food from his own table, and visited her " frequently, with the sole purpose to be kind to her." * As

they had probably met before. I have shown how recently the thoughts of Goldsmith vibrated to that great street figure of independence and manhood, which, in a person not remarkable for either, was undoubtedly presented to the person of the author of the *English Dictionary*. One of the last Chinese Letters had again alluded to the "Ansons and Smolletts" as veritable poets, though they had never made a verse in their whole lives; and in the earliest greetings of the new essay-writer, I suspect Johnson's would be found. The opinion expressed in his famous question of a few years later ("Is there a man, sir, now, who can pen an essay with such ease and elegance as Goldsmith?"*) he was not the man to wait for the world to come to him. Himself connected with Newbery, and engaged in the same occupation, the new adventurer wanted his helping hand, and would be therefore sure to have it; nor, if it had been a hearty one, is Mr. Percy likely to have busied himself to bring about the present meeting. It was arranged at a learned dinner; and this was the first time, he says, he had seen them together. The day fixed was the 31st of December 1761, and Goldsmith gave a supper in Wine Office Lane in honour of his visitor.

Percy called to take up Johnson at Inner Temple Lane, and found him, to his great astonishment, in a marked contrast of studied neatness; without his rusty brown suit or stained shirt, his loose knee-breeches, his unbuckled shoes, his old little shrivelled unpowdered wig; and not at all

Doctor Farr was dining with Reynolds the year before Goldsmith's death,

scenes on the first of the nine nights of *Irene*, in a scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, and rich gold-laced hat. In fact, says Percy, " he had on a new suit of clothes, a new wig nicely powdered, and everything about him so perfectly dissimilar from his usual habits and appearance, that his companion could not help enquiring the cause of this singular transformation. 'Why, sir,' said Johnson, 'I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and 'I am desirous this night to show him a better example.' "* The example was not lost, as extracts from tailors' bills will shortly show; and the anecdote, which offers pleasant proof of the interest already felt by Johnson for his new acquaintance, is our only record connected with that memorable supper. It had no Boswell-historian, and is gone into oblivion. But the friendship which dates from it will never pass away.

* *Percy Memoir*, 62, 63. Campbell, writing to Percy about this anecdote when arranging the Memoir, says, "The anecdote of Johnson I had recollected, but had forgot that it was at Goldsmith's you were to sup. The story of the *Valet de Chambre* will, as Lord Bristol says, fill the basket of his absurdities; and "really we may have a hamper full of them." *Nichols's Illustrations*, vii. 780. Unfortunately the anecdote of the *Valet de Chambre* has not emerged. To another anecdote, also unluckily lost, Campbell refers in a previous letter to Percy (*Ibid.*, 779). "One thing, however, I could wish, if it met your approbation, that "I had before me some hints respecting the affair of Goldsmith and Perrot: it "may, without giving offence, be related; at least so as to embellish the work, "by showing more of Goldsmith's character, which he himself has fairly drawn: "fond of enjoying the present, careless of the future, his sentiments those of a "man of sense, his actions those of a fool; of fortitude able to stand unmoved "at the bursting of an earthquake, yet of sensibility to be affected by the breaking "of a tea-cup." To which, in a later letter (781) this is added: "Your sketch of Sir Richard Perrot will come in as an episode towards the conclusion, "with good effect; but there, neither that nor anything that can sully, shall "appear as coming from you." So the Perrot anecdote is also lost, and the basket

London among the booksellers."* The booksellers were little mark in Milton's days; but the presence of such among them began a social change important to both, not ill expressed in an incident of the days I am ribing, when Horace Walpole met the wealthy representative of the profits of *Paradise Lost* at a great party at the baker's, while Johnson was appealing to public charity the last destitute descendant of Milton. But from the existing compact between trade and letters, the popular ment could not wholly be excluded; and, to even the poorest drudge, hope was a part of it. From the loopholes of Paternoster Row, he could catch glimpses of the world. Churchill had emerged, and Sterne, for a few brief years; but that Johnson had sunk into idleness, he might have been reaping a harvest more continuous than theirs, and yet dependent on the trade. Drudgery is not good, but idleness and falsehood are worse; and it had become plain to Goldsmith, even since the days of the *Enquiry*, how much easier it was for men of letters to live by the labour of their hands till more original labour became popular with trading patrons, than to wait with their hands across, as Johnson contemptuously described it, till great men came to feed them.† Whatever the call that Newbery or any other

Goldsmith's *Milton*, vii. 176-7. And see Aubrey's *Letters and Lives*, ii. 285, 440. the "infamous Gill" whose "railing rhymes" against himself Ben Jonson so much reason bitterly abuses. See them in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses* (1813) ii, 597-8; but incorrectly attributed to Gill's father, whom he succeeded as minister of St. Paul's.

On occasions for observing with what cheerful acquiescence Goldsmith hereafter entered these relations of author and bookseller, will frequently occur. According

attracted to his Chinese Letters; and that he was slaving altogether without hope.

1762.
Æt. 34.

His first undertaking in 1762 was a pamphlet on the C Lane Ghost, for which Newbery paid him three guineas but whether, with Johnson, he thought the impudent posture worth grave enquiry; or, with Hogarth, turned wise purposes of satire; or only laughed at it, as Churchill did; the pamphlet has not with certainty survived to inform us.* His next labour, which has been attributed to him the authority of "several personal acquaintances,"† was a revision of a *History of Mechlenburgh from the first settlement of the Vandals in that country*, which the settlement of young Queen Charlotte in this country was expected to make popular; and for which, according to his ordinary rates of payment, he would have received £20. This must have been that first great advance "in a lump" which seemed to his monied inexperience a sum so enormous as to require the grandest schemes for disposing of it.‡ After a subsequent payment of £10, he assisted Newbery with the *Art of Poetry on a New Plan*, or in other words, a compilation of poetical extracts; and concurrently with Mr. Newbery begged leave to offer to the young gentleman

* A pamphlet on the subject published by Bristow, who was a neighbour of Newbery's and with whom he had occasional connexion, has been assumed to be the one for which Goldsmith was paid; and Mr. Crossley, who possesses a copy of the pamphlet, says (*Notes and Queries*, v. 77) that he thinks the beginning and conclusion, "though evidently written in haste, are not without manner," "Goldsmith's serious and playful manner." Of course all this can only be conjecture, but it is at the least very unlikely that Newbery should have deigned to issue what he had consented to pay Goldsmith for writing; and that Bristow should have published for him in writing something so trivial as the *History of Mechlenburgh*.

ant and modern, who are most worthy of their esteem and
 tion, and most likely to inspire their minds with a love of
 e; for which offering to the juvenile mind, beginning with
 ridgment of Plutarch, he was to pay Goldsmith at the
 of about eight pounds a volume. The volumes were brief,
 hed monthly, and meant to have gone through many
 s if the scheme had thriven; but it fell before Dilly's
sh Plutarch, and perished with the seventh volume.

r did it run without danger even this ignoble career.
 ss fell upon the compiler in the middle of the fifth
 ne. "Dear Sir," he wrote to Newbery, "As I have
 n out of order for some time past, and am still not
 te recovered, the fifth volume of Plutarch's Lives
 mains unfinished. I fear I shall not be able to do it
 ess there be an actual necessity, and that none else can
 found. If therefore you would send it to Mr. Collier,
 should esteem it a kindness, and I will pay for whatever
 may come to. N.B. I received twelve guineas for the
 volumes. I am, Sir, Your obliged, humble servant,
 RVER GOLDSMITH. Pray let me have an answer." The
 er was not favourable. Twelve guineas had been ad-
 ed, the two volumes were due, and Mr. Collier, though
 genious man, was not Mr. Goldsmith. "Sir," returned
 utter coldly, "One volume *is* done, namely the fourth.
 en I said I should be glad Mr. Collier would do
 fifth for me, I only demanded it as a favour; but if
 cannot conveniently do it, though I have kept my
 mber these three weeks, and am not quite recovered,

learned, Newbery himself, Mr. Collier, to whom a share of the pittance advanced of course to be returned.*

These paltry advances are a hopeless entanglement. To bar freedom of judgment on anything proposed, and even to feel it to be impossible. Some days, some weeks perhaps have been lost in idleness or illness; the future becomes a mortgage to the past; every hour has its want, forestalled upon the labour of the succeeding hour; and Gulliver is bound in Lilliput. "Sir," said Johnson, who had extensive experience on this head, "you may escape a heavy debt, but not a small one. Small debts are like small shot; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound. Great debts are like cannon, of which there is but little noise but little danger."†

Mention of Goldsmith's illness now frequently recurs. It originated in the habits of his London life, contrasted with the activity and movement they had replaced; and the remedy prescribed was change of scene, if change of life were impossible. He is to be traced in this year to Tunbridge and Bath; I find him known to Mr. Wood, whose solid and tasteful architecture was ennobling the latter city; and the notice of Mr. Newbery's pithy acknowledgments is connected with those brief residences, where the *improbis labor* had failed to follow him. "Received from Mr. Newbery on different times, and for which gave receipts, four

* *Prior*, i. 391—393. Mr. Newbery's grandson appears to have collected such papers as he could find of his grandfather's, throwing light on Goldsmith's connexion with him; and to these I shall have frequent occasion to refer.

Newbery MSS.

rated Beau had suggested a subject, which, with
ents in its comedy of manners that recommended it to
of wit in our own day, had some to recommend it to
smith. The king of fashion had at least the oddity of a
; and sufficient harmlessness, not to say usefulness, to
e him original among heroes and kings. It is a clever
; and as one examines the original edition with its 234
ly pages, still not uncommon on the book-stalls, it
ars quite a surprising performance for fourteen guineas.
ame was on the title page;* but the writer, whose powers
so various and performance so felicitous, "that he
rays seemed to do best that which he was doing," finds
fficult not to reveal his name. The preface was dis-
ngly written. That a man who had diffused society
made manners more cheerful and refined, should have
as to attention from his own age, while his pains in
uing pleasure, and his solemnity in adjusting trifles,
a claim to even a smile from posterity, was so set forth
reassure the stateliest reader; and if somewhat thrown
by the biographer's bolder announcement in the open-
f his book, that a page of Montaigne or Colley Cibber
orth more than the most grandiose memoirs of "im-
ortal statesmen already forgotten," he had but to remem-
after how many years of uninterrupted power the old
e of Newcastle had just resigned, to think that as grave

avies and others speak of the book as Goldsmith's, which it was generally
to be at the time; Percy of course assigns it to him in the *Memoir* (63);
e cleverness of its treatment, with its touches of "knavish subtleties and
punctious visitings" in the letter of the highway rogue, Poulter *alias* Baxter,

in truth the book is neither unimpaired nor unimpaired
and it is difficult not to connect some points of the biographer's own history with its oddly mixed anecdotes of silliness and shrewdness, taste and tawdriness, blossom-colored coats and gambling debts, vanity, carelessness, and generous heartedness. The latter quality in its hero was foiled by a want of prudence which deprived it of half its value: the extenuation is so frequently and so earnestly set forth in connexion with the fault, as, with what we now know of the writer, to convey a sort of uneasy personal reference. Remembering, indeed, that what we know now was not known then, but even waiting for what remained of Coleridge's life to develop and call it forth, this *Life of Coleridge* is in some respects a curious, and was probably an unconscious, revelation of character. Hitherto careless of his wardrobe, and unknown to the sartorial books of William Filby, he gravely discusses the mechanical and moral influence of dress, in the exaction of respect and esteem. Quite ignorant, as yet, of his own position among the remarkable men of his time, he dwells strongly on the class of impulsive virtues, which, in a man otherwise distinguished, are more adapted to win friends than admiration, and more capable of raising love than esteem. A stranger still to the London whist table, even to the moderate extent in which he subsequently sought its excitement and reward, he sets forth with singular pains the temptation of a man who has "led a life of expedients and thanked chance for his support," to become a stranger to prudence, and to go back to chance for those "vicissitudes of rapture

though very poor, was very fine, and spread out the little gold he had as thinly and far as it would go,* but whose poverty was the more to be regretted, that it denied him the indulgence not only of his favourite follies, but of his favourite virtues; who had pity for every creature's distress, but wanted prudence in the application of his benefits, and in whom this ill-controlled sensibility was so strong, that, unable to witness the misfortunes of the miserable, he was always borrowing money to relieve them; who had notwithstanding done a thousand good things, and whose greatest vice was vanity.† The self-painted picture will appear more striking as this narrative proceeds; and it would seem to have the same sort of unconscious relation to the future, that one of Nash's friends is mentioned in the book to have gone by the name of The Good-natured Man. Nor should I omit the casual evidence of acquaintanceship between its hero and his biographer that occurs in a lively notice of the three periods of amatory usage which the beau's long life had witnessed, and in which not only had flaxen bobs been succeeded by majors, and negligents been routed by bags and ramilies, but the modes of making love had varied as much as the periwigs. "The only way to make "love *now*, I have heard Mr. Nash say, was to take no "manner of notice of the lady."‡

* *Life*, 9, 14. The passage suggests the original of Beau Tibbs.

† *Life*, 104-119.

‡ *Life*, 75. "*I have known him*," he remarks in another passage, "on a ball-night "strip even the dutchess of Q——, and throw her apron at one of the hinder "benches among the ladies' women; observing that none but Abigails appeared in

book-purchases were never abundant; though better able to afford them now than at any previous time, for the Minister this year had seen a change in his fortunes. Bute's peevishness to his Scottish crew showing meaner than ever in Churchill's daring verse, it occurred to the shrewd and wary Walpole (whose sister had married the favourite's most intimate friend) to advise, for a set-off, that Samuel Johnson should be pensioned. Of all the wits at the Grecian or the Bedford, Arthur Murphy, who had been some months fighting the *North Briton* with the *Auditor*, and was now watching the Courts at Westminster preparatory to his first circuit the following year, was best known to Bute's rising laureate, and Arthur was sent to Johnson. It was an "abominable" "wretchedness," said this messenger of glad tidings, describing on his return those rooms of Inner Temple Lane which a visitor of some months before had found the author of the *Rambler* and *Rasselas*, now fifty-three years old, without pen, ink, or paper, "in poverty, total idleness, and the want of literature." Yet great as was the poverty, and gloomy as the tidings, a shade passed over Johnson's face. After a short pause, "he asked if it was seriously intended." Undoubtedly His majesty, to reward literary merit, and with no

"white aprons . . . and the good-natured dutchess acquiesced in his censures. I cannot help adding one more passage of very unconscious and most self-revelation. "The business of love somewhat resembles the business of a lawyer; no matter for qualifications, he that makes vigorous pretensions to the surest of success. Nature had by no means favoured Mr. Nash for the part of Garçon; his person was clumsy, too large, and awkward, and his features too strong, and peculiarly irregular; yet, even with these disadvantages, his love, became an universal admirer, and was universally admired."

ough the premier his pleasure to grant to Samuel
nson three hundred pounds a year. "He fell into a
profound meditation, and his own definition of a pensioner
occurred to him." He was told that "he, at least, did not
come within the definition;" but it was not till after dinner
at Murphy at the Mitre on the following day, that he
consented to wait on Bute and accept the proffered bounty.*

He was pensioned with the fraudulent and contemptible
Johnstone, so lately pilloried for a Jacobite libel on the Re-
vocation of '88; to find himself in the same Bute-list with a
Scotch court-architect, with a Scotch court-painter, with the
famous David Mallet, and with Johnny Home, must have
wounded Sam Johnson's pride a little; and when, in a few
months, as author of another *English Dictionary*, old
Johnson the actor received two hundred a year (because his
theatre had suffered in the Dublin riots, pleaded Wedder-
burne; because he had gone to Edinburgh to teach Bute's
sons to talk English, said Wilkes), it had become very
plain to him that Lord Bute knew nothing of literature.
But he had compromised no independence in the course he
pursued, and might afford to laugh at the outcry which followed.
"I wish my pension were twice as large, sir," he said after-
wards at Davies's, "that they might make twice as much
noise."†

But Davies was now grown into so much importance, and
his shop was a place so often memorable for the persons
who met there, that more must be said of both in a new
chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

INTRODUCTIONS AT TOM DAVIES'S.

1762.

1762. THOMAS DAVIES, ex-performer of Drury Lane, and no
Æt. 34. lisher and bookseller of Russell-street, Covent Garden,
now (with his "very pretty wife") left the stage and
wholly to bookselling, which he had recently, and
second time, attempted to combine with acting. The
put a final extinguisher on his theatrical existence.* He
afterwards mouthed a sentence in one of the king
heavy parts he was in the habit of playing, that Church
image of cur and bone did not confuse the sentence
followed; his eye never fell upon any prominent
in the front row of the pit, that he did not trem
fancy it the brawny person of Churchill. What he th
in self-possession, Garrick meanwhile lost in tempo
matters came to a breach, in which Johnson, being a
to, took part against Garrick, as he was seldom dis
to do. Pretty Mrs. Davies may have helped his inc
here; for when seized with his old moody abstraction

* The rev. Mr. Granger mentions the most interesting fact in it. "he acted at the theatre in the Haymarket, where he was the first to

what it might, the pompous little bibliopole never afterwards lost favour; and it became as natural for men interested in Johnson, or those who clustered round him, to repair to Davies's the bookseller in Russell-street, as for those who wanted to hear of George Selwyn, Lord March, or Lord Carlisle, to call at Betty's the fruiterer in St. James's-street.

A frequent visitor was Goldsmith; his thick, short, clumsy figure, and his awkward though genial manners, oddly contrasting with Mr. Percy's, precise, reserved, and stately. The high-bred and courtly Beauclerc might deign to saunter in. Often would be seen there, the broad fat face of Foote, with wicked humour flashing from the eye; and sometimes the mild long face of Bennet Langton, filled with humanity and gentleness. There had Goldsmith met a rarer visitor, the bland and gracious Reynolds, soon after his first introduction to him, a few months back, in Johnson's chambers; and there would even Warburton drive on some proud business of his own, in his equipage "besprinkled with mitres," after calling on Garrick in Southampton-street. For Garrick himself, it was perhaps the only place of meeting he cared to avoid, in that neighbourhood which had so profited and been gladdened by his genius; in which his name was oftener resounded than that of any other human being; and throughout which, we are told, there was a fondness for him, that, as his sprightly figure passed along, "darted electrically from "shop to shop." What the great actor said some years later, indeed, he already seems to have fancied: that "he believed

quite a patron of the players;* affected the insides as well as the outsides of books; became a critic, pronounced upon poets and actors,† and discussed themes of scholarship; informed upon everyone his experiences of the Edinburgh university, which he attended as a youth; and when Goldsmith and Steevens called one day to buy the *Oxford Homer*, which he had seen tossing about upon his shelves, was told by the modest bookseller that he had but one, and kept it for his own reading.‡

Poor Goldsmith's pretensions, as yet, were small in the scale of such conceit; he being but the best of the class of writers, not the less bound on that account to unrepealing drudgery, somewhat awkward in his manners, and laudable at for a careless implicity. Such was the character of

* Beauclerc, on being told by Boswell that Davies had elapped Moody the other day on the back to encourage him, remarked that "he could not conceive a more flattering situation than to be elapped on the back by Tom Davies." *Life*, i. 176.

† Pray, when you see Davies, the bookseller," writes Garriek to Colman (April 12, 1766), "assure him that I bear him not the least malice; he is told I do, for having mentioned the vulgarisms in *The Clandestine Marriage*; and, that I may convince him that all is well between us, I know that I was well assured that he wrote his criticism before he had seen my play. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*" *Memoirs of the Colmans*, i. 181.

‡ Steevens to Garriek, *Correspondence*, i. 608. In another letter (i. 610) Steevens protests to Garriek that Tom continues "to the full as much as ever his own shop as ever he was on your stage. When he was on the stage, leaving the theatre he most certainly stole some copper diadem from a shop; he put it in his pocket. He has worn it ever since." So too Johnson, in a well worth quoting, when Boswell mentioned to him the fact of Davies protesting he could not sleep for thinking of a certain sad affair: "'A man sleeping, sir, Tom Davies is a very great man; Tom has been upon the stage, and knows how to do those things; I have not been upon the stage, and do not know how to do those things.' BOSWELL: 'I have often blamed myself, sir, for not doing those things for others as sensibly as many say they do.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, don't be de-

in later life. Only Johnson saw into that life as yet, or could measure what the past had been to him; and few so well as Goldsmith had reason to know the great heart which beat so gently under those harsh manners. The friendship of Johnson was his first relish of fame; he repaid it with affection and deference of no ordinary kind; and so commonly were they seen together, now that Johnson's change of fortune brought him more into the world, that when a puppet-caricature of the Idler was threatened this summer by the Haymarket Aristophanes, the Citizen of the World was to be a puppet too. "What is the common price of an oak stick, sir?" asked Johnson, when he heard of it. "Sixpence," answered Davies. "Why then, sir, 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."* The *Orators* came out without the

* *Boswell*, v. 232, 3. Johnson's offence to Foote was reported from Garrick's dinner-table, at which, on the occasion of a Christmas party (1760) with Burke, the Wartons, Murphy, and others, after hearing that somebody in Dublin had thought it "worth while" to horsewhip the modern Aristophanes, he had said he was glad "the man was rising in the world." Foote in return gave out that he would in a short time produce the Caliban of literature on the stage. Being informed of this design, Johnson sent word to Foote, that, the theatre being intended for the reformation of vice, he would go from the boxes on the stage, and correct him before the audience. "Foote abandoned the design. No ill-will ensued. Johnson used to say that for broad-faced mirth, Foote had not his equal." See an article in the *Monthly Review* (lxxvi. 374), one of a series admirably written, I suspect by Murphy. Since I threw out this suggestion, I have found several passages from these reviews reproduced in Murphy's *Essay* on Johnson, and among them the notice of the Christmas-day dinner at Garrick's (55). Let me not here omit what Johnson so admirably said of Foote, in talking of him to Boswell a few years later. BOSWELL. "Foote has a great deal of humour." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir." BOSWELL.

occasion, and obliged to sit down in confusion;* but till
Trick went away to succeed Beau Nash at Bath, he
was to have continued his visits, and even spoken occa-
sionally; for he figures in a flattering account of the
members published at about this time, as "a good orator
and candid disputant, with a clear head and an honest heart,
though coming but seldom to the society." The honest
fact was worn upon his sleeve, whatever his society might

He could not even visit the three Cherokees, whom all
the world were at this time visiting, without leaving the savage
without a trace of it. He gave them some "trifle" they did
not look for; and so did the gift, or the manner of it,

"The great room of the society now mentioned," says Doctor Kippis, at the
close of his memoir of Mr. Gilbert Cooper, and referring to the Society of Arts,
"for several years the place where many persons chose to try, or to display,
their oratorical abilities. Doctor Goldsmith, I remember, made an attempt at a
speech, but was obliged to sit down in confusion. I once heard Doctor Johnson
speak there, upon a subject relating to mechanics, with a propriety, perspicuity,
and energy which excited general admiration." *Biog. Brit.* (new edit.) iv. 266.
Just this, however, in so far as Johnson is concerned, we have to set off the express-
ly interesting statement in Boswell's *Life*, iii. 157-8. "I remember it was ob-
served by Mr. Flood, that Johnson, having been long used to sententious brevity,
and the short flights of conversation, might have failed in that continued and ex-
tended kind of argument which is requisite in stating complicated matters in public
speaking; and, as a proof of this, he mentioned the supposed speeches in parliament
written by him for the magazine, none of which, in his opinion, were at all like
parliamentary debates. The opinion of one who was himself so eminent an orator, must
be allowed to have great weight. It was confirmed by Sir William Scott [Lord
Dowdall], who mentioned, that Johnson had told him that he had several times
tried to speak in the Society of Arts and Sciences, but had found he could not
sustain it. From Mr. William Gerard Hamilton I have heard, that Johnson, when
serving to him that it was prudent for a man who had not been accustomed to
speak in public to begin his speech in as simple a manner as possible,
acknowledged that he rose in that society to deliver a speech which he had
prepared; 'but,' said he, 'all my flowers of oratory forsook me.'"

greeted him in the street, the extent and fervour of their gratitude.*

Not always such ready recipients, however, did Goldsmith find the objects of his always ready kindness. One of the members of this Robin Hood was Peter Annet, a man, who, though ingenious and deserving in other respects, became unhappily notorious by a kind of fanatic crusade against the Bible, for which (publishing weekly papers against the Book of Genesis) he stood twice this year in the pillory, and was now undergoing imprisonment in the King's Bench. To Annet's rooms in St. George's-fields we trace Goldsmith. He had brought Newbery with him to conclude the purchase of a child's book on grammar by the prisoner, hoping so to relieve his distress; but, on the prudent bookseller objecting to a publication of the author's name, Annet accused him of cowardice, rejected his assistance with contempt, and in a furious rage bade him and his introducer good evening. Yet the amount of Newbery's intended assistance was so liberal as to have startled both Goldsmith and Annet, no less a sum than ten guineas being offered for the child's grammar,† though for the "completion of a history of England" he had

* "We have a very wrong idea of savage finery, and are apt to suppose that like the beasts of the forest, they rise, and are dressed with a shake; but the reverse is true: for no birth-night beauty takes more time or pains in the adorning her person than they. I remember, when the Cherokees were over here, that I have waited for three hours during the time they were dressing. . . they had their boxes of oil and ochre, their fat and their perfumes." *Animated Nature*. i. 420.

† It was the magnificence of the offer which brought about the catastrophe, such a fervour of gratitude being excited in Annet that he suddenly protested he would add a dedication and append his name, and Newbery should have the benefit of both. I derive the anecdote from Cooke, who says it was one of those stories which

just given Goldsmith himself only two guineas.* Which latter munificent payment was exactly contemporaneous with the completion of another kind of history, on more expensive terms, by paymaster Henry Fox; from whom twenty-five thousand pounds had gone in one morning, at the formal rate of £200 a vote, to patriotic voters for the Peace.

There is reason to believe (from another of the book-seller's memoranda) that the two guineas was for "seventy-nine leaves" of addition to a school-history, comprising the reign of George the Second, and paid at the rate of eight shillings a sheet. This payment, with what has before been mentioned, and an addition of five guineas for the assignment and republication of the Chinese Letters (to which Newbery, as we have seen, appears to have assented reluctantly, and only because Goldsmith would else have printed them on his own account), are all the profits of his drudgery which can be traced to him in the present year. He needed to have a cheerful disposition to bear him through; nor was nature chary

portion of the dialogue in which, as Goldsmith repeated it, the contrast of Newbery's slow gravity, with Annet's impatience, rising at last into fury, had a most amusing effect. "But, Mr. Anet," says Newbery, in his grave manner, "would putting your name to it, do you think, increase the value of your book?" ANET. "Why not, sir?" NEWB. "Consider a bit, Mr. Anet." ANET. "Well, sir, I do: what then?" NEWB. "Why, then, sir, you must recollect that you have been pilloried, and that can be no recommendation to any man's book." ANET. "I grant I have been pilloried, but I am not the first man that has had this accident; besides, sir, the public very often support a man the more for those unavoidable misfortunes." NEWB. "Unavoidable, Mr. Anet! Why, sir, you brought it on yourself by writing against the established religion of your country; and let me tell you, Mr. Anet, a man who is supposed to have forfeited his ears on such an account, stands but a poor candidate for public favour." ANET. "Well, well, Mr. Newbery, it does not signify talking; you either suffer me to put my name to it, or by G—! you publish no book of mine." And so, in a quite unexpected cat-scratch of flaming wrath the visitors

pension, with the scheme we have seen him throw out hints of in his review of Van Egmont's *Asia* ;* and nothing is more probable than that the notion might have revived with him, on hearing Johnson's remark to Langton in connection with his pension. "Had this happened twenty years ago, I " should have gone to Constantinople to learn Arabic, as " Pocock did." But what with Samuel Johnson might be a noble ambition, with little Goldy was but theme for a jest; and nothing so raised the laugh against him, a few years later, as Johnson's notice of the old favourite project he was still at that time clinging to, that some time or other, " when his circumstances should be easier," he would like to go to Aleppo, and bring home such arts peculiar to the East as he might be able to find there. " Of all men Goldsmith is " the most unfit to go out upon such an inquiry; for he is " utterly ignorant of such arts as we already possess, and " consequently could not know what would be accessories " to our present stock of mechanical knowledge. Sir, he " would bring home a grinding barrow, which you see in " every street in London, and think that he had furnished " a wonderful improvement."†

But brighter than these visionary fancies were shining for

* See *ante*, 186. The same subject is pursued in Letter cviii of the *Citizen of the World*. "To Lord Bute Goldsmith made an application to be allowed a salary to enable " him to execute his favourite plan. . . but poor Goldsmith, who had not then " published his *Traveller*, or distinguished his name by any popular display of " genius, being obscure and unfriended, was not successful. His petition or " memorial was unnoticed and neglected." *Percy Memoir*, 65.

† Yet there is a passage in the Letter above named which shows that Goldsmith took no mean view of the objects to be aimed at in such an enterprise, and felt that its successful accomplishment would truly be a high and noble thing.

him now. There is little doubt, from allusions which would most naturally have arisen at the close of the present year, that, in moments snatched from his thankless and ill-rewarded toil for Newbery, he was at last secretly indulging in a labour, which, whatever its effect might be upon his fortunes, was its own thanks and its own reward. He had begun the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Without encouragement or favour in its progress, and with little hope of welcome at the close of it; earning meanwhile, apart from it, his bread for the day by a full day's labour at the desk;—it is his “shame in “crowds, his solitary pride” to seize and give shape to its fancies of happiness and home, before they pass for ever. Most affecting, yet also most cheering! With everything before him in his hard life that the poet has placed at the Gates of Hell,* he is content, for himself, to undergo the chances of them all, that for others he may open the neighbouring Elysian Gate. Nor could the effort fail to bring strength of its own, and self-sustained resource. In all else he might be weak and helpless, dependant on others' judgment and doubtful of his own; but, there, it was not so. He took his own course in that. It was not for Mr. Newbery he was writing then. Even the poetical fragments which

“that great and hardy genius! He it is who allows of secrets yet unknown; “who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human “curiosity to examine every part of nature, and even exhorts man to try whether “he cannot subject the tempest, the thunder, and even earthquakes to human “control. O, did a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration, and “learning, travel to those countries which have been visited only by the super- “stitious and the mercenary, what might not mankind expect! . . . what a variety “of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!”
Cit. of the World. Letter cviii.

* Johnson told Boswell that, in his opinion, Virgil's description of the entrance

1762. began in Switzerland and lying still in his desk unopened.
Æt. 34. They are not to tell for so many pitiful items in the drudgery for existence. They are to "catch the heart, and strike for "honest fame."

He thought poorly, with exceptions already named in this narrative, of the poetry of the day. He regarded Churchill's astonishing success as a mere proof of the rage of faction; and did not hesitate to call his satires lampoons, and his force turbulence. Fawkes and Woty were now compiling their *Poetical Calendar*, and through Johnson, who contributed, they asked if he would contribute; but he declined. Between himself and Fawkes, who was rector of a small Kentish village he had occasionally visited, civilities had passed; but he shrunk from the poetical school of Fawkes and Woty, and did not hesitate to say so. He dined at the close of the year at Davies's, in company with Robert Dodsley, where the matter came into discussion. "This is "not a poetical age," said Goldsmith; "there is no poetry "produced in it." "Nay," returned Dodsley, "have you "seen my *Collection*. You may not be able to find palaces "in it, like Dryden's *Ode*, but you have villages composed "of very pretty houses, such as the *Spleen*." Johnson was not present; but when the conversation was afterwards reported to him by Boswell, he remarked that Dodsley had said the same thing as Goldsmith, only in a softer manner.*

Another guest, besides Dodsley, was present at Davies's

* *Life*, vi. 156-7. Yet Dodsley was quite right in his praise of the *Spleen*, which was especially liked by Gray, as it has been by all men of taste. "The "*Spleen*," a poem in Dodsley's *Collection*, by Mr. Green of the Custom House, was "one of the most delightful and interesting pieces in the whole of the *Collection*."

a Scottish judge and respectable old whig laird, urged to leave the law but eager to bestow himself on the army, had come up at the end of the year from Edinburgh to see Johnson and the London wits, and not a little anxious that Johnson and the London wits should see him. Attending Sheridan's summer lectures in the northern city, he had heard wonderful things from the lecturer about the solemn and ponderous lexicographer; what he said, and what he did, and how he would talk over his port wine and his tea until three or four o'clock in the morning. It was in the nature of this new admirer that port wine and late hours should throw a brighter halo over any object of his admiration; and it was with desperate resolve to accomplish an introduction which he had tried and failed in two years before, that he was now again in London. But he had again been baffled. Johnson's sneer at Sheridan's pension having brought coolness between the old friends,* that way there was no access; and though Davies had arranged this dinner with the hope

on to Nicholls, and which is interesting to me for its mention of Johnson, Gray pleasantly criticised Dodsley's book on its first appearance (the letter is dated, but was written at the close of 1751). Here he says that he had always thought Tickell's *Colin and Lucy* the prettiest ballad in the world (one of the finest it surely is, notwithstanding Southey's depreciation of it); he then says that Green, after praising his "profusion of wit," that reading would have formed judgment and harmonised his verse, for even his wood-notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music; and afterwards he continues, "The *School-strut* is excellent in its kind, and masterly; and (I am sorry to differ from you, but) *London* is to me one of those few imitations that have all the ease and all the spirit of an original. The same man's verses on the Opening of Garrick's Theatre are far from bad." *Works*, iii., 89-90. A pity that Johnson was not known of this letter; it might have mitigated his strange and unaccountable dislike of the writer. His criticism of the *Collection* which thus elicited Gray's

other matters to attend to. James Boswell was not yet to see Samuel Johnson. He saw only Oliver Goldsmith, and was doubtless much disappointed.

Perhaps the feeling was mutual, if Oliver gave a thought to this new acquaintance; and strange enough the dinner must have been. As Goldsmith discussed poetry with Dodsley, Davies, mouthing his words and rolling his head at Boswell, delighted that eager and social gentleman with imitations of Johnson; while, as the bottle emptied itself more freely, sudden loquacity, conceited coxcombry, and officious airs of consequence, came as freely pouring forth from the youthful Scot. He had to tell them all he had seen in London, and all that had seen him. How Wilkes had said "how d'ye do" to him, and Churchill had shaken hands with him, Scotchman though he was; how he had been to the Bedford to see that comical fellow Foote, and heard him dashing away at everybody and everything ("Have you had "good success in Dublin, Mr. Foote?" "Poh! damn 'em! "There was not a shilling in the country, except what the "Duke of Bedford, and I, and Mr. Rigby have brought "away"*); how he had seen Garrick in the new farce of the *Farmer's Return*, and gone and peeped over Hogarth's shoulder as he sketched little David in the Farmer; and how, above all, he had on another night attracted general attention and given prodigious entertainment in the Drury Lane pit, by extempore imitations of the lowing of a cow. "The universal cry of the galleries," said he, gravely describing the incident some few years afterwards, "was,

gave sensible advice. "My dear sir," said Doctor Blair, earnestly, "I would confine myself to the cow!" or, as Walter Scott tells the anecdote in purer vernacular, "Stick to the cow, mon."* Nor was the advice lost altogether; for Boswell stuck afterwards to his cow, in other words to what he could best achieve, pretty closely; though Goldsmith, among others, had no small reason to regret, that he should also, doing the cow so well, still "with very inferior effect" attempt imitations of other animals.

But little does Goldsmith or any other man suspect as yet, that within this wine-bibbing tavern babbler, this meddling, conceited, inquisitive, loquacious lion-hunter, this bloated and vain young Scot, lie qualities of reverence, real insight, quick observation, and marvellous memory, which, strangely assorted as they are with those other meaner habits, and parasitical, self-complacent absurdities, will one day connect his name eternally with the men of genius of his time, and enable him to influence posterity in its judgments on them. They seem to have met occasionally before Boswell returned to Edinburgh; but only two of Goldsmith's answers to the other's perpetual and restless questionings remain to indicate the nature of their intercourse. There lived at this time with Johnson, a strange, silent, grotesque companion, whom he had supported for many years, and continued to keep with him till death; and Boswell could not possibly conceive

* *Boswell, Life*, v. 148,9, and *note*. The story was incautiously told to Johnson; and afterwards, on Boswell's talking, as he himself tells us, "too confidently upon some point, which I now forget, he did not spare me. 'Nay, 'sir,' said he, 'if you cannot talk better as a man, I'd have you bellow like a

1762. what the claim of that insignificant Robert Levett could be,
Et. 34. on the great object of his own veneration. "He is poor and
"honest," was Goldsmith's answer, "which is recommenda-
"tion enough for Johnson."* Discovery of another object of
the great man's charity, however, seemed difficult to be
reconciled with this; for here was a man of whom Mr. James
Boswell had heard a very bad and shameful character,† and,
in almost the same breath, that Johnson had been kind to
him also. "He is now become miserable," was Goldsmith's
quiet explanation, "and that ensures the protection of
Johnson."‡

* ii. 194. See notices of him in Boswell, *Life*, i. 289-90; ii. 138-9; vii. 45; viii. 121, &c. Johnson's letters on the death of his thirty years' companion are most affecting. "He was not unprepared, *for he was very good to the poor.*" "How much soever I valued him, I now wish I had valued him more." Boswell describes him as an obscure practiser of physic amongst the lower people, his fees being sometimes such provisions as his patients could afford him; and his popularity in this was so great, that "his walk was from Houndsditch to "Marylebone." He began life as a waiter in a coffee-house in Paris frequented by medical men, whose attention he attracted, and thus qualified himself ultimately. George Steevens, who relates this, describes also the other great event of his life. When past middle life, he married a woman of the town, who had persuaded him (notwithstanding their place of congress was a small coal-shed in Fetter Lane) that she was nearly related to a man of fortune, but was kept by him out of large possessions. Johnson used to say, that, compared with the marvels of this transaction, the stories of the Arabian Nights were familiar occurrences. He had not been married four months before a writ was taken out against him, for debts contracted by his wife. Afterwards she ran away from him, and was tried for picking pockets at the Old Bailey. She pleaded her own cause, and was acquitted; a separation took place; and Johnson then took Levett home, where he continued till his death. His name will always be remembered in connection with Johnson's noble verse:

"In Misery's darkest caverns known,
"His useful care was ever nigh,
"Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
"And lonely Want retir'd to die."

† It has been supposed that this was the wretched Bickerstaff, but it was not
till eleven years later that his name came upon him.

CHAPTER VII.

HOGARTH AND REYNOLDS.

1762—1763.

NEWBERRY'S account-books and memoranda carry us, at the 1762.
of 1762, to a country lodging in Islington, kept by Æt. 34.
out and elderly lady named Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, and
abited by Oliver Goldsmith. He is said to have moved
e to be near Newbery, who had chambers at the time
Canonbury-house or tower; and that the publisher had
ed out the lodgings for him, may be inferred from the fact
Mrs. Fleming was a friend of Mr. Newbery's, and, when
afterwards held the lease of Canonbury-house, seems
ave rented or occupied part of it. But Goldsmith had
otless also a stronger inducement in thus escaping, for
ks together, from the crowded noise of Wine Office Court
re he retained a lodging for town uses), to comparative
t and healthy air. There were still green fields and
s Islington. Glimpses were discernible yet, even of

1763.
Æt. 35.

nearly double that amount), and, when the state of their accounts permitted it, to be paid each quarter by Mr. Newbery; the publisher taking credit for these payments in his literary settlements with Goldsmith. The first quarterly payment had become due on the 24th of March 1763; and on that day the landlady's claim of £12 10s. made up to £14 by "incidental expenses," was discharged by Newbery. It stands as one item in an account of his cash advances for the first nine months of 1763, which characteristically exhibits the relations of bookwriter and bookseller. Mrs. Fleming's bills recur at their stated intervals; and on the 8th of September, there is a payment of £15 to William Filby the tailor. The highest advance in money is one (which is not repeated) of three guineas; the rest vary, with intervals of a week or so between each, from two guineas to one guinea and half a guinea. The whole amount, from January to October 1763, is little more than £96; upwards of £60 of which Goldsmith had meanwhile satisfied by "copies of different kinds," when on settlement day he gave his note for the balance.*

What these "copies" in every case were, it is not so easy

		* "Doctor Goldsmith	Dr. to John Newbery.					
1761.	Oct. 14.	1 set of the <i>Idler</i>	.	.	.	£0	5	0
1762.	Nov. 9.	To cash	.	.	.	10	10	0
	Dec. 22.	To ditto	.	.	.	3	3	0
	29.	To ditto	.	.	.	1	1	0
1763.	Jan. 22.	To ditto	.	.	.	1	1	0
	25.	To ditto	.	.	.	1	1	0
	Feb. 14.	To ditto	.	.	.	1	1	0
	March 11.	To ditto	.	.	.	2	2	0
		Carried forward	.	.	.	£20	4	0

was meant to be a humorous recommendation of female
 nment entitled *Description of Millenium Hall*, as well
 making additions to four juvenile volumes of *Wonders
 ture and Art*; and he had yet more to do with another
 the *System of Natural History* by Dr. Brookes (the
 r of the *Gazetteer*), which he thoroughly revised, and to
 he not only contributed a graceful preface, but several

Brought forward	£20	4	0
March 12.	To ditto	1	1	0
24.	To cash paid Mrs. Fleming	14	0	0
30.	To cash	0	10	6
May 4.	To ditto	2	2	0
21.	To ditto	3	3	0
June 3.	To cash paid Mrs. Fleming	14	11	0
25.	To cash	2	2	0
July 1.	To ditto	2	2	0
20.	To ditto	14	14	0
Sept. 2.	To ditto	1	1	0
8.	To cash paid your draft to Wm. } Filby	15	2	0
10.	To cash	0	10	6
19.	To ditto	1	1	0
24.	To ditto	2	2	0
Oct. 8.	To ditto	2	2	0
10.	To cash paid your bill to Mrs. } Fleming	14	13	6
							£111	1 6
By copies of different kinds							63	0 0
							£48	1 6

Oct. 11. By note of hand sent and delivered
 up the vouchers."

missory note was given by Goldsmith for the balance. Newbery MSS.
 . 459-60.

Nov. 25, 1762. Lent Dr. Goldsmith. *Martin's Philosophy*, 3 vols 8vo;
Introduction; *Macquart's Chemistry*, 3 vols, French; *Encyclopædia*, 8 vols
 French; *Chinese Letters*, French; *Persian*, ditto; *Pemberton's Views of
 Philosophy*; *Hale's Vegetable Statics*, 2 vols 8vo; *Ferguson's Astronomy*,
Buffon's Natural History, 9 vols 4to; *The Origin of Laws, Arts, and*
 3 vols 8vo Edinburgh." Newbery MS Prior i. 415.

“guineas in full,” but it was increased to nearly thirty. He had also some share in the *Martial Review or General History of the late War*, the profits of which Newbery had set apart for his luckless son-in-law, Kit Smart. In a memorandum furnished by himself to the publisher, he claims three guineas for *Preface to Universal History* (a rival to the existing publication of that name, set on foot by Newbery and edited by Guthrie); two guineas for *Preface to Rhetoric*, and one for *Preface to Chronicle*, neither of these last now traceable; three guineas for *Critical and Monthly*, presumed to be contributions to Newbery’s magazines; and twenty-one pounds on account of a *History of England*. A subsequent receipt acknowledges another twenty-one pounds “which with
“what I received before, is in full for the copy of the *History of England* in a series of Letters, two volumes in 12mo.” *

This latter book, which was not published till the following year, claims a word of description. Such of the labours of 1763 as had yet seen the light, were not of a kind to attract much notice. “Whenever I write anything,” said Goldsmith, “I think the public *make a point* to know nothing about it.”† So, remembering what Pope had said of the lucky lines that had a lord to own them, the present book was issued, doubtless with Newbery’s glad concurrence, as a *History of England in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*. It had a great success in that character; passed

* Newbery MSS. *Prior*, i. 468, 473-4, 477, 479, and 498. The subjoined is from a copy in Goldsmith’s own handwriting: “Brookes’ History, 11*l* 11*s*; Preface to Universal History, 3*l* 3*s*; Preface to Rhetoric, 2*l* 2*s*; Preface to Chronicle, 1*l* 1*s*; History of England, 21*l*; The Life of Christ, 10*l* 10*s*; The Life [Lives]

through many editions ; and was afterwards translated into French by the wife of Brissot, with notes by the revolutionary leader himself. The nobleman was supposed to be Lord Chesterfield, so refined was the style ; Lord Orrery had also the credit of it ; but the persuasion at last became general that the author was Lord Lyttelton,* and the name of that grave good lord† is occasionally still seen affixed to it on the bookstalls. The mistake was never formally corrected : it being the bookseller's interest to continue it, and not less the author's as well, when in his own name he subsequently went over the same ground. But it was not concealed from his friends ; copies of the second edition of the book were sent with his autograph to both Percy and Johnson ; and his friend Cooke tells us, not only that he had really written it in his lodgings at Islington, but how and in what way he did so. In the morning, says this authority, he would study, in *Rapin, Carte, Kennett's Complete History*, and the recent volumes of Hume, as much of what related to the period on which he was engaged

* As late as 1793, it became matter of discussion in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (lxiii. 799, &c) which of these three noblemen had written the letters ; whereupon a better informed correspondent told Mr. Urban the real name of the writer, and added : " Goldsmith was much gratified to find the assumed character so well sustained, as to pass upon the world for real ; and was often diverted with the contending opinions of such as ascribed it to one or other of the above noblemen. " This information comes from one who had a copy given him by the real author " when it first came from the press, and who had often laughed with him at the " success of his fiction." *Gent. Mag.* lxiii. 1189.

† It may have been in consequence of its success in this instance, that the reckless author of *Dr. Syntax*, Combe, placed the name of the second or " wicked " lord to his wonderfully clever collection of letters. In the course of a recent attempt in the *Quarterly Review* (xc. 91-163) to identify this second lord with

walked out with a companion, certain of his friends at this time being in the habit of constantly calling upon him; and if, on returning to dinner, his friend returned with him, he spent the evening convivially, but without much drinking ("which he was never in the habit of"); finally taking up with him to his bed-room the books and papers prepared in the morning, and there writing the chapter, or the best part of it, before he went to rest. This latter exercise cost him very little trouble, he said; for, having all his materials ready, he wrote it with as much facility as a common letter.*

One may clearly trace these very moderate "convivialities," I think, in occasional entries of Mrs. Fleming's incidental expenses. The good lady was not loath to be generous at times, but is careful to give herself the full credit of it; and a not infrequent item in her bill is "*a gentleman's dinner, nothing.*" Four gentlemen have tea, for eighteen-pence; "wine and cakes" are supplied for the same sum; bottles of port are charged two shillings each; and such special favourites are "Mr. Baggott" and one "Doctor Reman," that three elaborate cyphers (£0. 0s. 0d.) follow their teas as well as their dinners.† Redmond was the latter's real name. He was

* *Europ. Mag.* xxiv. 94.

† "1763. Doctor Goldsmith Dr. to Eliz. Fleming.

Aug. 22.	A pint of mountain	£0	1	0
	A gentleman's dinner	0	0	0
24.	A bottle of port	0	2	0
	4 gentlemen's teas	0	1	6
Aug. 25.	Dr. Reman's dinner and tea	0	0	0
Sept. 5.	———— dinner	0	0	0
7.	Sassafras	0	0	6
11.	Dr. Reman's dinner	0	0	0
29.	A bottle of port	0	2	0

and was now disputing with the Society of Arts on some alleged discoveries in the properties of antimony. Among Mrs. Fleming's anonymous entries, however, were some that must have related to more distinguished visitors.

The greatest of these I would introduce as he was seen one day in the present year by a young and eager admirer, passing quickly through Cranbourn-alley. He might have been on his way to Goldsmith. He was a bustling, active, stout little man, dressed in a sky-blue coat. His admirer saw him at a distance, turning the corner; and, running with all expedition to have a nearer view, came up with him in Castle-street, as he stood patting one of two quarrelling boys on the back, and, looking steadfastly at the expression in the coward's face, was saying in very audible voice, "Damn him, " if I would take it of him! at him again!" Enemy or

	Brought forward	£0	7	0
Oct. 8.	Sassafras	0	0	3
10.	Mr. Baggott, tea	0	0	0
14.	Paper	0	1	0
24.	Sassafras	0	0	3
25.	Paid the newsman	0	16	10½
30.	Wine and cakes	0	1	6
31.	To the Rev. Mr. Tyrrell	0	2	6
	Mr. Baggott, dinner	0	0	0
	Sassafras	0	0	6
Nov. 5.	Ditto	0	0	6
	10 sheets of paper	0	0	5
8.	Pens	0	0	2½
	Paper	0	1	0
	Sassafras	0	0	6
	To 3 months' board	12	10	0
	To shoes-cleaning	0	2	6
	To washing	0	18	0½
		<hr/>		
		£15	3	0½

interest in homely life, his preference of the real in art, and his quick apprehension of character ; his love of hard hitting, and his indomitable English spirit. The admirer, who, at the close of his own chequered life, thus remembered and related it, was James Barry of Cork ; who had followed Mr. Edmund Burke to London with letters from Doctor Sleight, and whose birth, genius, and poverty soon made him known to Goldsmith.

Between Goldsmith and Hogarth existed many reasons for sympathy. Few so sure as the great, self-taught, philosophic artist, to penetrate at once, through any outer husk of disadvantage, to discernment of an honest and loving soul. Genius, in both, took side with the homely and the poor ; and they had personal foibles in common. No man can be supposed to have read the letters in the *Public Ledger* with heartier agreement than Hogarth ; no man so little likely as Goldsmith to suffer a sky-blue coat, or conceited, strutting, consequential airs, to weigh against the claims of the painter of *Mariage à-la-Mode*. How they first met has not been related, but they met frequently. In these last two years of Hogarth's life, admiration had become precious to him ; and Goldsmith was ready with his tribute. Besides, there was Wilkes to rail against, and Churchill to condemn, as well as Johnson to praise and love. " I'll tell you what," would Hogarth say : " Sam Johnson's conversation is to the talk of " other men like Titian's painting compared to Hudson's : " but don't you tell people, now, that I say so ; for the " connoisseurs and I are at war, you know ; and because I " hate *them*, they think I hate Titian—and let them ! " *

Et. 3.
would help to make more agreeable that frequent intercourse of which Hogarth has himself left the only memorial. A portrait in oil, representing an elderly lady in satin with an open book before her, known by the name of "Goldsmith's "Hostess," and so exhibited in London several years back,* is the work of his pencil. It involves no great stretch of fancy to suppose it painted in the Islington lodgings, at some crisis of domestic pressure. Newbery's accounts reveal to us how often it was needful to mitigate Mrs. Fleming's impatience, to moderate her wrath, and, when money was not immediately at hand, to minister to her vanities. For Newbery was a strict accountant, and kept sharply within the terms of his bargains; exacting notes of hand at each quarterly settlement for whatever the balance might be, and objecting to add to it by new payments when it happened to be large. It is but to imagine a visit from Hogarth at such time. If his good nature wanted any stimulus, the thought of Newbery would give it. He had himself an old grudge against the booksellers. He charges them in his autobiography with "cruel treatment" of his father, and dilates on the bitterness they add to the necessity of earning bread by the pen. But, though the copyrights of his prints were a source of certain and not inconsiderable income, his money at command was scanty; and it would better suit his generous good-humour, as well as better serve

"for my father induced him perhaps to take notice of his little girl, and give her
"some odd particular directions about dress, dancing, and many other matters,
"interesting now only because they were his. As he made all his talents, how-
"ever, subservient to the great purposes of morality, and the earnest desire he
"had to mend mankind, his discourse commonly ended in an ethical dissertation,
"and a serious charge to me never to forget his picture of the *Lady's last Stake*"

have been painted; and much laughter there would be in its progress, I do not doubt, at the very different sort of sitters and subjects whose coronetted-coaches were crowding the west side of Leicester-square.

The good-humour of Reynolds was a different thing from that of Hogarth. It had no antagonism about it. Ill-humour with any other part of the world had nothing to do with it. It was gracious and diffused; singling out some, it might be, for special warmth, but smiling blandly upon all. He was eminently the gentleman of his time; and if there is a hidden charm in his portraits, it is that. His own nature pervades them, and shines out from them still. He was now forty years old, being younger than Hogarth by a quarter of a century; was already in the receipt of nearly six thousand pounds a year; and had known nothing but uninterrupted prosperity. He had moved from St. Martin's-lane into Newport-street, and from Newport-street into Leicester-square; he had raised his prices from five, ten, and twenty guineas (his earliest charge for the three sizes of portraits), successively to ten, twenty, and forty, to twelve, twenty-four and forty-eight, to fifteen, thirty, and sixty, to twenty, forty, and eighty, and to twenty-five, fifty, and a hundred, the sums he now charged; he had lately built a gallery for his works; and he had set up a gay gilt coach, with the four seasons painted on its panels.* Yet, of those to whom the

* See Farington's *Memoirs* in the *Works*, i. clxii, and the *Life* by Beechey, i. 124-5, 139-40. He greatly advanced his prices in later days. Mr. Croker states, in a note to his last edition of *Boswell* (113): "I have been informed by Sir Thomas Lawrence, his admirer and rival, that in 1787 his prices were two

generosity and grace, and justified by noble qualities; while few indeed should have been the exceptions, whether among those who knew or those who knew him not, to the feeling of pride that an Englishman had at last arisen, who could measure himself successfully with the Dutch and the Italian.*

This was what Reynolds had striven for; and what common men might suppose to be his envy or self-sufficiency. Not with any sense of triumph over living competitors, did he listen to the praise he loved; not of being better than Hogarth, or than Gainsborough, or than his old master Hudson, was he thinking continually, but of the glory of being one day placed by the side of Vandyke and of Rubens. Undoubtedly he must be said to have overrated the effects of education, study, and the practice of schools; and it is matter of much regret that he should never have thought of Hogarth but as a moral satirist and man of wit, or sought for his favourite art the dignity of a closer alliance with such philosophy and genius. But the difficult temper of Hogarth himself cannot be kept out of view. His very virtues had a stubbornness and a dogmatism that repelled. What Reynolds most desired,—to bring men of their common calling together, and, by consent and union, by study and co-operation, establish claims to respect and continuance,—Hogarth had been all his life opposing; and was now, at the close of

* “ ‘for my picture of the three ladies Waldegrave.’ *Walpoliana*.” This latter picture contained half-lengths of the three ladies on one canvas. For curious lists of his prices, see Malone’s *Account of Reynolds*, in the *Works*, i. lxii-lxxi, and *Northcote*, ii. 347-56.

* “I remember once going through a suite of rooms where they were showing me

neither would make the advance which might have reconciled the views of both. Be it remembered, at the same time, that Hogarth, in the daring confidence of his more astonishing genius, kept himself at the farthest extreme. "Talk of sense, and study, and all that," he said to Walpole, "why, it is owing to the good sense of the English that they have not painted better. The people who have studied painting least are the best judges of it. There's Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why but t'other day he offered a hundred pounds for a picture that I would not hang in my cellar."* Reynolds might have some excuse if he turned from this with a smile, and a supposed confirmation of his error that the critic was himself no painter. Thus these great men lived separate to the last. The only feeling they shared in common may have been that kindness to Oliver Goldsmith, which, after their respective fashion, each manifested well. The one, with his ready help and robust example, would have strengthened him for life, as for a solitary warfare which awaited every man of genius; the other, more gently, would have drawn him from contests and solitude, from discontents and low esteem, to the sense that worldly consideration and social respect might gladden even literary toil. While Hogarth was propitiating and painting Mrs. Fleming, Reynolds was founding the Literary Club.

* The whole dialogue from which these expressions are taken will be found in the *Coll. Lett.* iv, 141.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CLUB AND ITS FIRST MEMBERS.

1763.

THE association of celebrated men of this period universally known as the Literary Club, did not receive that name till many years after it was formed and founded ; but that Reynolds was its Romulus (so Mrs. Thrale said Johnson called him),* and this year of 1763 the year of its foundation, is unquestionable : though the meetings did not begin till winter. Johnson caught at the notion eagerly ; suggested as its model a club he had himself founded in Ivy-lane some fourteen years before, and which the deaths or dispersion of its members had now interrupted for nearly seven years ; and on this suggestion being adopted, the members, as in the earlier club, were limited to nine, and Mr. Hawkins, as an original member of the Ivy-lane, was invited to join. Topham Beauclerc and Bennet Langton were also asked, and welcomed earnestly ; and, of course, Mr. Edmund Burke. He had lately left Dublin and politics for a time, and returned to literature in Queen-Anne-street ; where a solid mark of his patron Hamilton's satisfaction had accompanied him, in shape of a pension on the Irish Establishment of £300 a year.

1763
Æt. 3

the name which was soon to be so famous, having little familiarity or fame as yet. The notion of the club delighted Burke; and he asked admission for his father-in-law, Doctor Nugent, an accomplished Roman Catholic physician, who lived with him. Beauclerc in like manner suggested his friend Chamier, then secretary in the war-office.* Oliver Goldsmith completed the number. But another member of the original Ivy-lane society, Samuel Dyer,† making unexpected appearance from abroad in the following year, was joyfully admitted; and though it was resolved to make election difficult, and only for special reasons permit addition to their number,‡ the limitation at first proposed was thus of course done away with. A second limitation, however, to the number of twelve, was definitively made on the occasion of the second balloting, and will be duly described. The place of meeting was the Turk's-head tavern in Gerrard-street Soho,§ where, the chair being

* Chamier was not appointed under-secretary till 1775. In the account of the club there may still be one or two slight inaccuracies, though I have been at some pains to obtain correct information since my last edition. Obvious errors, indeed, exist in every description of this celebrated society, from the first supplied by Malone to the last furnished by Mr. Hatchett.

† For an interesting account of this remarkable man, see Malone's *Life of Dryden*, 181-5 (note.)

‡ It was intended, according to Malone (*Account of Reynolds*, lxxxiii), that the club should consist of such men as that if only two of them chanced to meet they should be able to entertain each other sufficiently, without wishing for more company with whom to pass an evening. "This," writes Percy to Boswell (*Nichols's Illustrations*, vii. 311), "I have heard Johnson mention as the principal or avowed reason for the small number of members to which for many years it was limited." And so far Johnson was right in holding that the club's adversity did not arrive till the numbers were large, and the members not very select; nor is it easy to imagine that Lord Liverpool, in comparatively recent days, when he found himself on one occasion *solus* at the dinner, was able to entertain himself sufficiently without wishing for more company. The men are few indeed who can

about the ninth year of their existence, they changed their day of meeting to Friday; and, some years later (Percy and Malone say in 1775),* in place of their weekly supper they resolved to dine together once a fortnight during the meeting of parliament. Each member present was to bear his share of the reckoning; and conversation, from which politics only were excluded, was kept up always to a late hour.

So originated and was formed that famous club, which had made itself a name in literary history long before it received, at Garrick's funeral, the name of the Literary Club by which it is now known. Its meetings were noised abroad; the fame of its conversations received eager addition from the difficulty of obtaining admission to it; and it came to be as generally understood that literature had fixed her social head-quarters here, as that politics reigned supreme at Wildman's or the Cocoa-tree. Not without advantage, let me add, to the dignity and worldly consideration of men-of-letters themselves. "I believe Mr. Fox will allow me say," wrote the Bishop of St. Asaph to Mr. William Jones, when the society was not more than fifteen years old, "that the honour of "being elected into the Turk's-head Club is not inferior to

minance of whig politics in it, in consequence of the remarkable prominence in its conversations of Burke, Fox, Lord Spencer, Sheridan, Dunning, and others (as Johnson phrased it, "the Fox star and the Irish constellation," when he complained of Reynolds being "too much under" those planets, *Bos.* vii. 96), had so thoroughly disgusted Johnson, that he almost wholly withdrew himself in the latter years of his life. "He then," says Mrs. Piozzi, "loudly proclaimed his "carelessness *who* might be admitted, when it was become a mere dinner-club." (*Anecdotes*, 122.) After 1783 it removed to Prince's, in Sackville-street; and on his house being soon afterwards shut up, it removed to Baxter's, which subsequently became Thomas's, in Dover-street. In January 1792 it removed to Parsloe's, in

"say they were much better judges of merit, if they had not
"rejected Lord Camden and chosen me."* The Bishop of
St. Asaph had just been elected, and on the very night when
Lord Camden and the Bishop of Chester were blackballed.†
Shall we wonder if distinction in a society such as this,
should open a new life to Goldsmith?

His claim to enter it would seem to have been somewhat
canvassed, at first, by at least one of the members. "As he
"wrote for the booksellers," says Hawkins, "we at the club
"looked on him as a mere literary drudge, equal to the task
"of compiling and translating, but little capable of original,
"and still less of poetical composition: he had, nevertheless,
"unknown to us"‡ . . . I need not anticipate what it was
that so startled Hawkins with its unknown progress: the
reader has already intimation of it. It is however more
than probable, whatever may have been thought of Gold-
smith's drudgery, that this extremely low estimate of his
capacity was limited to Mr. Hawkins, whose opinions were
seldom popular with the other members of the club. Early
associations clung hard to Johnson, and, for the sake of these,
Hawkins was borne with to the last; but, in the newly-formed
society, even Johnson admitted him to be out of place.
Neither in habits nor opinions did he harmonise with the
rest. He had been an attorney for many years, affecting
literary tastes, and dabbling in music at the Madrigal-club;

* *Teignmouth's Life and Correspondence of Sir William Jones*, i. 347.

† "When bishops and chancellors," says Jones, commenting on this fact,
"honour us with offering to dine at a tavern, it seems very extraordinary that we
"should ever reject such an offer; but there is no reasoning on the caprice of
"men. Of our club I will only say that there is no branch of human knowledge

law, and lived and judged with severe propriety as a Middlesex magistrate. Within two years he will be elected chairman of the sessions; after seven years more, will be made a knight; and, in four years after that, will deliver himself of five quarto volumes of a history of music, in the slow and laborious conception of which he is already painfully engaged.* Altogether, his existence was a kind of pompous, parsimonious, insignificant drawl, cleverly ridiculed by one of the wits in an absurd epitaph: "Here lies Sir John Hawkins, "Without his shoes and stauckins." To him belonged the original merit, in that age of penal barbarity and perpetual executions, of lamenting that in no less than fourteen cases it was still possible to cheat the gallows. Another of his favourite themes was the improvidence of what he called sentimental writers, at the head of whom he placed the author of *Tom Jones*; a book which he charged with having "corrupted the rising generation," and sapped "the foundation of that morality which it is the duty of parents and "all public instructors to inculcate in the minds of young "people."† This was his common style of talk. He would speak contemptuously of Hogarth as a man who knew nothing out of Covent Garden. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, he looked upon as "stuff;" and for the three last, as

* *Gent. Mag.* lix. 473. A lucky pun condemned Sir John Hawkins's sixteen years' labour to long obscurity and oblivion. Some wag in the interest of Dr. Burney's rival publication wrote the following catch, which Dr. Callcott set to music :

"Have you read Sir John Hawkins's History ?

"Some folks think it quite a mystery ;

"Both I have, and I aver

"That Burney's History I prefer."

sessions, what other judgment could he be expected to have of them? Being men of loose principles, he would say, bad economists, and living without foresight, "it is their endeavour to commute for their failings by professions of greater love to mankind, more tender affections and finer feelings than they will allow men of more regular lives, whom they deem formalists, to possess."* With a man of such regular life, denouncing woe to loose characters that should endeavour to commute for their failings, poor Goldsmith had naturally little chance; and it fared as ill with the rest of the club when questions of "economy" or "foresight" came up. Mr. Hawkins, after the first four meetings, begged to be excused his share of the reckoning, on the ground that he did not partake of the supper. "And was he excused?" asked Doctor Burney, when Johnson told him of the incident many years after. "Oh yes, sir," was the reply; "and very readily. No man is angry at another for being inferior to himself. We all admitted his plea publicly, for the gratification of scorning him privately. Sir John, sir, is a very unclubbable man. Yet I really believe him," pursued Johnson, on the same occasion, very characteristically, "to be an honest man at the bottom; though to be sure he is rather penurious, and he is somewhat mean, and it must be owned he has some degree of brutality, and is not without a tendency to savageness that cannot well be defended."† It was this latter tendency which caused his early secession from the club. He was not a member for more than two or

* *Life of Johnson*, 218.

† Madame d'Arlay is the authority for this, which she relates with out a sight

ments :* but the fact was, says Boswell, that he one evening attacked Mr. Burke in so rude a manner,† that all the company testified their displeasure ; and at their next meeting his reception was such that he never came again.

Letitia Matilda Hawkins herself, proposing to defend her father, corroborates this statement. “ *The Burkes*,” she says, describing the impressions of her childhood, “ as the men of “ that family were called, were not then what they were “ afterwards considered, nor what the head of them deserved “ to be considered for his splendid talents : they were, as my “ father termed them, *Irish Adventurers* ; and came into this “ country with no good auguries, nor any very decided principles of action. They had to talk their way in the world “ that was to furnish their means of living.” ‡

An Irish adventurer who had to talk his way in the world, is much what Burke was considered by the great as well as little vulgar, for several more years to come. He was now thirty-three, yet had not achieved his great want, “ ground to stand upon.” § Until the present year he had

* “ We seldom got together till nine ; the enquiry into the contents of the “ larder, and preparing supper, took up till ten ; and by the time that the table “ was cleared, it was near eleven, at which hour my servants were ordered to “ come for me ; and, as I could not enjoy the pleasure of these meetings without “ disturbing the economy of my family, I chose to forego it.” *Life of Johnson*, 425. Their evening toast, he tells us in the same passage, was the motto of Padre Paolo, “ *Esto perpetua*.”

† *Life*, ii. 273. See also the *Percy Memoir*, 72. Burke was attacked in good company, let me subjoin ; for on the same authority Lord Chatham was “ a pertinacious yelper,” and (for a comparison quite original) Lord Chesterfield “ a bear.”

‡ *Memoirs*, i. 98-101.

§ Doctor Markham thus introduces him to the famous Duchess of Queensberry, as a candidate for office : “ It is time I should say who my friend is. His name is

some time written, and continued still to write, the substantial portion of the *Annual Register*. He had been but a few months in enjoyment of Hamilton's pension, and was already extremely uneasy as to the conditions on which he began to suspect it had been granted. His patron does not seem to have relished his proposed return to London society. "I know your business ought on all occasions to have the preference," wrote Burke, in deprecation; "to be the first, and the last, and indeed in all respects the main concern. All I contend for is, that I may not be considered as absolutely excluded from all other thoughts, in their proper time and due subordination." * The whole truth was not made obvious to him till two years later. He then found, and on finding it flung up the pension, that Hamilton had thought him placed by it in "a sort of domestic situation." It was the consideration of a bargain and sale of independence. It was a claim for absolute servitude. "Not to value myself as a gentleman," remonstrated Burke, "a freeman, a man of education, and one pretending to literature, is there any situation in life so low, or even so criminal, that can subject a man to the possibility of such an engagement? Would you dare attempt to bind your footman to such terms?" † Mr. Hawkins, it is clear, would have thought the terms suitable

"last year, called a *Treatise on the Sublime and the Beautiful*. I must farther say of him, that his chief application has been to the knowledge of public business, and our commercial interests; that he seems to have a most extensive knowledge, with extraordinary talents for business, and to want nothing but ground to stand upon to do his country very important services." *Chatham Correspondence*, i. 432. Burke's first piece was the *Vindication* (not the advantages) of *Natural Society*, which up to 1763 Johnson seems to have thought a serious and "imprudent" assertion of the opinions of Bolingbroke. It was not till two years later (1765) that the iron was xplc' l l id aside in a preface to the

less his natural defects, than his painful sense of what wanted in the eyes of others. When, in later years, he fully reviewed those exertions which had been the soul of the revived whig party, which had re-established their strength, consolidated their power and influence, and been rewarded with insignificant office and uniform exclusion from cabinet, he had to reflect that at every step in the progress of his life he had been traversed and opposed, and forced to make every inch of his way in the teeth of prejudice and dislike. "The narrowness of his fortune," says Walpole, kept him down."* At every turnpike he met, he had been obliged to show his passport; otherwise no admission, no admission for him. Improved by this, his manners could only be;—the more other spheres of consideration were closed to him, the more would he be driven to dominate in his own;—and I have little doubt that he somewhat painfully realised, in the first few years of the club, impressed others as well as Hawkins with a sense of his predominance. He was to "talk his way in the world that was to furnish his means of living," and this was the only theatre open to him.

Here only could he as yet pour forth, to an audience so much exciting, the stores of argument and eloquence he was accumulating to employ upon a wider stage; the variety of knowledge and its practical application, the fund of astonishing imagery, the ease of philosophic illustration, the over-riding copiousness of words, in which he has never had a rival. A civil guest, says Herbert, will no more talk all, than at a ball, the feast; and perhaps this might be forgotten now

* *Mem. of George III.* ii. 272-4.

“ father *was* disgusted with the overpowering deportment of Burke, and his monopoly of the conversation, which made all the other members, excepting his antagonist Johnson, merely his auditors.” Something of the same sort was said by that antagonist ten years after the present date, though in a more generous way. “ What I most envy Burke for,” said Johnson, after admitting the astonishing range of his resources, but denying him the faculty of wit, “ is, his being constantly the same. He is never what we call hum-drum ; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off.” (“ Take up whatever topic you please,” he said on another occasion, “ he is ready to meet you . . His stream of mind is perpetual.”) “ I cannot say he is good at listening. So desirous is he to talk, that if one is speaking at this end of the table, he’ll speak to somebody at the other end. Burke, sir, is such a man, that if you met him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he’d talk to you in such a manner, that, when you parted, you would say, This is an extraordinary man.* Now, you may be long enough with me, without finding anything extraordinary.” †

* Over and over again Johnson repeated this illustration. 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 !” *Life*, iv. 301. He goes on to say, “ When Burke does not descend to be merry, his conversation is very superior indeed. There is no proportion between the powers which he shows in serious talk and in jocularly. When he lets himself down to that, he is in the kennel.” Not quite ; as the reader

certainly the subtler and more able. He penetrated
er into the principles of things, below common life and
is called good sense, than Johnson could. "Is he like
Burke," asked Goldsmith, when Boswell seemed to exalt
son's talk too highly, "who winds into a subject like a
pent?"* On the other hand, there was a strength and
ness in Johnson's conversational expression which was
his own, and which originated Percy's likening of it, as
sted with ordinary conversation, to an antique statue
every vein and muscle distinct and bold, by the side of
inferior cast.† He had also wit, often an incompa-
humour, and a hundred other interesting qualities,
Burke had not; while his rough dictatorial manner,
loud voice, and slow deliberate utterance, so much
er suggested an objection than gave help to what he
that one may doubt the truth of Lord Pembroke's
ntry to Boswell, that "his sayings would not appear
extraordinary, were it not for his bow-wow way."‡
ne ordinary listener, at any rate, the bow-wow way
ed something too much; and was quite as likely to stun
strike him. "He's a tremendous companion," said poor
ge Garrick, when urged to confess of him what he really
ght.§ He brought, into common talk, too plain an antici-
a of victory and triumph. He wore his determination
be thrown or beaten, whatever side he might please
ke, somewhat defiantly upon his sleeve; and startled
ful society a little too much with his uncle Andrew's
s in the ring at Smithfield.|| It was a sense, on his own

that if he were to see Burke then, it would kill him.* From the first day of their meeting, now some years ago, at Garrick's dinner-table, his desire had been to measure himself, on all occasions, with Burke. "I suppose, Murphy," he said to Arthur, as they came away from the dinner, "you are proud of your countryman. *Cum talis sit, utinam noster esset.*"† The club was an opportunity for both, and promptly seized; to the occasional overshadowing, no doubt, of the comforts and opportunities of other members. Yet for the most part their wit-combats seem not only to have interested the rest, but to have improved the temper of the combatants, and made them more generous to each other. "How very great Johnson has been to-night," said Burke to Langton, as they left the club together. Langton assented, but could have wished to hear more from another person. "Oh, no!" replied Burke, "it is enough for me to have rung the bell to him."‡

spending the Christmas of 1793 at Beaconsfield, Burke said to him that Johnson showed more powers of mind in company than in his writings; but he argued only for victory; and when he had neither a paradox to defend, nor an antagonist to crush, he would preface his *assent* with "*Why no, sir!*" *Croker*, 768. Boswell mentions the same peculiarity, and tells us that he used to consider the *Why no, sir!* as a kind of flag of defiance; as if he had said, "Any argument you may offer against this is not just. No, sir, it is not." It was like Falstaff's "I deny your major." viii. 318.

* "*That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me.* So much was he accustomed to consider conversation as a contest, and "such was his notion of Burke as an opponent." *Boswell*, vi. 80. On the other hand with what complacency, in his better health, he writes to Mrs. Thrale (*Letters*, ii. 127.) "But [Mrs. Montagu] and you have had, with all your adulation, nothing finer said of you than was said last Saturday night of Burke and me. We were at the Bishop of [St. Asaph's], a bishop little better than *your* bishop [Hinchliffe]; and towards twelve we fell into talk, to which the ladies listened, just as they do to you; and said, as I heard, *There is no rising unless* "*somebody says any thing*"

the bell to their friends. Admiration of the *Rambler* him seek admittance to its author, when he was himself, eight years back, but a lad of eighteen; and his ingenuous manners and mild enthusiasm at once won Johnson's

ent described to Boswell. "My excellent friend, Dr. Langton, told me, he once present at a dispute between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, on the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil, which was carried on with extraordinary abilities on both sides. Dr. Johnson maintained the superiority of Homer." v. 78. Another argument one would like to have heard on those frequent occasions when Johnson would quote Dryden's lines (of which he was so fond) about living years again, and for his part protest that he never lived that week in his life he would wish to repeat were an angel to make the proposal to him (W, iii. 139); to which Burke would reply (Boswell does not represent it as said to Johnson, but it obviously must have been), that for his part he did that every man "would lead his life over again; for every man is willing to go on and take an addition to his life, which, as he grows older, he has no reason to think will be better, or even so good as what has preceded." viii. 304. The remark, which Johnson might nevertheless have met by simply again quoting the masterly lines of the old poet, which hit the truth so finely in marking the inconsistency, a self-cozenage, what the argument of Burke would bring to the control of consistency and reason. "Strange cozenage!" cries the poet,

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
"Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
"Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
"To-morrow's falser than the former day . . .
"Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
"Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
"And from the dregs of life think to receive
"What the first sprightly running could not give.
"I'm tired with waiting for this chemic gold,
"Which fools us young, and beggars us when old."

Each, let me add, if Burke wished to make poetical rejoinder, he had but to quote the lines of Nourmahal from the same tragedy (*Aurung-Zebe*),

"'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue,
"It pays our hopes with something still that's new!"

Scott's *Dryden*, v. 241.

Extraordinary how little of Burke's conversation Boswell has attempted to record. It is chiefly confined to his *puns*, one or two specimens of which I shall hereafter. Meanwhile I close this note with what I have always regarded as

chum, and junior by two years, Topham Beauclerc, grandson of the first Duke of St. Albans.† These two young men had several qualities in common, — ready intellect, perfect manners, great love of literature, and a thorough admiration of Johnson; but, with these, such striking points of difference, that Johnson could not comprehend their intimacy when first he saw them together. It was not till he discovered what a scorn of fools Beauclerc blended with his love of folly, what virtues of the mind he set off against his vices of the body, and with how much gaiety and wit he carried off his licentiousness, that he became as fond of the laughing rake as of his quiet contemplative companion. “I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round house,” exclaimed Garrick, when he heard of it; and of an incident in connexion with it, that occurred in the next Oxford vacation. His old friend had turned out of his chambers, at three o’clock in the morning, to have a “frisk” with the young “dogs;”‡ had gone to a tavern in Covent Garden, and roared

of Young a pretty successful imitation of Johnson’s style, when Burke instantly opposed this vehemently, exclaiming, “No, no, it is *not* a good imitation of “Johnson; it has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of “the oak without its strength.” This was an image so happy, says Boswell, that one might have thought he would have been satisfied with it; but he was not. Setting his mind again to work, he added with exquisite felicity, “It has “all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration.” viii. 29.

* “I have heard him say, with pleasure, ‘Langton, sir, has a grant of free-
“warren from Henry II. ; and Cardinal Stephen Langton, in King John’s reign,
“‘was of this family.’” *Boswell*, i. 295.

† *Ibid*, i. 295-298.

‡ One night when Beauclerc 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

...ing to Boswell) had resolved, with Beauclerc, "to
severe in dissipation for the rest of the day," when
ton pleaded an engagement to breakfast with some
g ladies, and was scolded by Johnson for leaving social
ls to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-idea'd* girls.
d as for Garrick, sir," said the sage, when his fright was
ted to him, "he durst not do such a thing. His *wife*
ld not *let* him!"* It was on hearing of similar proposed
vagances, soon after, that Beauclerc's mother angrily
ed Johnson himself, and told him an old man
l not put such things in young people's heads;
the frisking philosopher had as little respect for
Sydney's anger as for Garrick's decorous alarm.
e had no notion of a joke, sir," he said; "had
ne late into life, and had a mighty unpliant under-
standing!" †

...e taste for *un-idea'd girls* was not laughed out of Langton,
...theless; and to none did his gentle domesticities
...ne dearer than to Johnson. He left Oxford with a first-
...knowledge of Greek, and, what is of rarer growth at
...rd, with untiring and all-embracing tolerance. His
...ers endeared him to men from whom he differed most;
...tended even better than he talked; and there is no figure
...s memorable club more pleasing, none that takes kinder

...son, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They
violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared
shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a nightcap,
oker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to
him. "When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he
...nd ... with most good humour agreed to their proposal. What is it you

pulled out an oblong gold snuff-box whenever he began to talk, and had a habit of sitting with one leg twisted round the other and his hands locked together on his knee, as if fearing to occupy more space than was equitable.* Beauclerc said he was like the stork standing on one leg, in Raffaele's cartoon;† but good-naturedly; for the still surviving affection of their college-days checked even Beauclerc's propensity to satire, and as freely still, as in those college-days, Johnson frisked and philosophised with his Lanky and his Beau. The man of fashion had changed as little as the easy, kindly scholar. Alternating, as in his Oxford career, pleasure and literature, the tavern and the court, books and the gaming table,‡ he had but widened the scene of his wit and folly, his reasoning and merriment, his polished manners and well-bred contempt, his acuteness and maliciousness. Between the men of letters

* Miss Hawkins's *Memoirs*, ii. 282.

† Mr. Best (*Personal and Literary Memorials*, 62), gives another authority for this saying. "In early youth I knew Bennet Langton . . . he was a very tall, meagre, long-visaged man, much resembling, according to Richard Paget, a stork standing on one leg near the shore, in Raphael's cartoon of the miraculous draught of fishes. His manners were, in the highest degree, polished; his conversation mild, equable, and always pleasing. He had the uncommon faculty ('tis strange it should be an uncommon faculty,) of being a good reader; and read Shakspeare with such animation, such just intonation and inflexion of the voice, that they who heard him declared themselves more delighted with his recitation than with an exhibition of the same dramatic piece on the stage." It may be worth mention that Langton succeeded Johnson as professor of ancient literature in the Royal Academy; and as I cannot always praise Miss Hawkins, I may as well add that her sketch of Langton is very agreeable. Not that even her *liking* for him, however, is free from uncomfortable touches; "for," she says, "we females of the family might get through much occupation of the after-breakfast description, drive out for two or three hours, return and dress, and my mother might turn in her mind the postponement of dinner, all within the compass of a morning visit from Bennet Langton. But I never saw my father weary of his conversation, or knew any body complain of him as a visitor." *Memoirs*, i. 233, 234.

George Selwyn at White's, or at Strawberry-hill with
role, was as much at home as with Johnson in Gerrard-
. It gave him an influence, a sort of secret charm,
ing these lettered companions, which Johnson himself very
ly confessed to. "Beauclerc could take more liberty
h him," says Boswell, "than anybody with whom I ever
w him;" and when his friends were studying stately
ratulations on his pension, and Beau simply hoped,
Falstaff, that he'd in future purge and live cleanly
a gentleman, he laughed at the advice and took it.*
e, indeed, was the effect upon him of that kind of accom-
ment in which he felt himself deficient, that he more
once instanced Beauclerc's talents as those which he
more disposed to envy than those of any whom he had
m.†

peculiarity in Beauclerc's conversation seems undoubt-
and half unconsciously, to have impressed every one.
vell tries to describe it by assigning to it "that *air of*
world which has I know not what impressive effect, as
there were something more than is expressed, or than

rait of Johnson, which now became Langton's property, and on the frame of
had been inscribed by Beauclerc, "Ingenium ingens inculto latet hoc sub
ore:" which inscription Langton caused to be defaced. "It was kind in you
ake it off," said Johnson to him, complacently; and then, after a short pause,
manly kindness and delicacy of feeling, he added, "and not unkind in him to
it on." He was much affected by Beauclerc's direction in his will, that he
be buried by the side of his mother. *Boswell*, vii. 310-11.

Boswell, i. 298. Johnson was some time with Beauclerc at his house at
or, where he was entertained with experiments in natural philosophy.
unday, when the weather was very fine, Beauclerc enticed him, insensibly,
unter about all the morning. They went into a churchyard, in the time of

undesigned. It might more shrewdly have been denied, I imagine, as the feeling of a superiority to his subject. No man was ever so free, said Johnson very happily, when he was going to say a good thing, from a look which expressed that it was coming; or, when he had said it, from a look that expressed that it had come.† This was a sense of the same superiority; and it gave Beauclerc a predominance of a certain sort over his company, little likely to be always pleasant, and least so when it pointed shafts of sarcasm against his friends. Even Johnson was not tolerant of these. "Sir," he said to him, after one of his malicious sallies, "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."‡ No one suffered from the evil habit so much as Goldsmith.

* *Essay*, 28. *Boswell*, vii. 265. "As Johnson and I," Boswell adds, "accompanied Sir Joshua Reynolds in his coach, Johnson said, 'There is in Beauclerc a predominance over his company, that one does not like. But he is a man who has lived so much in the world, that he has a short story on every occasion: he is always ready to talk, and is never exhausted.'"

† *Boswell*, vii. 321. "Sir," he said to Boswell, on another occasion, "everything comes from him so easily. It appears to me that I labour, when I say a good thing." BOSWELL. "You are loud, Sir, but it is not an effort of mind." I could give many examples of this exquisite ease of Beauclerc's talk, but one perhaps will be enough. During one of the frequent disputes when the whigs, "the cursed whigs," "the bottomless whigs," as Johnson called them, had become predominant in the club, and when, in the course of repelling a bitter attack on Fox and Burke, Beauclerc had fallen foul of George Steevens, Boswell interposed: "The gentleman, Mr. Beauclerc, against whom you are so violent, is, I know, a man of good principles." BEAUCLERC. "Then he does not wear them out in practice." *Bos.* vii. 123.

‡ Lord Charlemont, who loved him thoroughly, has not omitted to observe this. "He was eccentric, often querulous, entertaining a contempt for the generality of the world, which the politeness of his manners could not always conceal;

se, at a great disadvantage. The leading traits of character which this narrative has exhibited, here, for the part, told against him. If, on entering it, his rank and his in letters had been better ascertained, more allowance would have then been made, not alone by the Hawkinses, but by the Beauclercs and Burkes, for awkwardness of manners and ungainliness of aspect, for that ready credulity which is said to be the only disadvantage of an honest man, for the simplicity of nature that should have disarmed instead of inviting ridicule, and for the too sensitive spirit which small annoyances overthrew. They who have no other means of acquiring respect than by insisting on it, will commonly succeed ; but Goldsmith had too many of those other means unrecognised, and was too constantly contending for them, to have energy to spare for that simpler method. He could only have arrived, where Steele was brought by the witty yet gentle ridicule of Dick Eastcourt, at the happiness of thinking nothing a diminution to him but what argued the pravity of his will, then might anything Beauclerc or Hawkins could have said, of his shape, his air, his manner, his speech, or his address, have but led to a manly enforcement of more real claims.* But there was nothing in this

The reader who is not already familiar with this wise and exquisite paper will find me for referring him to it in the 468th number of the *Spectator*. How exquisite are the subjoined passages in thought as well as style ! “ It is an offence natural to the Wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the character of a Man to his Circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good Qualities of those below them, and say, It is very extraordinary in such a Man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the Value of him whose Lowness upbraids their Exaltation. It is to this property only, that it is to be ascribed, that a quick Wit in Conversation a nice

exacting effort and failure anew. It was now, more than ever, he called William Filby to his aid, and appeared in tailor's finery which made plainer the defects it was meant to hide. It was now he resented non-acceptance of himself by affecting careless judgments of others. It was now that his very avarice of social pleasure made him fretful of the restraints of Gerrard-street ; and all he had suffered or enjoyed of old, in the college class room, at the inn of Ballymahon, among the Axe-lane beggars, or in the garret of Griffiths, reacted on his cordial but fitful nature ;—never seriously to spoil, but very often to obscure it. Too little self-confidence begets the forms of vanity, and self-love will exaggerate faults as well as virtues. If Goldsmith had been more thoroughly assured of his own fine genius, the slow social recognition of it would have made him less uneasy ; but he was thrust suddenly into this society, with little beyond a vague sense of other claims than it was disposed to concede to him, however little it might sympathise with the special contempts of Hawkins ; and what argued a doubt in others, seems to have become one to himself, which he took as doubtful means of reinforcing. If they could talk, why so could he ; but unhappily he did not talk, as in festive evenings at Islington or the White-conduit, to please

“ Foot of contributing to Mirth and Diversion. . . . It is certainly as great an
 “ Instance of Self-love to a Weakness, to be impatient of being mimick'd, as any
 “ can be imagined. There were none but the Vain, the Formal, the Proud, or
 “ those who were incapable of amending their Faults, that dreaded him ; to others
 “ he was in the highest Degree pleasing ; and I do not know any Satisfaction of
 “ any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an Impatience of
 “ my seeing myself in the Air he could put me when I have displeased him. It
 “ is indeed to his exquisite Talent this way, more than any Philosophy I could
 “ read on the Subject, that my Person is very little of my Care ; and it is
 “ indifference to me what is said of my Shape, my Air, my Manners, or Speech.”

so far from desiring to appear to the best advantage, took more pains to be esteemed worse than he was, than others do to appear better than they are :* which was saying, awkwardly enough, that he failed to make himself understood. How time will modify all this; how far the position of his fame, and its effects upon himself, will strengthen, with respect, the love which even they who laughed at already bore him; and in how much this *lingering habit* will nevertheless still beset his friends, giving its excuses and occasion; the course of this narrative must show. That his future would more than redeem the past, Johnson was the first to maintain; for his own experience of hardship had helped his affection to discern that he was never, at any period of their intercourse, so far from caring as at this. Goldsmith's position in these days was nevertheless be well understood, if we would read the ampler chronicle which later years obtained.

Who was to be the chronicler had arrived again in London. "Look, my lord!" exclaimed Tom Davies with the voice and attitude of Horatio, addressing a young gentleman who was sitting at tea with himself and Mrs. Davies in the little back parlour, on the evening of Monday the 16th of May, and pointing to an uncouth figure advancing towards the glass door by which the parlour opened to the shop, "comes!" The hope of the young gentleman's life was just arrived. "Don't tell where I come from," he whispered, as Johnson entered with Arthur Murphy.† "This is

* *Life of Garrick*, ii. 168.

Et. 35. "Scotland, sir!" "Mr. Johnson," said poor Boswell in a flutter (for the town was now ringing with *Number Forty-five*, Bute had just retired before the anti-Scottish storm, and Johnson's antipathies were notorious), "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it. "That, sir, I find," said the remorseless wit, "is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help. Now," he added, turning to Davies as he sat down, regardless of the stunned young gentleman, "what do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order to the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Boswell roused himself at this, for what he thought would be a flattering thing to say. He knew that Garrick had, but a few years before, assisted this very Miss Williams by a free benefit at his theatre; but he did not yet know how little Johnson meant by such a sally, or that he claimed to himself a kind of exclusive property in Garrick, for abuse as well as praise. "O, sir," he exclaimed, "I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to *you*." "Sir!" rejoined the other, with a look and tone that shut up his luckless admirer for the rest of the evening, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject."* A characteristic commencement of a friendship

"This writer went with him [Johnson] into the shop of Davies, the bookseller, in Russell-street, Covent-garden. Davies came running to him almost out of breath with joy: 'The Scots gentleman is come, sir; his principal wish is to see you; he is now in the back parlour.' 'Well, well, I'll see the gentleman,' said Johnson. He walked towards the room. Mr. Boswell was the person. This writer followed with no small curiosity. 'I find,' said Mr. Boswell, 'that I

again, very widely opened his ears, and showed eager-
and admiration unabated.

Don't be uneasy," said Davies, following him to the
as he went away : " I can see he likes you very well."*
emboldened, the " giant's den " itself was daringly
ed after a few days ; and the giant, among other
ual ways of showing his benevolence, took to praising
eck this time. After that, the fat little pompous figure
eager to make itself the giant's shadow, might be seen
nonly on the wait for him at his various haunts : in
aries at the social dinner hour, or by Temple-bar in
ovial midnight watches (Johnson's present habit, as he
us himself, was to leave his chambers at four in the
noon, and seldom to return till two in the morning) to
t him to the Mitre. They supped at that tavern for the
ime on the 25th of June ; but Boswell, who tells us
passed, has failed to tell us at what particular dish it was
eir " good supper," or at what glass of the " two bottles "
rt they disposed of, that Johnson suddenly roared across
able, " Give me your hand ; I have taken a liking to
They talked of Goldsmith. He was a somewhat uneasy
ct to Boswell, who could not comprehend how he had
ged to become so great a favourite with so great a man.
he had published absolutely nothing with his name
well himself had just published "*Newmarket, a Tale*") ;
as a man that as yet you never heard of, but as " one
Goldsmith ; " and all who knew him seemed to know that

* *Boswell*, ii. 168.

“ now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He
“ *has* been loose in his principles, but he is coming right.” *

A first supper so successful would of course be soon repeated, but few could have guessed how often. They supped again at the Mitre on the 1st of July; they were together in Inner Temple-lane on the 5th; they supped a third time at the Mitre on the 6th; they met once more on the 9th; the Mitre again received them on the 14th; † on the 19th they were talking again; they supped at Boswell's chambers on the 20th; they passed the 21st together, and supped at the Turk's-head in the Strand; they were discussing the weather and other themes on the 26th; they had another supper at the Turk's-head on the 28th, and were walking from it, arm in arm down the Strand, when Johnson gently put aside the enticing solicitations of wretchedness with *No, no, my Girl, it won't do*; ‡ they sculled down to Greenwich, read verses on the river, and closed the day once more with supper at the Turk's-head, on the 30th; on the 31st they again saw each other; they took tea together, after a morning in Boswell's rooms, on the 2nd of August; on the 3rd they had their last supper at the Turk's-head (Johnson encouraged the house because the mistress of it was a good civil woman, and had not much business) before Boswell's

* *Boswell*, ii. 184.

† That supper on the 14th might be memorable if only for the immortal thing Johnson said when told of “ an impudent fellow from Scotland,” who maintained that there was no distinction between virtue and vice. “ Why, sir, if the
“ fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honour he
“ can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he does
“ really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when

athies had thus early been awakened by the untiring
enjoyment, the eagerness for talk, the unbounded
ence for himself, exhibited by Boswell, strengthened
tless by his youth and idleness (of themselves enough,
m, to make any man acceptable), by his condition in life,
sort of romance in the lairdship of Auchinleck which
as one day to inherit, and not a little, it may be, by even
abbering conceits and inexpressible absurdities, that on
6th of August, the sage took a place beside him in the
wlich coach, accompanied him to the port he was to sail
, and as they parted on the beach enjoined him to keep
urnal, and himself promised to write to him. "Who is
s Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" asked some one,
ezed at the sudden intimacy. "He is not a cur," answered
lsmith; "you are too severe. He is only a bur. Tom
avies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the
culity of sticking."*

swell has retorted this respectful contempt; and in him
excessively ludicrous. "It has been generally circulated
d believed," he says, "that the Doctor was a mere fool
conversation; but in truth this has been greatly exag-
rated." Goldsmith had supped with them at the Mitre
he 1st of July, and flung a paradox at both their heads.
maintained that knowledge was not desirable on its own
unt, for it often was a source of unhappiness.† He
ped with them again at the Mitre five days later, as
swell's guest, when Tom Davies and others were present;
again was paradoxical.‡ He disputed very warmly with
nson, it seems against the sacred maxim of the British

Constitution, that the king can do no wrong : affirming his belief that what was morally false could not be politically true ; and that, as the king might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he could *do* wrong : all which appeared to Boswell sensible or reasonable proof of nothing but the speaker's vanity, and eager desire to be conspicuous wherever he was. " As usual, he endeavoured, with too much eagerness, to shine."* It is added, indeed, that his respectful attachment to Johnson was now at its height ; but no better reason is given for it, than that his own literary reputation had not yet distinguished him so much " as to excite a vain desire of competition with his " great master."† In short, it is impossible not to perceive, that, from the first hour of their acquaintance, Boswell is impatient of Goldsmith, who appears to him very much what the French call *un étourdi*, a giddy pate ; Mr. Boswell, no doubt, feeling his own steady gravity and good sense quite shocked by the contrast of such levity. Also, he is particular to inform us, he finds Goldsmith's person short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, and his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman.‡ How

who was unlucky enough to hit upon praise of Scotland for a subject. He began by modestly remarking that there was very rich land around Edinburgh, upon which, says Boswell, " Goldsmith, who had studied phisic there, contradicted " this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, " Mr. Ogilvie then took new grounds, where, I suppose, he thought himself " perfectly safe ; for he observed that Scotland had a great many noble wild " prospects." " I believe, sir," said Johnson, upon this, " you have a great many. " Norway, too, has noble wild prospects ; and Lapland is remarkable for " prodigious noble wild prospects. But in the north of Scotland, the hills are not

yet to be borne, that such a man should be a privileged man. "Doctor Goldsmith being a privileged man, at with him this night" (the first supper at the Mitre) sitting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, that of an esoteric over an exoteric disciple of a of antiquity, *I go to Miss Williams.*" *

be allowed to go to Miss Williams was decisive of son's favour. She was one of his pensioners,† blind and was now living in a lodging in Bolt-court, provided by

account for much of this feeling. "It may also be observed, that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions would be consequential and important." iii. 301. We have but to imagine suddenly discovering that Goldsmith might be treated with an easy familiarity, to be quite certain that the familiarity would be carried to an extent in mere self-defence must have rendered necessary a resort to the consequential important. *And hinc ille lachrymæ.* * *Boswell*, ii. 199.

others will appear in the course of this narrative, nor can I ever think of without thinking of the wise, kind words, with which Mrs. Thrale tells us outraged all the laws of political economy in regard to the poor. "He loved poor," she says, "as I never yet saw any one else do, with an earnest desire make them happy. What signifies, says some one, giving halfpence to common cars? they only lay it out in gin or tobacco. And why should they be such sweeteners of their existence, says Johnson: it is surely very savage refuse them every possible avenue to pleasure, reckoned too coarse for our acceptance. Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without ; yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not med to show even visible displeasure, if ever the bitter taste is taken from mouths." After telling us this, the lively little lady adds, that in consequence principles he nursed "whole nests" of people in his house, where the lame, blind, the sick, and the sorrowful found a sure retreat from all the evils his little income could secure them. *Anecdotes*, 84, 85. Mr. Maxwell is also, in his collectanea, that "he frequently gave all the silver in his to the poor, who watched him between his house and the tavern where he dined." *Boswell*, iii. 133. We learn, too, from another authority, Mr. Harwood, when visiting Lichfield, towards the latter part of his life, he was accustomed, arrival, to deposit with Miss Porter as much cash as would pay his back to London. He could not trust himself with his own money, as himself unable to resist the importunity of the numerous claimants on benevolence. *Ibid*, ii. 146. Hawkins notes the same peculiarity. "He

to have tea with Miss Williams. "Why *do* you keep that old

"certainly without intending it, that good but weak man, old Mr. Whiston, whom I
"have seen distributing, in the streets of London, money to beggars on each hand
"of him, till his pocket was nearly exhausted." *Life of Johnson*, 395. Good, but
weak Whiston—good, but weak Johnson. Well, Hawkins at any rate is not weak
on these points, whatever else he may have been. What an unexceptionable poor-
law guardian he must have made ! "I shall never forget," says Miss Reynolds,
"the impression I felt in Dr. Johnson's favour, the first time I was in his company,
"on his saying, that as he returned to his lodgings, at one or two o'clock in the
"morning, he often saw poor children asleep on thresholds and stalls, and that he
"used to put pennies into their hands to buy them a breakfast." Croker's *Boswell*,
834. "I have heard Gray say that Johnson would go out in London with his
"pockets full of silver, and give it all away in the streets before he returned
"home." Nicholls, in the *Works*, v. 33. Let me add that Burke, though no
mean political economist, had the same habit, and justified it on similar grounds.
But it is also to be remarked that, even in the short space of three quarters of a
century, society has made such great advances in its care and provision for the
poor, that it would be difficult to justify the practice now so easily as Burke and
Johnson did.

* "Mrs. Williams made it," says Boswell, "with sufficient dexterity, notwith-
"standing her blindness, though her manner of satisfying herself that the cups
"were full enough, appeared to me a little awkward ; for I fancied she put her
"finger down a certain way, till she felt the tea touch it." iii. 102. On the
other hand Percy, whose vicarage she visited in Johnson's company in the year
following this, says, in a communication to Dr. Robert Anderson : "When she
"made tea for Johnson and his friends, she conducted it with so much delicacy,
"by gently touching the outside of the cup, to feel, by the heat, the tea as it
"ascended within, that it was rather matter of admiration than of dislike."
And see Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, 321-5, &c : "I see her now," says Miss
Hawkins, in one of the pleasantest passages of her *Memoirs*, i. 152, "a pale,
"shrunk old lady, dressed in scarlet, made in the handsome French fashion of the
"time, with a lace cap, with two stiffened projecting wings on the temples, and a
"black lace hood over it. . . Her temper has been recorded as marked with the Welsh
"fire, and this might be excited by some of the meaner inmates of the upper floors"
[of Dr. Johnson's house] ; "but her gentle kindness to me I never shall forget,
"or think consistent with a bad temper." The bad temper seems nevertheless
indisputable. "Age, and sickness, and pride," Johnson himself writes a few years
later, "have made her so peevish, that I was forced to bribe the maid to stay
"with her by a secret stipulation of half-a-crown a week over her wages." *Boswell*, vi. 263. In another letter he writes to Mrs. Thrale : "Williams hates
"every body. Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams. Desmoulins
"hates them both. Poll loves none of them." *Piozzi Letters* (1788), ii. 38 ;

help his appreciation of such gallantry as this ; though he seems to have known none, in even the circles of fashion, so distinguished, that he did not take a pride in showing them a rusty-coated philosopher-friend. The then reader of the *Temple*, Mr. Maxwell, has described the levees at Inner Temple-lane. He seldom called at twelve o'clock in the day, says, without finding Johnson in bed, or declaiming over tea to a party of morning visitors, chiefly men of letters, among whom Goldsmith, Murphy, Hawkesworth (an old friend and fellow-worker under Cave), and Langton, are named as least often absent. Sometimes learned ladies were there, too ; and particularly did he remember a French lady of wit and fashion doing him the honour of a visit. It was the summer of this year : and the lady was no other than the famous Countess de Boufflers, acknowledged leader of French society, mistress of the Prince of Conti, aspiring to his wife, and of course, in the then universal fashion of the savantes, philosophes, and beaux esprits of Paris, an *glomane*. She had even written a tragedy in English

see 28-9. Poll was a Miss Carmichael, who, with Mrs. Desmoulins and her daughter, Miss Williams and Mr. Levett, formed what Miss Hawkins calls the "mates of the upper floors," and Mrs. Thrale "the whole nests" of people, who were indebted for their only home to the charity of Johnson. "He used to lament pathetically to me," adds the little lady, in one of the most delightful of *Anecdotes* (213), "that they made his life miserable from the impossibility he had of making theirs happy. . . . If, however, I ventured to blame their ingratitude and condemn their conduct, he would instantly set about softening the one and justifying the other ; and finished commonly by telling me that I knew not how to make allowances for situations I never experienced." Such was his humanity, and such his generosity, exclaims Boswell, "that Mrs. Desmoulins herself told me he allowed her half-a-guinea a week. Let it be remembered, that this was above a twelfth part of his pension." *Life*, vii. 50.

Beauclerc's, out of patience with every body's ridiculous abuse of every body that meddled in politics, and out of breath with her own social exertions. " Dans ce pays-ci," she exclaimed, " c'est un effort perpétuel pour se divertir ; " and, exhausted with it herself, she did not seem to think that any one else succeeded any better. It was a few days after Horace Walpole's great breakfast at Strawberry-hill, where he describes her with her eyes a foot deep in her head, her hands dangling and scarce able to support her knitting-bag, that Beauclerc took her to see Johnson. They sat and talked with him some time ; and were retracing their way up Inner Temple-lane to the carriage, when all at once they heard a voice like thunder, and became conscious of Johnson hurrying after them. On nothing priding himself more than on his politeness, he had taken it into his head, after a little reflection, that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality ; and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was now hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook them before they reached the Temple-gate, and, brushing in between Beauclerc and the Countess, 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

* *Boswell*, vi. 25-6. "When our visit was ended," says Hannah More, describing herself and her sister calling on Johnson in the year of Goldsmith's death, "he called for his hat, as it rained, to attend us down a long winding to our coach." *Memoirs*, i. 49. And Miss Reynolds expressly tells us (*Croker*, 832), that he never suffered any lady to walk from his house to her carriage, through Bolt-court, unattended by himself to hand her into it ; and if any obstacle prevented it from driving off, "there he would stand by the door of it, and rather a mob around."

derable crowd of people gathered round," says Beauclerc, "and were not a little struck by this singular appearance." The hero of the incident would be the last person to be affected by it. The more the state of his toilet dawned upon him, the less likely would he be to notice it. There was no remarkable trait in Johnson, and certainly none in which he more contrasted with the subject of this narrative, than that, as Miss Reynolds was always surprised to remark to him, no external circumstances ever prompted him to make the least apology for them, or to seem even sensible of their existence.

It was not many months after this that he went to see Goldsmith in a new lodging in the locality which not Johnson alone has rendered illustrious, but its association with a line of the greatest names of English literature; the Dorsets, the Leighs, Seldens, Clarendons, Beaumonts, Fords, Marstons, Denchleys, and Congreves. He had taken rooms on the then principal staircase of the Temple. They were a humble set of chambers enough (one Jeffs, the butler of the society, introduced them with him); and, on Johnson's prying and peering about in them, after his short-sighted fashion, flattening his nose against every object he looked at, Goldsmith's uneasy sense of their deficiencies broke out. "I shall soon be in better chambers, sir, than these," he said. "Nay, sir," answered Johnson, "never mind that. *Nil te quæsiveris ultra.*" Invaluable advice! could Goldsmith, blotting out remembrance of his childhood and youth, and looking solely and steadily on the present and the future, but have dared to act upon it

CHAPTER IX.



THE ARREST AND WHAT PRECEDED IT.

1763—1764.

763.

Et. 35.

GOLDSMITH'S removal from the apartments of Newbery's relative in Wine Office Court, to his new lodging on the library stair-case of the Temple, took place in an early month of 1764, and seems to connect itself with circumstances at the close of 1763 which indicate a less cordial understanding between himself and Newbery. He had ceased writing for the *British Magazine*; was contemplating an extensive engagement with James Dodsley; and had attempted to open a connection with Tonson of the Strand. The engagement with Dodsley went as far as a formal signed agreement (for a *Chronological History of the Lives of eminent Persons of Great Britain and Ireland*), in which the initials of medical bachelor are first assumed by him; and at the close of which another intimation of his growing importance appears, in the stipulation that "Oliver Goldsmith shall print his name to the said work." It was to be in two volumes, octavo, of the size and type of the *Universal History*; each volume was to contain thirty-five-sheets; Goldsmith was to be paid at the rate of three guineas a sheet; and the work was to be delivered in the

success. It was a proposition from Goldsmith for a new edition of Pope, which Tonson was so little disposed to entertain that he did not condescend to write his refusal. He sent a printer with a message declining it; delivered with so much insolence, that the messenger received a caning for his pains.

The desire to connect himself with Pope, seems to point in the direction of those secret labours which are to prove such wonderment to Hawkins. He was busy at this time with his poem and his novel; and, if there be any truth in what great fat Doctor Cheyne of Bath told Thomson, that, as you put a bird's eyes out to make it sing the sweeter, you should keep poets poor to animate their

* As an example of such agreements, and the first formal evidence of Goldsmith's growing importance with the booksellers, I subjoin Dodsley's. The original is now in the British Museum, Mr. Rogers having lately presented it, along with his more interesting gifts to the nation of Milton's agreement for *Paradise Lost* and Dryden's for the *Fables*. "It is agreed between Oliver Goldsmith M.B. on one hand, and "James Dodsley on the other, that Oliver Goldsmith shall write for James Dodsley "a book called a Chronological History of the Lives of Eminent Persons of Great "Britain and Ireland, or to that effect, consisting of about two volumes 8vo. about "the same size and letter with the Universal History published in 8vo; for the writing "of which and compiling the same, James Dodsley shall pay Oliver Goldsmith three "guineas for every printed sheet, so that the whole shall be delivered complete "in the space of two years at farthest; James Dodsley, however, shall print the "above work in whatever manner or size he shall think fit, only the Universal "History above mentioned shall be the standard by which Oliver Goldsmith shall "expect to be paid. Oliver Goldsmith shall be paid one moiety upon delivery of "the whole copy complete, and the other moiety, one half of it at the conclusion "of six months, and the other half at the expiration of the twelve months next "after the publication of the work, James Dodsley giving, however, upon the "delivery of the whole copy, two notes for the money left unpaid. Each volume "of the above intended work shall not contain more than five-and-thirty sheets, "and if they should contain more, the surplus shall not be paid for by James "Dodsley. Oliver Goldsmith shall print his name to the said work.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

"JAMES DODSLEY."

"March 31st, 1763.

amid luxuriant woods, with the full spring blooming around them.* What alone seems certain as to that matter, be it light or dark, is that the song, if a true song, will make itself audible.

There is a note among Newbery's papers with the date of the 17th of December 1763, which states Goldsmith to have received twenty-five guineas from the publisher, for which he promises to account. At this time, too, he disappears from his usual haunts, and is supposed to have been in concealment somewhere. Certainly he was in distress, and on a less secure footing with Newbery than at the commencement of the year.† Yet it is also at this time we find

* Goldsmith's philosophy on this subject appears in that delightfully written book, the *Animated Nature*, and is very much opposed to that of Dr. Cheyne's. "The music of every bird in captivity produces no very pleasing sensations : it is but the mirth of a little animal insensible of its unfortunate situation. It is the landscape, the grove, the golden break of day, the contest upon the hawthorn, the fluttering from branch to branch, the soaring in the air, and the answering of its young, that gives the bird's song its true relish. These united, improve each other, and raise the mind to a state of the highest, yet most harmless exultation. Nothing can in this situation of mind be more pleasing than to see the lark warbling on the wing ; raising its note as it soars, until it seems lost in the immense heights above us ; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen ; to see it then descending with a swell as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches its nest ; the spot where all its affections are centred, the spot that has prompted all this joy." iv. 261-2. In the same chapter Goldsmith incidentally contributes his experience to what Charles Fox, Coleridge, and other famous men have since written on the song of the nightingale. "For weeks together, if undisturbed, they sit upon the same tree ; and Shakspeare rightly describes the nightingale sitting nightly in the same place, which I have frequently observed she seldom departs from. . . Her note is soft, various, and interrupted ; she seldom holds it without a pause above the time that one can count twenty. The nightingale's pausing song would be the proper epithet for this bird's music with us, which is more pleasing than the warbling of any other bird, because it is heard at a time when all the rest are silent." iv. 256-7. These passages, exquisite in their expression emulate the music they describe.

copy of an appeal to the public for poor Kit Smart,* who had married Newbery's step-daughter ten years before, and had since, with his eccentricities and imprudences, wearied out all his friends but Goldsmith and Johnson. Very recently, as a last resource, he had been taken to a mad-house; and it was under this restraint, while pens and ink were denied to him, that he indented on the walls of his cell with a key, his *Song to David*.† His friends accounted for the excellence of

ments made in it. It would seem that between the date of his leaving Wine Office Court in "an early month of 1764" (*ante*, 364), and his return to Islington at "the beginning of April" in that year (*post*, 369), he had occupied, while his attic in library staircase of the Temple was preparing, a temporary lodging in Gray's Inn; and that the engagement with the Dodsleys which I have described as opened at this time, had actually proceeded as far as the preparation of copy, and the claim for advance of money. This, as well as the sharp poverty he was suffering, appears from the brief note to James Dodsley, which has been communicated to me by my friend Mr. Peter Cunningham, whose success in matters of literary research is as little to be questioned as the vivacity and ease with which he imparts his discoveries. "Sir," it runs, being dated from "Gray's Inn," and addressed "to Mr. James Dodesley in Pall Mall," on the 10th of March 1764, "I shall take it as a favour if you can let me have ten guineas per bearer, for which I promise to account. I am, sir, your humble servant, "OLIVER GOLDSMITH. P.S. I shall call to see you on Wednesday next with copy, " &c." Whether the money was advanced, or the copy supplied, does not appear.

* Percy calls it (Letter to Malone, Oct. 17, 1786) "a paper which he wrote to "set about a subscription for poor Smart, the mad poet." For a very whimsical account of Smart's vagaries, while yet a resident fellow of Pembroke in Cambridge, written in Gray's quaint thoughtful way, see *Works*, iii. 42. He describes him amusing himself with a comedy of his own writing, which, "he says, is inimitable, "true sterling wit, and humour by God; and he can't hear the Prologue without "being ready to die with laughter. He acts five parts himself, and is only sorry "he can't do all the rest. . . . All this, you see, must come to a Jayl, or Bedlam, "and that without any help, almost without pity." And see *Correspondence of Gray and Mason*, 169, 175; and Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 260.

† Boswell did great wrong to Smart by making him the hero of the ever famous comparison with Derrick. (*Life*, viii. 182-3.) It was of Boyce and Derrick that Johnson was asked at Lord Shelburne's which he thought the best poet. "Sir, "there is no settling the point of precedency between a louse and a flea!" The question was put by Morgann (who wrote the admirable *Essay on Falstaff*), ex-

1763. the composition by asserting that he was most religious when
 Et. 35. most mad; but Goldsmith and Johnson were nevertheless
 now exerting themselves for his release. "Sir," said the
 latter to Boswell, at one of their recent interviews, "my
 " poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind,
 " by falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the
 " street, or in any other unusual place. Now although,
 " rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray
 " at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are
 " so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not
 " called in question." "I did not think," he remarked to
 Burney, "he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were
 " not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying
 " with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one
 " else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean
 " linen; and, sir, I have no passion for it."

1764. Their exertions were successful. Smart was again at
 Et. 36. large at the close of the year, and on the 3rd of the fol-
 lowing April (1764) a sacred composition named *Hannah*,
 with his name as its author, and music by Mr. Worgan,
 was produced at the king's theatre. The effort connects
 itself with a similar one by Goldsmith, made at the
 same time. He wrote the words of an Oratorio in three
 acts, on the subject of the Captivity in Babylon. But
 it is easier to help a friend than oneself; and his own
 Oratorio lay unrepresented in his desk. All he received
 for it was ten guineas, paid by Dodsley for his right o

“ To the last moment of his breath
On Hope the wretch relies,
And even the pang preceding death
Bids Expectation rise.

“ Hope, like the gleaming taper’s light,
Adorns and cheers our way,
And still as darker grows the night
Emits a brighter ray.” *

The night was very dark round Goldsmith just now, yet day was shining steadily too. In few of the years of his life have we more decisive evidence of struggles and distress than in this of 1764; in none did he accomplish so much for himself during fame. But it is a year very difficult to describe with any accuracy of detail. We have little to guide us beyond the occasional memoranda of publishers and the accounts of Elizabeth Fleming. To the Islington lodging he moved at the beginning of April (having paid rent for retention of “the room,” meanwhile, at the rate of about five shillings a week); and his expenses to the end of June are contained in his landlady’s bill. They seem to argue a life of enjoyments, and less credit with Mrs. Fleming. No cards or teas are thrown into the bargain. The sixpence “sassafras” (a humble decoction which the poet does not seem to have despised, now dealt in by apothecaries chiefly) is always carefully charged. The loans are only four, and of small rate amount; a shilling to “pay the laundress,” and sixpence, one and two-pence, and sixpence “in cash.” There are none of the old entries for port wine. Two-pence,

money advanced, in sums ridiculously small, and for work as the revision of short translations, and papers for

* I subjoin the account from the Newbery MSS, *Prior*, ii. 12-13.

“ 1764. Doct. Goldsmith Dr. to Eliz. Fleming.

To the rent of the room from Dec. 25 to March 29.		£1	17	6
April 2.	A post letter	0	0	1
3.	The stage-coach to London	0	0	6
7.	Lent to pay the laundress	0	1	0
11.	A post letter	0	0	1
15.	A parcel by the coach	0	0	2
18.	A post letter	0	0	1
19.	Sassafras	0	0	6
25.	Sassafras	0	0	6
May 2.	Sassafras	0	0	6
3.	A post letter	0	0	1
7.	A post letter	0	0	1
	Sassafras	0	0	6
	Gave the boy for carrying a parcel to Pall Mall	0	0	8
12.	Sassafras	0	0	6
16.	A post letter	0	0	4
17.	Pens and paper	0	1	3
21.	Sassafras	0	0	6
23.	A post letter	0	0	1
24.	Lent in cash	0	0	10
	A pint of ale	0	0	2
25.	Paper	0	0	6
28.	Sassafras	0	0	6
	Opodeldock	0	0	2
June 8.	A letter to the post	0	0	1
9.	Lent in cash	0	1	2
	Sassafras	0	0	6
21.	Lent in cash	0	0	6
27.	A post letter	0	0	1
28.	A post letter	0	0	1
30.	Sassafras	0	0	6
	To cleaning shoes	0	2	6

Washing and Mending.

April 17.	3 Shirts, 3 neckcloths, 4 pair of stockings	0	1	5½
May 3.	2 Shirts, 2 neckcloths, 1 cap	0	0	9½
12.	4 Shirts, 4 neckcloths, 3 pair of stockings	0	1	9
	To mending 3 pair of stockings	0	0	3
26.	3 Shirts, 3 neckcloths, 1 pair stockings	0	1	2½

guineas, from the publisher, have now dwindled down to shillings" and "half-crowns;" and it is matter of doubt whether Newbery, to satisfy outstanding claims, did not engage him for some part of his time in work for his juvenile library. The author of *Caleb Williams*, who had been a child's publisher himself, had always a strong persuasion that Goldsmith wrote *Goody Two Shoes* (an ingenious English critic has claimed *Tom Hickathrift* for Fielding);† and if so, the effort belongs to the present year; for Mrs. Garrick, radiant with gold and ginger-bread, and rich in features as extravagantly ill-drawn as they are dear and well-remembered, made her appearance at Christmas. Other aid was also sought to eke out that of Newbery; and a sum of

		Brought forward £2 17 11½			
June	8.	4 Shirts, 4 neckcloths, 1 pair stockings, 1 cap .	0	1	7½
		1 Pair stockings, mending	0	0	1
	22.	4 Shirts, 4 neckcloths, 4 pair stockings	0	1	10
		3 Pair stockings, mending	0	0	3
		For cloth and wristing a shirt	0	0	6
		To 3 months' board, from March 29 to June 29 .	12	10	0
			<hr/>		
			15 12 3		

OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

For this, the *Life of Christ* and *Lives of the Fathers*, before referred to, appear to have been translated; Goldsmith receiving 21*l.* for the task work.

There will perhaps be no harm in now saying that the critic to whom I here allude is Mr. Thackeray. Yet (such are the differences of taste!) Mr. G. S. Carey, or of *Chrononhotontologos*, thus writes to Garrick three years after the present date. "I had rather they had laid the History of Tom Hickathrift to my charge, than to say I was the author of *The Theatrical Monitor*; for, in my opinion, there has never published anything more puerile, invidious, and exceptionable." *Garrick's Correspondence*, i. 276. It may not be out of place to add, that Johnson thought Tommy Prudent and Goody Two Shoes class of children's books *too* childish. "Babies do not want," he said to Mrs. Thrale, when he saw these books of Newbery's in her nursery, "to hear about babies. They like to be told of giants and ogres, and of somewhat which can stretch and stimulate their little minds." *Johnson's Anecdotes*, 161. His works therefore have been more dispensed to scree

Et. 36. publisher of the *Essays* in the following year), but without mention of the labours it rewarded.

That, in all these memoranda, the entire labours of the year cannot yet be accounted for, it is hardly necessary to add. We are left to guess what other work was in progress, for which advances were not available; and in this, an anecdote told by Reynolds will offer some assistance. He went out to call upon Goldsmith, he says, not having seen him for some time; and no one answering at his door, he opened it without announcement, and walked in. His friend was at his desk, but with hand uplifted, and a look directed to another part of the room; where a little dog sat with difficulty on his haunches, looking imploringly at his teacher, whose rebuke for toppling over he had evidently just received. Reynolds advanced, and looked past Goldsmith's shoulder at the writing on his desk. It seemed to be some portions of a poem. He looked more closely, and was able to read a couplet which had been that instant written. The ink of the second line was wet.

“By sports like these are all their cares beguild;
The sports of children satisfy the child.”

This visit of Reynolds is one of the few direct evidences which the year affords of his usual intercourse with his more distinguished friends. There is no reason to doubt, however, that he had been pretty constant in his attendance at the club during the past winter; he was a member of the Society of Arts, and had been often at their meetings, of which the only trace now left is the record of loans of money

the last season had been one of peculiar interest. The 1763 had opened with evil omen to Garrick. For the first time since the memorable night at which I left him in my narrative of his triumphs at Goodman's Fields, when, in the midst of unexampled enthusiasm, his eye fell upon a little decorated figure in a side box, was met by the approving glance of an eye as bright as his own, and, in the admiration of Alexander Pope, his heart swelled with the sense of fame,† Garrick, at the commencement of that year, felt his influence shaken on his ground insecure. On a question of prices, the noble whom Churchill has gibbeted in the *Rosciad* led a glorious opposition in his theatre, to which he was compelled to offer a modified submission; and not many weeks later, after appearing in a comedy by Mrs. Sheridan and giving

(*pencil*) 10s. 6d. Doctor Goldsmith, Dr. Money lent at the Society of Arts (*pencil*), 3l. 3s. Feb. 14, Lent Dr. Goldsmith (*in pencil*), 1l. 1s. March 5, Dr. Goldsmith, 15l. 15s. May 1, Lent Dr. Goldsmith, 10s. 6d. Ditto, 2s. 6d. July 14, Dr. Goldsmith, 29l. 8s. Aug. 15, Ditto. 4l. 4s. Sept. 1, Ditto, 5l. 5s. Nov. 17, Lent Dr. Goldsmith, 5s. 3d. July 7, 1764, Lent Dr. Goldsmith (*in pencil*), 2s. Lent before (*in pencil*), 2s. 6d. April 30, 1765, Lent Dr. Goldsmith the Society (*in pencil*), 3l. 3s."

"As I opened the part I saw our little poetical hero, dressed in black, seated in a side box near the stage, and viewing me with a serious and earnest attention. His look shot and thrilled like lightning through my frame, and I had some sensation in proceeding, from anxiety and from joy. As Richard gradually moved forth, the house was in a roar of applause, and the conspiring hand of fate shadowed me with laurels." Such was Garrick's own account of the greatest triumph of the opening of his career; and, at the close of it, after an interval of six-and-thirty years of uninterrupted success, he told a friend with emotion he had seen Charles Fox in one of the side boxes, as he rushed off the stage at the close of the second act of *Lear*, holding up his hands with animated and expressive of the wonder of his admiration. It is very pleasing, let me add, to discover repeated evidences, in this not very reverential age, of the deep respect, feeling akin to awe, with which Pope was regarded towards the close of his life. Even Johnson has his personal pride connected with him, and often "told us

ances),* he announced his determination to go abroad for two years. The pretence was health ; but the real cause (resentment of what he thought the public indifference, and a resolve that they should feel his absence) is surmised in a note of Lord Bath's which lies before me, addressed to his nephew Colman, the *ad interim* manager of the theatre.

Garriek left London in the autumn ; and his first letter to Colman from Paris describes the honours which were showering upon him, the plays revived to please him, and the veteran actors recalled to act before him. He had supped with Marmontel and d'Alembert ; " the Clairon " was at the supper, and recited them a charming scene from *Athalie* ; and he had himself given the dagger scene in *Macbeth*, the curse in *Lear*, and the falling asleep of Sir John Brute, with such extraordinary effect, that " the most wonderful wonder " of wonders " was nothing to it. Yet on the very day that letter was written (the 8th of October, 1763), a more wonderful wonder was enacting on the boards of his own theatre. A young bankers' clerk named Powell, to whom, on hearing

supreme despot, of the age of literature just passed away. He was in a crowded auction-room on his first arrival in London, watching a sale of pictures for his master Hudson, when, as he stood near the auctioneer at the upper end of the room, he became aware of an extraordinary bustle among the crowd at the other extremity near the door, which he could only account for at the moment by supposing that some one had fainted from the effect of the heat. But he soon heard the name of Mr. Pope whispered from every mouth, and became conscious that the poet was just entering the door. Every person forming that crowd then drew back and divided to make way for him up the centre of the room, and all present, on either side of the passage which was formed, held out their hands that he might touch them as he passed. Reynolds occupied a modest position behind the front rank, but he put out his hand under the arm of the person who stood before him, and Pope took it as he did those of others in advancing. Reynolds.

Walpole; and Foote's jeering went for nothing. Walpole describes the scene with what seems to be a satisfied secret suasion (in which Goldsmith certainly shared) that Garrick had at last met a dangerous rival. He calls the new actor "what Mr. Pitt called my Lord Clive," a heaven-born hero;† says the heads of the whole town are turned; and describes all the boxes taken for a month. Powell's salary was at once raised to ten pounds a-week, George Garrick presenting on the part of his brother; and such was the curiosity of the town to see him in new characters, and the readiness of the management in giving way to it, that in this first season, from October '63 to May '64, he appeared in nineteen different plays, to a profit on the receipts of nearly ten thousand pounds.‡ His most successful efforts indicate attractive points of his style. In *Philaster* he appeared seven times, in *Posthumus* eleven, seven times in *Jaffier*, five in *Castalio*, and five in *Alexander*. Garrick himself had meanwhile written to him from Italy to warn him against such characters as the latter, and restrain him from attempting too much.§ The advice was admirably written, and

Davies's *Life of Garrick*, ii. 71.

† *Letters to Mann*, i. 167.

See Boaden's prefatory memoir to *Garrick*. *Corr.* i. xlii.

"I am very angry with Powell," he writes to Colman, "for playing that detestable part of *Alexander*. Every genius must despise it, because that, and such fustian-like stuff, is the bane of true merit. If a man can act it well, and mean to please the people, he has something in him that a good actor should not have. He might have served Mrs. Pritchard, and himself too, in some good natural character. I hate your roarers." Rome, April 11, 1764. *Memoirs of*

green-room of Drury Lane. He knew himself yet unassailed in what he had always felt to be his main strength, his versatility and variety of power.* Three men were now

the Colmans, i. 111, 112. And see an excellent letter to Powell himself, written from Paris in December 1764, *Garriek Correspondence*, i. 177-8.

* The earliest of Garriek's critics was one of the most discriminating, and is entitled on other grounds to be listened to with respect, for he became a bishop, and, even after he had published his book on the *Prophecies*, continued to think Shakspeare and Garriek not unworthy of his regard. Newton lived with Lord Carpenter in Grosvenor-square, as tutor to his son, when the Goodman's Fields prodigy began to be talked about; took additional interest in him as a fellow townsman of Lichfield; and not only used to travel every week that distance of nearly five miles to see the new actor, but, sending servants before-hand to keep places (necessary then) that nothing of eye or gesture might be lost, carried to Goodman's Fields with him all the great people he could induce to accompany him, and wrote excellent letters of encouragement and advice to the object of his admiration. I quote from one which is dated exactly six months from the day of Garriek's first appearance. After telling him that one of the masters of Westminster school who remembered Booth and Betterton, was of opinion that in Lear he had far excelled the first and even equalled the last, "The thing," he continues, "that strikes me above all others, is that variety in your acting, and your being so totally a different man in Lear from what you are in Richard. There is a sameness in every other actor. Cibber is something of a coxcomb in everything; and Wolsey, and Syphax, and Iago, all smell strong of the essence of Lord Foppington. Booth was a philosopher in Cato, and was a philosopher in everything else. His passion in Hotspur and Lear was much of the same nature, whereas your's was an old man's passion, and an old man's voice and action; and in the four parts wherein I have seen you, Richard, Chamont, Bayes, and Lear, I never saw four actors more different from one another than you are from yourself." This letter (written, be it remembered, when Garriek was only twenty-five) helps to explain what was meant by the celebrated prompter of Drury Lane, Waldron, a man of discernment and even taste in poetry, when he frankly made answer, on a question of comparison between his early master Garriek, and a later ornament of the stage, "No man admires Mr. —, sir, more than I do. He is a great man! a very great man! but Mr. Garriek, sir, bless my soul! it was quite a different sort of thing." Even Horace Walpole, in one of his most elaborate depreciations of Garriek (*Coll. Lett.* v. 11, 12), is unconsciously betrayed into an admission of his unrivalled variety and versatility when he summons back two of the Betterton race, lays under contribution the French stage, and has to pick and

alarmed.

Be that as it might, however, Powell's success was a great thing for the authors. He came to occupy for them, opportunely, a field which the other had avowedly abandoned; and Goldsmith, always earnest for the claims of writers, sympathised strongly in his success. Another incident of the theatrical season made hardly less noise. O'Brien's charms in *Ranger* and *Lovemore* proved too much for lady Susan Fox,* and she ran away with him. It cured Walpole for a time of his theatre-going. He had a few days before been protesting to Lord Hertford, that he had the republican spirit of an old Roman, and that his name was thoroughly Horatius;† but a homely-looking earl's-daughter running away with a handsome young player, ran away with all his philosophy. He thought a footman would have been preferable;‡

choose from among the living English actors, before he can establish the fact of his having had equals or superiors in the art. So when Johnson talked of the old actors during the tour to the Hebrides (*Boswell*, iv. 132:) "you compare them with " Garrick, and see the deficiency. Garrick's great distinction is his universality."

* "A very pleasing girl, though not handsome. . . . Lord Ilchester doated on " her." *Letters to Mann*, i. 195. "The king," writes her uncle Lord Holland to Mr. Grenville, asking him for a place in the New York Customs to banish O'Brien to, "has shown so much compassion on this unhappy occasion, that, &c." *Grenville Correspondence*, ii. 447. "O'Brien and Lady Susan," says Walpole to Lord Hertford "are to be transported to the Ohio and have a grant of 40,000 " acres." *Coll. Lett.* iv. 404. † *Ibid.* iv. 336.

‡ *Coll. Lett.* iv. 405. Within a very few months his preference was gratified by another of his lady friends, Lord Rockingham's youngest sister, actually marrying her Irish footman, Mr. William Sturgeon. *Coll. Lett.* iv. 460. ("A sensible, " well-educated woman," says Gray, "27 years old indeed, and homely enough." *Correspondence with Mason*, 335.) Yet, such are the strange inconsistencies of character, this same Horace Walpole could thus write to Mann eight years later. "We have an instance in our family of real dignity of mind, and I set it down

“ as the most honorable alliance in the pedigree. The dowager Lady Walpole,” (his aunt) “ you know, was a French staymaker’s daughter. When ambassadress in France, the queen expressed surprise at her speaking so good French. Lady Walpole said she was a Frenchwoman. ‘ Française ! ’ replied the queen. ‘ Vous Française, madame ! et de quelle famille ? ’ ‘ D’aucune, madame,’ answered my aunt. Don’t you think that *aucune* sounded greater than Montmorency would have done ? One must have a great soul, to be of the *aucune* family ; which is not necessary, to be a Howard.” *Lett. to Mann*, ii. 221.

* A clever little piece called *Cross Purposes* was written by O’Brien, who afterwards, on his return from America, less successfully borrowed from the French a comedy called the *Duel*. O’Brien lived to a very great age, and is remembered living “ on his farm ” in one of the midland counties during the first quarter of the present century ; while his wife, Lady Susan, did not die till 1827, at the ripe age of 84. I am happy to be able to quote a hitherto unpublished letter of his to George Garriek, which pleasantly exhibits the social nature of the man, the regret with which he entered the temporary exile to which the pride of his wife’s grand relations had sentenced him, and the wondrous changes which something short of a century has made in the scene of his exile. The letter was probably one of his first from New York, and its date shows with what a horrible haste (“ O’Brien and his lady “ big with child,” writes Gray to the master of Pembroke, Oct. 29, 1764, “ are embarked for America to cultivate their 40,000 acres of woodland ”) the fashionable folk had packed them off. “ NEW YORK, Nov. 10th, 1764. DEAR “ GEORGE, Though I think you don’t deserve it at my hands, yet I must write “ to you, and beg you will take the first opportunity, to let me hear from you, “ how you do, and how every thing goes on among you at old Drury, where “ I often wish myself, just to take a peep thro’ the curtain and have a frisk in the “ green-room. How came you never once to take your leave of us, but go to “ Hampton and take no sort of notice of us ; you must clear that up to me. Is “ your Brother come to England ? I shan’t write to him till I hear from him, and “ know where he is. I suppose you long to have an account of our passage, and “ this place. As to the first, it was a very remarkable one for the time of year, “ they say, being only 34 days—but between you and I, the tempest we have been “ used to see on dry land before a crowded house, is far pleasanter than some we “ met with on the American coast. I assure you I thought it a serious affair, and “ began to say my short prayers. Lady Susan was vastly ill the whole way, but “ is now quite well again and sends you her compliments. New York is not equal “ to London, but we shall be very comfortable I make no doubt—every one here “ seems extremely disposed to make it as agreeable as possible to us. Everything “ appears just in the bud, a world in its infancy, which to folks used to the “ conveniences and luxuries of London is at the first rather awkward—time

Poverty pressed heavily just now upon Goldsmith, as I have said. His old friend Grainger came over on leave from his West India station, to bring out his poem of the *Sugar Cane*; and found him in little better plight than in his garret days. "When I taxed little Goldsmith for not writing," he says to Percy, "as he promised me, his answer was, that "he never wrote a letter in his life; and 'faith I believe him, "unless to a bookseller for money."* In the present year, it would seem, he had more experience than success in

"makes everything feel less so. Whenever I meet with anything I think worth "your while accepting, you may be sure I won't forget you. In the mean time "I beg you'll do me the favor to desire Mr. Woodfall will send me the Public "Advertisers that I may see the progress of Politics and Plays at one view. He "may send them regularly by the packets as they come; and if possible let me "have them from the first day the house opened, and so on day by day; I'll have "them all the while I continue in this country. I'll pay him either by the year "at once, or if he must be paid constantly every day order him to leave them at "Mr. Towchet's as they come out, and he will send them to me and pay him for "them. I hope all your little family are well, give my love to them all. Present "my compliments to Mr. Lacy . . tell him I expect to hear from him . . Give my "compliments to Mr. Colman, whom I hope also to hear from, and Hollond. "I hope they won't take it ill, I don't write to them; but I have so little to say "and so many letters to write, that I must beg they will excuse me this packet. "As I expect they'll write to me soon, and let me know all the news, they may "depend on hearing from me again by the return of every ship. Hearing from "England will be my greatest pleasure, therefore I hope you among the rest won't "forget me. East, West, North or South, I am ever, Dear George, Yours most "sincerely WM. O'BRIEN." After his return to England, O'Brien got the place of receiver-general of the county of Dorset. See note to *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 170. See also Taylor's *Records of his own Life*, i. 176, and *Selwyn Correspondence*. i. 273.

* Letter to Percy, dated March 24, 1764, in Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 286. In the same letter he describes himself to have been robbed, "about three o'clock "of the day we parted, about three miles on this [London] side of St. Albans. "Luckily he did not ask for my watch, and went off by telling me he was sorry to be "obliged to take our money. So civil are our highwaymen. In France or Spain "our death would have preceded the robbery." I may here take the opportunity

as he had long been, busy with his *Requies*; and in the collection and arrangement of that work, which, more than any other in its age, contributed to bring back to the study and appreciation of poetry, a natural, healthy, and passionate tone, took frequent counsel with Goldsmith. To their intercourse respecting it, we owe the charming ballad with the prettiest of opening lines, "Turn gentle hermit of the dale;" and Percy admitted many obligations of knowledge and advice, in which no other man of letters in that day could so well have assisted him. The foremost of them, Johnson himself, was indifferent enough to the whole scheme; though at this

whether as written by his request, or at the solicitation of some friend introduced by him to Goldsmith. The epitaph itself is well worth subjoining, as a pointed and happy specimen of tombstone-literature, and nobly merited if true. It is "On Zachary Bayly, Esq."

He was a man,
To whom the endowments of Nature
Rendered those of Art superfluous.
He was wise,
Without the assistance of recorded Wisdom;
And eloquent,
Beyond the precepts of scholastic Rhetoric.
His study
Was of Men, and not of Books;
And he drank of Knowledge,
Not from the Stream, but from the Source.
To Genius, which might have been
Fortunate without Diligence,
He added a Diligence, which, without Genius,
Might have commanded Fortune.
He gathered riches with honour,
And seemed to possess them only to be liberal.
His private virtues
Were not less conspicuous than
His public benevolence.
He considered Individuals as Brethren,
And his Country as a Parent.

Little else than a round of visitings, indeed, does the present year seem to have been to Johnson; though the call for his Shakspeare (on which he had so long been engaged) was never so urgent as now. He passed part of the spring with his friend Langton in Lincolnshire, where it was long remembered how suddenly, and to what amazement of the elders of the family, he had laid himself down on the edge of a steep hill behind the house, and rolled over and over to the bottom;* he had stayed the summer months and part of August with Percy, at Easton Mauduit vicarage in Northamptonshire;† and on his return to town had formed an acquaintance with the Thrales. Is it necessary to describe the tall, stately, well-informed, worthy brewer, and tory member for Southwark; or his brisk, vivacious, half-learned, plump little wife? Is not their friendship known as the solace of Johnson's later life, and remembered whenever he is named? Thrale was fond of the society of men of letters and celebrity; and Arthur Murphy, who had for some years acted as provider in that sort to the weekly dinners‡ at Southwark and Streatham, had the honour of introducing Johnson. Mrs. Thrale

* "Poor, dear Dr. Johnson," said Langton to Mr. Best, some years after Johnson's death, "when he came to this spot, turned back to look down the hill, and said 'he was determined 'to take a roll down.' When we understood what he meant 'to do, we endeavoured to dissuade him; but he was resolute, saying, 'he had 'not had a roll for a long time;' and taking out of his lesser pockets whatever 'might be in them—keys, pencil, purse, or penknife, and laying himself parallel 'with the edge of the hill, he actually descended, turning himself over and over, 'till he came to the bottom.'" Best's *Memorials*, 65.

† *Boswell*, ii. 269, and 282.

‡ It was through him "the set" were introduced. He had done the same office in Garrick's case four years earlier. "You stand engaged," he writes to him in May 1760, "to Mr. Thrale for Wednesday se'ne ig t. You ne d not apprehend

indulged in literary airs and judgments, which she put on with an audacity as full of charms as of blunders; and beyond measure captivated Johnson. She was his *Madam*, *My Mistress*, his *Dearest of all Dear Ladies*, whom he lectured only because he loved; for where she came, she brought him sunshine. Like some "gay creature of the element" she flitted past the gloomy scholar, still over-toiled and weary, though resting at last. "You little creatures," he exclaimed, on her appearing before him one day in a dark-coloured dress, "you should never wear those sort of clothes; they are unsuitable in every way. What! have not all insects gay colours?"† The house of the hospitable brewer became

* Mr. Croker is the only infallible authority I know on the question of a lady's age, and he has settled Mrs. Thrale's, though not without great difficulty. In his last edition of *Boswell* (170), he says, "She was about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, when this acquaintance commenced. At the time of my first edition I was unable to ascertain precisely Mrs. Piozzi's age—but a subsequent publication, named *Piozziana*, fixes her birth on her own authority to the 16th January, 1740; yet even that is not quite conclusive, for she calls it 1740 *old style*, that is, 1741. I must now of course adopt, though not without some doubt, the lady's reckoning." Happily this doubt was solved before the completion of his labour, though not in the lady's favour, for in a subsequent note (650) he says, "I have found evidence under her own hand that my suspicion was just, and that she was born in 1740, *new style*." In another note to the same edition, Mr. Croker has the satisfaction of settling the late Lady Cork's age, long held to be insoluble. "I found by the register of St. James's parish that she had understated her age by one year. She died on the 30th of May, 1840, aged 95." (646). I need hardly add that the same ruthless authority discovered, at the cost of a journey to a much more distant parish-register, that poor Fanny Burney had understated her age by no less than ten years; and that instead of being a girl of seventeen, hardly out of the nursery, when she surprised the world by *Evelina*, she was in truth a mature young lady of twenty-seven! Nevertheless this was a fact in literary history worth setting right, and gratitude is due to Mr. Croker accordingly.

† *Anecdotes*, 279. Her greatest fault was a kind of saucy carelessness of

immediately after his first visit, the Thursdays in every week were set apart for dinner with the Thrals ; and before long there was a " Mr. Johnson's room " both in the Southwark mansion and the Streatham villa. Very obvious was the effect upon him. His melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened, all said who observed him closely ; but not the less active were his sympathies still, in the direction of that Grub-street world of struggle and disaster, of cock-loft lodgings and penny-ordinaries, from which he had at last effected his own escape.

An illustration of this, at the commencement of their intercourse, much impressed Mrs. Thrale. One day, she says, he was called abruptly from their house after dinner, and returning in about three hours, said he had been with an enraged author, whose landlady pressed him for payment within doors, while the bailiffs beset him without ; that he was drinking himself drunk with madeira to drown care, and fretting over a novel which when finished was to be his whole fortune ; but he could not get it done for distraction, nor could he step out of doors to offer it to sale. Mr. Johnson, therefore, she continues, set away the bottle, and went to the bookseller, recommending the performance, and desiring some immediate relief ; which when he brought back to the writer, the latter called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment. " It was " not," she concludes, " till ten years after, I dare say, that " something in Doctor Goldsmith's behaviour struck me with

pe n tuall watching. " Nay, then," wisely observed Johnson, " you *ought* to be

“*Wakefield.*”*

A more scrupulous and patient writer corrects some inaccuracies of the lively little lady, and professes to give the anecdote authentically from Johnson's own exact narration. “I received one morning,” Boswell represents Johnson to have said, “a message from poor Goldsmith that he was “in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come “to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as “possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to “him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, “and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, “at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he “had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of “madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the “bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him “of the means by which he might be extricated.† He then “told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he “produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told “the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone “to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought “Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not

* *Anecdotes*, 119-20. Mrs. Thrale fixes the date of the incident as not later than 1765 or 6; but it is to be kept in mind that her little volume of *Anecdotes* was written and printed while she was in Italy (it appeared in 1786) without the means of correcting any such slip of memory.

† Mr. Croker has pointed out that George Steevens (in the *London Magazine*, lv. 253) tells, curiously enough, a not dissimilar story of Johnson himself, who very frankly confessed to have been sometimes in the power of bailiffs, and that Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, was his constant friend on such occasions. “I remember “writing to him,” said Johnson, “from a sponging-house; and was so sure of my “deliverance through his kindness and li e ali v. bat. before his only was no clt.

er does the rating seem altogether undeserved, since
e can hardly be a doubt, I think, that Mrs. Fleming was
landlady. The attempt to clear her appears to me to fail
many essential points. Tracing the previous incidents
ately, it is almost impossible to disconnect her from this
ummation of them, with which, at the same time, every
e of Goldsmith's residence in her house is brought to a
e. As for the incident itself, it has nothing startling for
reader who is familiar with what has gone before it. It
ne old story of distress, with the addition of a right to
nt it which poor Goldsmith had not felt till now; and in
violent passion, the tone of indignant reproach, and the
le of madeira, one may see that recent gleams of success
of worldly consideration have not strengthened the old
ts of endurance. The arrest is plainly connected with
bery's reluctance to make further advances; of all Mrs.
ming's accounts found among his papers, the only one un-
ded is that for the summer months preceding the arrest;†

Boswell, ii. 193. For a third and ridiculously inventive account of the incident,
which Goldsmith figures as at his wit's end how to wipe off his landlady's score
keep a roof over his head, "except by closing with a very staggering proposal
her part, and taking his creditor for wife, whose charms were very far from
uring, whilst her demands were extremely urgent;" and which contains a
of other preposterous statements; see Cumberland's *Memoirs*, i. 372-3.

A fourth version, that of Sir John Hawkins (quoted by Mr. Mitford in his
p. clxxviii), and strongly smacking of the knight's usual vein, appears to
o point to Islington as the locality of the arrest, though it does not directly
rm that suggestion. "Of the booksellers whom he styled his friends,
r. Newbery was one. This person had apartments in Canonbury-house, where
ldsmith often lay concealed from his creditors. Under a pressing necessity,
there wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and for it received of Newbery forty
unds." It does not detract from the value of this evidence, such as it is, that
Joh giv's afterwards (*Life*, 420-1) his own blundering account of the

or at least sanctioned, the harsh proceeding. The manuscript of the novel (of which more hereafter) seems by both statements, in which the discrepancies are not so great but that Johnson himself may be held accountable for them, to have been produced reluctantly, as a last resource; and it is possible, as Mrs. Thrale intimates, that it was still regarded as "unfinished;"—but, if strong adverse reasons had not existed, Johnson would surely have carried it to Newbery. He did not do this. He went with it to Francis Newbery the nephew; does not seem to have given any very brilliant account of the "merit" he had perceived in it (four years after its author's death he told Reynolds that he did not think it would have had much success†); and, rather with

* My friend Mr. Peter Cunningham was so kind as to examine Newbery's will for me, and found in it two bequests, of fifty guineas each, to Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming and Mr. Thomas Fleming. From the same will it appears that both John and Thomas Carnan had married daughters of Newbery.

† The passage is worth quoting from *Boswell*, vii. 172-3. It occurs in an argument which arose at Reynolds's dinner-table, as to whether a man who had been asked his opinion by another whether or not his manuscript were worth publication, is justified in giving such opinion, or under an obligation to speak the truth, on being so put to the torture. In any case, argued Johnson, "I should scruple much to give a suppressive vote. Both Goldsmith's comedies "were once refused; his first by Garrick, his second by Colman, who was "prevailed on at last by much solicitation, nay, a kind of force, to bring it on. "His *Vicar of Wakefield* I myself did not think would have had much success. "It was written and sold to a bookseller before his *Traveller*, but published "after; so little expectation had the bookseller from it. Had it been sold after "*The Traveller*, he might have had twice as much money for it, though sixty "guineas was no mean price. The bookseller had the advantage of Goldsmith's "reputation from *The Traveller* in the sale, though Goldsmith had it not in "selling the copy." SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. "The *Beggars Opera* affords a proof "how strangely people will differ in opinion about a literary performance. Burke "thinks it has no merit." All this should be remembered before harsh judgments are given on the occasional querulous complaints that broke from Goldsmith as to the reception given to his writings

ard to Goldsmith's immediate want, than to any confident
 e of the value of the copy, asked and obtained the sixty
 nds. "And sir," he said to Boswell afterwards, "a suf-
 ficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of
 Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by
 his *Traveller*; and the bookseller had such faint hopes of
 profit by his bargain that he kept the manuscript by him a
 long time, and did not publish it till after the *Traveller*
 had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth
 more money." *

1764.

Æt. 36.

the poem, meanwhile, the elder Newbery *had* consented
 speculate; and this circumstance may have made it hope-
 to appeal to him with a second work of fancy. For, on
 every day of the arrest, the *Traveller* lay completed in
 poet's desk. The dream of eight years, the solace and
 ainment of his exile and poverty, verged at last to fulfil-
 ment or extinction; and the hopes and fears which centered
 there, doubtless mingled on that miserable day with the fumes
 of the madeira! In the excitement of putting it to press,
 which followed immediately after, the nameless novel recedes
 together from the view; but will reappear in due time.
 Johnson approved the verses more than the novel; read the
 proof-sheets for his friend; substituted here and there, in
 the emphatic testimony of general approval, a line of his
 own; prepared a brief but hearty notice for the *Critical
 Review*, which was to appear simultaneously with the poem;
 and as the day of publication approached, bade Goldsmith

CHAPTER X.

THE TRAVELLER AND WHAT FOLLOWED IT.

1764—1765.

^{1764.}
^{Et. 36.} “ THIS day is published,” said the *Public Advertiser* of the 19th of December 1764, “ price one shilling and sixpence, “ *The Traveller* ; or, a Prospect of Society, a Poem. By “ Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. Printed for J. Newbery in “ St. Paul’s Church Yard.” It was the first time that Goldsmith had announced his name in connection with anything he had written ; and with it he had resolved to associate his brother Henry’s name. To him he dedicated the poem. From the midst of the poverty which Henry could least alleviate, and turning from the celebrated men with whose favour his own fortunes were bound up, he addressed the friend and companion of his infancy, to whom, in all his sufferings and wanderings, his heart, untravelled and unsullied, had still lovingly gone back. “ The friendship “ between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies

and obscurity with an income of forty pounds a year. "I now perceive, my dear brother," continued Goldsmith, "in an affecting significance, "the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away." Such as the harvest was, however, he was at last himself about to reap it in. He proceeded to describe to his brother the effect of his poem, as an attempt to show that there may be real happiness in states that are differently governed from our own, that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess: but he expressed a strong doubt, since he had not taken a political "side," whether its freedom from individual and party abuse would not wholly bar its success.

While he wrote, he might have quieted that fear. As the poem was passing through the press, Churchill died. It was he who had pressed poetry into the service of party, and for the last three years, to apparent exclusion of every nobler theme, made harsh political satire the favoured utterance of the Muse. But his rude strong spirit had suddenly given way. Those unsubdued passions; those principles, unfettered rather than depraved; that real manliness of soul, scorn of convention, and unquestioned courage; that open heart and liberal hand; that eager readiness to love or to hate, to strike or to embrace, had passed away for ever. Nine days earlier, the antagonist Horace had begun the same dark journey:

to be accomplished in the grave.* Be it not the least shame of the profligate politics of these three disgraceful years, that, arraying in bitter hostility one section of the kingdom against the other, they turned into unscrupulous personal enemies such men as these ; made a patriot of Wilkes ; statesmen of Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord Sandwich, and Bubb Dodington ; and, of the free and vigorous verse of Churchill, a mere instrument of perishable faction. Not without reason on that ground did Goldsmith condemn and scorn it. It was that which had made it the rare mixture it so frequently is, of the artificial with the natural and impulsive ; which so fitfully blended in its author the wholly and the partly true ; which impaired his force of style with prosaical weakness ; and controlled, by the necessities of partisan satire, his feeling for nature and for truth. Yet should his critic and fellow-poet have paused before, in this dedication to the *Traveller*, he branded him as a writer of lampoons. To Charles Hanbury Williams, but not to Charles Churchill, such epithets belong. The senators who met to decide the fate of turbot were not worthier of the wrath and the scourge of Juvenal, than the men who, reeking from the gross indulgences of Medmenham-abbey, drove out William Pitt from the cabinet, sat down by the side of Bute, denounced in the person of Wilkes their own old profligate associate, and took the public morality into keeping. Never, that he might merely fawn upon power or trample upon weakness, had Churchill let loose his pen. There was not a form of mean pretence or servile assumption, which he did not use it to denounce. Low, pimping

ics, he abhorred; and that their worthless abettors, to
 the exposure his works are so incessantly devoted, have
 carried him into oblivion with themselves, argues some-
 thing for the sound morality and permanent truth expressed
 in his manly verse. By these the new poet was to profit;
 much as by the faults which perished with the satirist,
 he left the lesson of avoidance to his successors. In the
 interval since Pope's and Thomson's death, since Collins's
 sweet song, since the silence of Young, of Akenside,
 and of Gray, no such easy, familiar, and vigorous verse as
 Dryden's, had dwelt in the public ear. The less likely was
 any one to turn away, impatient or intolerant of the *Traveller*.
 Thomson pronounced it a poem to which it would not
 be easy to find anything equal, since the death of Pope.
 Though covering but the space of twenty years,* this was
 a time worth coveting, and was honestly deserved. The
 elaborate care and skill of the verse, the exquisite choice
 and selectness of the diction, at once recalled to others, as
 to Thomson, the master so lately absolute in the realms of
 poetry; and with these there was a rich harmony of tone,
 softness and simplicity of touch, a happy and playful
 earnestness, which belonged peculiarly to the later poet.
 In a less pointed and practised force of understanding
 than in Pope, and in some respects less subtle and refined,
 the appeal to the heart in Goldsmith is more gentle, direct,
 and pure. The predominant impression of the *Traveller* is of
 naturalness and facility; and then is felt the surpassing

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built upon nature ; that it rests upon honest truth ; that it is not crying to the moon and the stars for impossible sympathy, or dealing with other worlds, in fact or imagination, than the writer has himself lived in and known. Wisely had Goldsmith avoided, what, in the false-heroic versifiers of his day, he had wittily condemned ; the practice, even commoner since, of building up poetry on fantastic unreality, of clothing it in harsh inversions of language, and of patching it out with affectations of by-gone vivacity : “ as if the more “ it was unlike prose, the more it would resemble poetry.” Making allowance for a brief expletive rarely scattered here and there, his poetical language is unadorned yet rich, select yet exquisitely plain, condensed yet home-felt and familiar. He has considered, as he says himself of Parnell, “ the “ language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys “ the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression.”*

In what way the *Traveller* originated, the reader has seen. It does not seem necessary to discuss in what precise proportions its plan may have risen out of Addison’s *Letter from Italy*. Shaped in any respect by Thomson’s remark, in one of his letters to Bubb Dodington, “ that a poetical landscape of “ countries, mixed with moral observations on their characters “ and people, would not be an ill-judged undertaking,” it certainly could not have been ; † for that letter was not made

* *Miscell. Works*, iii. 374.

† Sir Egerton Brydges has pointed out some resemblance of topics, and a similar union of contemplation and description, in a now forgotten poem of the hardly-treated Blackmore ; but there is nothing in the latter (the *Nature of Man*) to suggest anything like imitation. The only couplet quoted having any resemblance to the turns of Goldsmith’s verse is where Blackmore says of the French,

nently and in a peculiar degree, written from personal feeling and observation; and the course of its composition has been traced with the course of its author's life. When Boswell came back to London some year or so after its appearance, he tells us with what amazement he had heard Johnson say that "there had not been so fine a poem since Pope's time;"* and then amusingly explains the phenomenon by remarking, that "much, no doubt, both of the sentiments and expression "were derived from conversation" with the great lexicographer. What the great lexicographer really suggested was a title, *The Philosophic Wanderer*, rejected for something simpler; as, if offered, the Johnsonian sentiment and expression would, I suspect, have been. But "Garth did "not write his own *Dispensary*," and Goldsmith had still less chance of obtaining credit for his. The rumour that Johnson had given great assistance, is nevertheless contradicted by even Hawkins; where he professes to relate the extreme astonishment of the club, that a newspaper essayist and bookseller's drudge should have written such a poem. Undoubtedly that was his own feeling; and others of the members shared it, though it is to be hoped in a less degree. "Well," exclaimed Chamier, "I do believe he wrote this "poem himself; and let me tell you, that is believing a "great deal." Goldsmith had left the club early that night, after "rattling away as usual." In truth he took little pains himself, in the thoughtless simplicity of those social hours, to fence round his own property and claim. "Mr. Goldsmith," asked Chamier, at the next meeting of the club,

Do you mean tardiness or recollection? Johnson, who was near them, took part in what followed, and has related it. "Goldsmith, who would say something without consideration, answered 'Yes.' I was sitting by, and said, 'No, " 'sir, you did not mean tardiness of locomotion: you mean " 'that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in " 'solitude.' 'Ah!' exclaimed Goldsmith, 'that was what " 'I meant.' Chamier," Johnson adds, "believed then that " 'I had written the line, as much as if he had seen me write " it." Yet it might be, if Burke had happened to be present, that Johnson would not have been permitted, so obviously to the satisfaction of every one in the room, dictatorially to lay down thus expressly what the poet meant. For who can doubt that he also meant slowness of motion? The first point of the picture is *that*. The poet is moving slowly, his tardiness of gait measuring the heaviness of heart, the pensive spirit, the melancholy, of which it is the outward expression and sign. Goldsmith ought to have added to Johnson's remark that he meant all it said, and the other too; but no doubt he fell into one of his old flurries when he heard the general aye! aye! that saluted the great cham's authoritative version. While he saw that superficially he had been wrong, he must have felt that properly explained his answer was substantially right; but he had no address to say so, the pen not being in his hand.

The lines which Johnson really contributed he pointed out himself to Boswell, when laughing at the notion that he had taken any more important part in it. They were the line

grafted on his friend's insertion by Goldsmith himself, is worth all that Johnson added ; though its historical allusion was somewhat obscure.

“The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.”

Who was Luke, and what was his iron crown? is a question Tom Davies tells us he had often to answer ; being a great resource in difficulties of that kind. “ The Doctor referred “ me,” he says, in a letter to the reverend Mr. Granger, who was compiling his *Biographical History* and wished to be exact, “ to a book called *Géographie Curieuse*, for an explanation of Luke's iron crown.” The explanation, besides being in itself incorrect, did not mend matters much. “ Luke ” had been taken simply for the euphony of the line. He was one of two brothers who had headed a revolt against the Hungarian nobles, at the opening of the sixteenth century ; but, though both were tortured, the special horror of the red-hot crown was inflicted upon George.* “ Doctor “ Goldsmith says,” adds Davies, “ he meant by Damien's

* In a note to this passage in my former edition, I explained that this *Géographie Curieuse*, which appeared to have been Goldsmith's authority, was nevertheless itself incorrect in the family name of the brothers, which it reports to have been Zeck. They were George and Luke, as stated, and George underwent the punishment of the “iron crown ;” but the family name was Dosa. For this I referred to the *Biographie Universelle*, xi. 604. The origin of the mistake is curious, and has since been explained to me by the courtesy of a correspondent who writes from America. The two brothers belonged to one of the native races of Transylvania called Szeklers or Zecklers, which descriptive addition follows their names in the German biographical authorities ; and this, through abridgment, and misapprehension, in subsequent books came at last to be substituted for the family name. In the next edition of his admirable text of Goldsmith's poems (the best now existing), Mr. Bolton Corne will, I hope, restore the original verse, which he

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“iron the rack; *but I believe* the newspapers informed us “that he was confined in a high tower, and actually obliged “to lie upon an iron bed.”* So little was Davies, any more than Chamier, Johnson, or any one else, disposed to take the poet’s meaning on the authority of his own explanation of it.

“Nay, sir,” said Johnson very candidly, when it was suggested, some years afterwards, that the partiality of its author’s friends might have weighed too much in their judgment of this poem, “the partiality of his friends was “always *against* him. It was with difficulty we could give “him a hearing.” Explanation of much that receives too sharp a judgment in ordinary estimates of his character, seems to be found, as I have said, in this. When partiality takes the shape of pity, we must not wonder if it is met by the vanities, the conceits, the half shame and half bravado, of that kind of self-assertion which is but self-distrust disguised. Very difficult did Goldsmith find it to force his way, with even the *Traveller* in his hand, against these patronising airs and charitable allowances. “But he imitates “you, sir,” said Mr. Boswell, when, on return from his Dutch studies, he found this poem had really gone far to make its writer for the time more interesting than even Johnson himself. “Why no, sir,” Johnson answered. “Jack Hawkes- “worth is one of my imitators; but not Goldsmith. Goldy, “sir, has great merit.” “But, sir,” persisted the staunch disciple, “he is much indebted to you for his getting so

the frank tribute of the sister of Reynolds, after hearing Johnson read the *Traveller* aloud "from the beginning to the end of it," a few days after it was published.* Here was another point of friendliest and most general agreement. "Renny dear," now a mature and very fidgety little dame of seven-and-thirty, had never been noted for her beauty; and few would associate such a thing with the seamed, scarred face of Johnson; but the preponderating ugliness of Goldsmith was a thing admitted and allowed for all to fling a stone at, however brittle their own habitations. Miss Reynolds had founded her admiring tribute on what she had herself said at a party in her brother's house some days before. It had been suddenly proposed, as a social game after supper, to toast ordinary women, and have them matched by ordinary men; whereupon one of the gentlemen having given Miss Williams, Johnson's blind old pensioner, Miss Reynolds instantly matched her with Goldsmith; and this whimsical union so enchanted Mrs. Cholmondeley, that, though she had at the time some pique with Renny dear, she ran round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her everything for her last toast. "Thus," exclaimed Johnson, who was present, and whose wit at his friend's expense was rewarded with a roar, "thus the ancients, on the making-up of their quarrels, "used to sacrifice a beast betwixt them."† Poor Goldsmith!

* See Miss Reynolds's recollections printed in the appendix to Croker's *Boswell*. Of these I ought to remark, however, that several of them (as Mr. Croker himself admits of one) are manifestly fabricated out of imperfect or confused recollections of anecdotes elsewhere existing, an example of which I give in my next note.

† My authority for this anecdote, the point of which is missed in Miss Reynolds's

to take these equivocal shapes. "There is not a bad line
 "in that poem of the *Traveller*," said Langton, as they sat
 talking together at Reynolds's, four years after the poet's
 death; "not one of Dryden's careless verses." "I was glad,"
 interposed Reynolds, "to hear Charles Fox say it was one
 "of the first poems in the English language." "Why were
 "you glad?" rejoined Langton. "You surely had no doubt
 "of this before?" "No," exclaimed Johnson, decisively;
 "the merit of the *Traveller* is so well established, that
 "Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure
 "diminish it."*

1765. Not very obvious at the first, however, was its progress to
 Æt. 37. this decisive eminence. From the first it had its select
 admirers, but their circle somewhat slowly widened. "The
 "beauties of this poem," observed the principal literary
 newspaper of the day, the *St. James's Chronicle*, two months
 after its publication, "are so great and various, that we
 "cannot but be surprised they have not been able to recom-

of strife that elicited gratitude to the gods. Mrs. Cholmondeley (according to
 Johnson "a very airy lady," *Boswell*, iv. 272) was a younger sister of Mrs.
 Woffington the actress, married to the Hon. and Rev. George Cholmondeley.
 Fanny Reynolds, Johnson's "dearest dear," was eighty when she died, in
 November 1807.

* Reynolds continued: "But his friends may suspect they had too great a
 "partiality for him." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, the partiality of his friends was
 "always against him. It was with difficulty we could give him a hearing.
 "Goldsmith had no settled notions upon any subject; so he talked always at
 "random. It seemed to be his intention to blurt out whatever was in his mind,
 "and see what would become of it. He was angry, too, when caught in an
 "absurdity; but it did not prevent him from falling into another the next minute."
Boswell, vii. 84-5. A little later, when Johnson was complaining of Langton
 being too silent at the club, and letting the whigs have it all their own way, "Sir,"
 said Boswell, "you will recollect that he very properly took up Sir Joshua for

too late into the world for any share of its poetical distinctions; that Pope and others had taken up the places in the temple of fame; and that as but few at any one period can possess poetical reputation, "a man of genius can now hardly acquire it." "That," said Johnson, when this saying was related to him, "is one of the most sensible things I have ever heard of Goldsmith. It is difficult to get literary fame, and it is every day getting more difficult."* Nevertheless, though slowly, the poem seems to have advanced steadily; and, in due course, translations of it appeared in more than one continental language. A month after the notice in the *St. James's Chronicle*, a second edition was published; a third was more quickly called for; a fourth was issued in August; and the ninth had appeared in the year when the poet died. That anything more substantial than fame arose to him out of these editions, is, however, very questionable. The only payment that can with certainty be traced in Newbery's papers as for "*Copy of the Traveller, a poem*," leaves it more than doubtful, whether for twenty guineas Goldsmith had not surrendered all his interest in it, except that which, with each successive issue, still prompted the limæ labor.† Between the first and last, thirty-six new lines had been added, and fourteen of the old cancelled. Some of the erasures would now, perhaps, raise a smile. No honest thought disappeared, no manly word for the oppressed. The "wanton judge" and his "penal statutes" remained;

* *Life*, v. 303-4. What on earth can Mr. Croker mean by the subjoined note on that saying of Goldsmith? "Goldsmith, who read a great deal of light French literature, borrowed this from La Bruyère. 'Les anciens ont tout dit ;

“Laws grind the poor and rich men rule the law,”

were still undisturbed. But words quietly vanished, here and there, that had spoken too plainly of the sordid past ; and no longer did the poet proclaim, in speaking of the great, that, “inly satisfied,” above their pomps he held his ragged pride. The rags went the way of the confession of poverty in the *Polite Learning* ;* and of those hints of humble habits which were common in the *Busy Body* and the *British Magazine*, but are found no longer in *Essays by Mr. Goldsmith*.

With that title, and the motto “*Collecta revirescunt*,” a three-shilling duodecimo volume of those re-published essays was now issued by Mr. Griffin for himself and Mr. Newbery, who each paid him ten guineas for liberty to offer this tribute to the growing reputation of the *Traveller*. He corrected expressions, as I have said ; lifted Islington tea-gardens into supper at Vauxhall ; exalted the stroll in White conduit garden to a walk in the park ; and, in an amusing preface, disclaimed any more ambitious motive than one of

this payment for the *Traveller* makes its appearance. Other items in it refer to matters already described. “Settle Dr. Goldsmith’s account, and give him credit “for the following copies : 1. The Preface to the History of the World, and charge “it to the Partners, 3*l.* 3*s.* 3 Prefaces to the Natural History, 6*l.* 6*s.* Translation “of the Life of Christ, — Ditto, the Lives of the Fathers, — Ditto, the Lives of “the Philosophers, — Correcting 4 vols. Brookes’ Nat. History, — 79 Leaves “of the History of England, — *Copy of the Traveller, a Poem*, 21*l.* Lent in “Fleet Street at Mr. Adams’s to pay for the instrument, 15*s.* 6*d.* Lent him at “the Society of Arts, and to pay arrears, 3*l.* 3*s.* Get the Copy of Essays for which “paid 10*l.* 10*s.* as half, and Mr. Griffin to have the other.”

*

“Perish the wish ; for inly satisfied,

Above their pomps I hold my ragged pride,”

him for some years, he was now resolved to try if he could not live a little upon himself; and he compared his case to that of the fat man he had heard of in a shipwreck, who, when the sailors, pressed by famine, were taking slices off him to satisfy their hunger, insisted with great justice on having the first cut for himself. "Most of these essays," continued Goldsmith, "have been regularly reprinted twice or thrice a year, and conveyed to the public through the kennel of some engaging compilation. If there be a pride in multiplied editions, I have seen some of my labours sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own. I have seen them flourished at the beginning with praise, and signed at the end with the names of Philantos, Philaethes, Philalutheros, and Philanthropos."* Names that already figured, as the reader will hardly need to be reminded, in those adventures of a philosophic vagabond which formed part of the little manuscript novel† now lying,

* Even the *Monthly Review* cannot but admit (xxxiii. 82, July 1765) that "Mr. Goldsmith hath here published a collection of Essays, which have been so often printed in the newspapers, magazines, and other periodical productions, that we despair of selecting a specimen from any one that will not be previously known to our readers. But notwithstanding their being so well calculated for cursory inspection, and notwithstanding their transient success among the duller topics of the day, we apprehend, &c. &c. &c," and then follows the usual depreciation; as for instance, "It is easy to collect from books and conversation, a sufficiency of superficial knowledge to enable a writer to flourish away with tolerable propriety through a news-paper-essay; but when these his lucubrations assume the form of a book, it is, &c. &c. &c. The author tells us, in his preface, that he could have made these Essays more metaphysical, had he thought fit; for our part, we do not find any of them, with which metaphysics have much to do. But be this as it may, we look upon it as a great mark of Mr. Goldsmith's prudence, that he did neither meddle nor make with them." Considerate Mr. Griffiths!

† See chapter xx. of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, one of the evidences which

Another piece of writing which belongs to this period, and which did not find its way to the public till the appearance of the novel, to whose pages (with the title of the *Hermit*) it had been transferred, was the ballad of *Edwin and Angelina*. It was suggested, as I have said, in the course of the ballad-discussions with Percy in preparation of the *Reliques*; and was written before the *Traveller* appeared. "Without informing any of us," says Hawkins, again referring to the club, "he wrote and addressed to the Countess, afterwards Duchess of Northumberland, one of the first poems of the lyric kind that our language has to boast of."* A charming poem undoubtedly it is, if not quite this; delightful for its simple and mingled flow of incident and imagery, for the pathetic softness and sweetness of its tone, and for its easy, artless grace. He had taken pains with it, and he set more than common store by it himself; so that when, some two years hence, his old enemy Kenrick, taking advantage of its appearance in the novel, assumed the character of "Detector" in the public prints, denounced it as a plagiarism from the *Reliques*, and entreated the public to compare the insipidity of Doctor Goldsmith's negus with the genuine flavour of Mr. Percy's champagne, he thought it worth while, even against that assailant, to defend his own originality.† The poem he

does not scruple to hint at a weakness of his own. "I found that no genius in another could please me. . . I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade."

* *Life of Johnson*, 420. Mr. Mitford (in the anecdotes appended to his *Life*, clxxvii) quotes Hawkins for another statement, which I do not find in his biography, to the effect that this beautiful poem was saved from destruction by Dr. Chapman of Sudbury, for that, soon after he wrote it, Goldsmith showed it to

Grainger's entirely modern and exquisite ballad of *Bryan and Pereene*): and Goldsmith's answer was to the effect that he did not think there was any great resemblance between the two pieces in question; but that if any existed, Mr. Percy's ballad was the imitation, inasmuch as the *Edwin and Angelina* had been read to him two years before (in the present year), and at their next meeting he had observed, "with his usual good humour," that he had taken the plan of it to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. "He then," added Goldsmith, "read me his little "cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it."*

Out of these circumstances it of course arose that Goldsmith's ballad was shown to the wife of Percy's patron, who had some taste for literature, and affected a little notice of its followers. The countess admired it so much that she had a few copies privately printed. I have seen the late Mr. Heber's, with the title-page of "*Edwin and Angelina*, a "ballad; by Mr. Goldsmith. Printed for the amusement of "the Countess of Northumberland." It is now rare; and has a value independent of its rarity, in its illustration of

an old French novel; but the attempt at once called forth an expostulatory comment from a correspondent, known to be Bishop Percy, in the *Monthly Review* for Oct. 1797. It was afterwards, by another correspondent, elaborately exposed and ridiculed in the same *Review* for July 1798; and by the same writer, on its subsequent revival, in the *European Magazine* for May 1812. I mention it here only to guard against any future revival of the slander.

* I subjoin the letter, from the *St. James's Chronicle* (July 23-25, 1767), at the commencement of which is an allusion to another ill-natured comment, of which he had been the subject in the same journal. "SIR, As there is nothing "I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me "to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's travels because I thought the book was a good one; and I

afterwards published, we perceive that even the gentle closing line has been an after-thought; that four stanzas have been re-written; and that the two which originally last have been removed altogether. These, for their simplicity and beauty of expression, it is worth while here to present. The action of the poem having closed without them, they were on better consideration rejected; and young writers should study and make profit of such lessons. . Posterity is always too much upon its hands to attend to what is irrelevant or needless; and no one so well as Goldsmith seems to have known that the writer who would hope to live must live by the perfection of his style, and by the cheerfulness and careful beauty of unsuperfluous writing.

“ Here amidst sylvan bowers we’ll rove,
From lawn to woodland stray;
Blest as the songsters of the grove,
And innocent as they.

“ To all that want, and all that wail,
Our pity shall be given;
And when this life of love shall fail,
We’ll love again in heaven.”

Intercourse with Northumberland-house, except Mr. Percy’s library was open to him during his chap-

“ think so still. I said I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published, but in that it seems I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right. Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having copied a ballad I published some time ago from one by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. I do not think he any, his ballad was taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago, and he, as we both considered these things as trifles at best, told me it was a usual good-humour the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to write a ballad from the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me

there, began and ended with this poem. Its author is only afterwards to be traced there on one occasion, characteristically described by Hawkins. "Having one day," he says, "a call to wait on the late Duke, then Earl, of North-
" umberland, I found Goldsmith waiting for an audience in
" an outer room ; I asked him what had brought him there :
" he told me, an invitation from his lordship. I made my
" business as short as I could, and, as a reason, mentioned
" that Doctor Goldsmith was waiting without. The Earl
" asked me if I was acquainted with him : I told him
" I was, adding what I thought likely to recommend him.
" I retired, and staid in the outer room to take him home.
" Upon his coming out, I asked him the result of his con-
" versation. ' His lordship,' says he, 'told me he had read
" '[sic] my poem,' meaning the *Traveller*, 'and was much
" 'delighted with it ; that he was going lord-lieutenant of

" me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for
" communications of a much more important nature. I am, Sir, yours, &c. OLIVER
" GOLDSMITH." I happen to have before me a copy, now rarely met with, of the
original "proposals" for publishing Blainville's travels, to which this letter refers ;
and as it marks the new estimation in which the *Traveller's* success placed its
author, and the uses which the booksellers hastened to make of it, it may be worth
description. It is the first but by no means the last instance of such employment
of his name. After an elaborate description of the book, great prominence is given
to the intimation that it is "Recommended by Doctor Goldsmith, Author of *The*
" *Traveller*, a poem, &c ;" and on the same full title page which precedes the
conditions of subscription and sale, immediately below the announcement that the
work will be "printed for J. Johnson and B. Davenport in Paternoster-row and
" sold by all Booksellers and News-carriers in Great Britain and Ireland," follows
the "RECOMMENDATION. I have read the Travels of Monsieur *De Blainville* with
" the highest Pleasure. As far as I am capable of judging, they are at once
" accurate, copious and entertaining. I am told, they are now first translated
" from the Author's Manuscript in the *French* Language, which has never been
" published ; and if so, they are a valuable Acquisition to ours. The Translation,

“ what did you answer, asked I, to this gracious offer ?
“ ‘ Why,’ said he, ‘ I could say nothing but that I had a
“ ‘ brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help :
“ ‘ as for myself ’ ” (this was added for the benefit of
Hawkins) “ ‘ I have no dependence on the promises of great
“ ‘ men : I look to the booksellers for support ; they are my
“ ‘ best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them
“ ‘ for others.’ Thus,” adds the teller of the anecdote,
“ did this idiot in the affairs of the world trifle with his
“ fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to assist
“ him ! Other offers of a like kind he either rejected or
“ failed to improve, contenting himself with the patronage
“ of one nobleman, whose mansion afforded him the delights
“ of a splendid table, and a retreat for a few days from the
“ metropolis.” †

The incident related may excuse the comment attached to it. Indeed, the charge of idiocy in the affairs of the Hawkins-world, may even add to the pleasure with which we contemplate that older-world picture beside it, of frank simplicity and brotherly affection. This poor poet, who, incomprehensibly to the Middlesex magistrate, would thus gently have turned aside to the assistance of his poorer brother the hand held out to assist himself, had only a few days before been obliged to borrow fifteen shillings and sixpence “ in Fleet-street,” of one of those “ best friends ” with whose support he is now fain to be contented. But the reader has already seen that since the essay on *Polite Learning* was written, its author’s personal experience had

great; and the precise value of Lord Northumberland's offer seems in itself somewhat doubtful. Percy, indeed, took a subsequent opportunity of stating that he had discussed the subject with the earl; and had received an assurance that if the latter could have known how to serve Goldsmith (it does not seem to have occurred to Percy that one mode had already been suggested without any effect), if he had been made aware, for example, that he wished to travel, "he would have procured him a sufficient salary on the Irish establishment, and have had it continued to him during his travels."* But this was not said till after Goldsmith's death; when many ways of serving him, meanwhile, had been suffered to pass by unheeded; and when his poor struggling brother, for whom he begged thus explicitly the earl's patronage, had also sunk unnoticed to the grave. The booksellers, on the other hand, were patrons with whom success at once established claims, independent and incontrovertible; and the *Traveller*, to a less sanguine heart than its writer's, already seemed to separate, with a broad white line, the past from that which was to come. No Griffiths bondage could again await him. He had no longer any personal bitterness, therefore, to oppose to Johnson's general allegiance to the "trade;" though, at the same time, with Johnson, he made special and large reservations. For instance, there was old Gardener the bookseller. Even Griffiths, by the side of Gardener, looked less ill-favoured. This was he who had gone to Kit Smart in the depths of his poverty, and drawn him into the most

speeches that Johnson might ever make to him! "I wrote, "sir," said the latter, "for some months in the *Universal Visitor* for poor Smart, not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in the *Universal Visitor* no longer."* It was a sixpenny weekly-pamphlet; the agreement was for ninety-nine years; and the terms were that Smart was to write nothing else, and be rewarded with one-sixth of the profits! It was undoubtedly a thing to remember, this agreement of old Gardener's. The most thriving subject in the kingdom of the booksellers could hardly fail to recall it now and then. And the very man to remind Goldsmith of it, in good-natured contrast to the opportunity he had lost, was the companion with whom he left Northumberland-house that day. Nevertheless he left it with greater cheerfulness, and a better-founded sense of independence, than if he had consented to substitute a reliance "on the promises of great men."

* *Boswell*, v. 288.

CHAPTER XI.



GOLDSMITH IN PRACTICE AND BURKE IN OFFICE.

1765.

THE “nobleman” to whom Sir John Hawkins refers, at the close of his anecdote last related, as having vouchsafed to be Oliver Goldsmith’s solitary patron, was not yet ennobled; nor could the relation he had opened with the poet on the appearance of the *Traveller* be properly described as one of “patronage,” though it doubtless at times afforded him the delights of a splendid table and a retreat for a few days from the metropolis. Mr. Robert Nugent, the younger son of an old and wealthy Westmeath family, was a jovial Irishman and man of wit, who proffered hearty and “unsolicited” friendship to Goldsmith at this time as a fellow patriot and poet,* and maintained ever after an easy intercourse with him. In early life he had written an ode to Pulteney,† which contains the masterly verse introduced by Gibbon in his character of Brutus;

 (“ What though the good, the brave, the wise,
 With adverse force undaunted rise,
 To break the eternal doom !
 Though Cato lived, though Tully spoke,
 Though Brutus dealt the god-like stroke,
 Yet perished fated Rome !”)

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Leicester-house administrations commemorated by Bubb Dodington, he was always appointed to office; and had held appointments more substantial as comptroller of the prince's household, a lord of the treasury, and vice-treasurer of Ireland. He talked well, though coarsely, "with a vivacity" of expression often bordering on the Irish bull," and was a great favourite with women. His first wife, Lord Fingal's* daughter, brought him a good fortune, and bore him a son; by his second wife, to whom he was the third husband, the sister and heiress of Secretary Craggs (Pope's friend), and described as "a good-humoured, pleasant, fat woman,†" he had no issue, but obtained large landed estates, one of the finest domains in Essex, and the mansion of Gosfield Hall;‡ and from a third less lucky marriage, with Elizabeth Drax the Countess Dowager of Berkeley, sprang the daughter (its

* Plunket, the attainted earl.

† *Gent. Mag.* lix. 406.

‡ "Returning to England in the summer of 1776," says Wraxall, in his *Historical Memoirs* (i. 126), "I went down soon afterwards on a visit to Lord Nugent, at Gosfield in Essex; a seat which has since, in the revolutionary events of the present times, afforded a temporary asylum to the august representative of the Capetian line, when expelled from a country over which his ancestors had reigned, in uninterrupted male succession, for above eight hundred years." In another passage Sir Nathaniel calls the "house and estate" at Gosfield "one of the finest domains in Essex;" yet the present condition of the inclosure, or paddock, before the mansion, would rather seem to confirm the origin of the name as derived from Goosefield. Lord Nugent appears so pleasantly in Goldsmith's life, and Wraxall's sketch of him is so characteristic, that I subjoin one or two passages. "Of an athletic frame, and a vigorous constitution, though very far advanced in years," [Wraxall is writing two years after Goldsmith's death] "he was exempt from infirmity; possessing a stentorian voice, with great animal spirits, and vast powers of conversation. He was indeed a man of very considerable natural abilities, though not of a very cultivated mind. . . To a perfect knowledge of the world, he joined a coarse, and often licentious, but naturally strong and ready wit, which no place, nor company, prevented him from indulging; and the effect of which was augmented by an Irish accent that never

the separation to live with her father and aunt, Mrs. Peg Nugent, till she married the Marquis of Buckingham in 1775, and united the names of Nugent and Grenville. Richard Glover (the epic and dramatic poet of Leicester-house) characterises him briefly as a jovial voluptuous Irishman who had left popery for the protestant religion, money, and widows;—but Glover lived to see him surrender these favourites, and, not far from his eightieth year, go back to popery again. When his friendship with Goldsmith began, he was a tall, stout, vigorous man of nearly sixty, with a remarkably loud voice and a broad Irish brogue; whose strong and ready wit, careless decision of manner, and reckless audacity of expression, obtained him always a hearing from the House of Commons, in which he had sat for four-and-twenty years. He was now watching, with more than ordinary personal interest, the turn of the political wheel. So, for the interest *they* took in the opening of Burke's great political life, was his new friend Goldsmith, and every member of the Gerrard-street club.

The ministry which succeeded Bute's (that of George Grenville and the Bedfords, or, as they were called, the Bloomsbury gang)* was coming to a close at last, after a series of impolitic blunders without parallel in the annals of statesmen. Early in March of the previous year ('64), after convulsing England from end to end with the question

*one of the clauses went to propose that watchmen should be *compelled* to "sleep during the day-time, Lord Nugent, with admirable humour, got up "and desired that he might be personally included in the provisions of the "Bill, being frequently so tormented with the gout, as to be unable to sleep either

of general warrants and the ignoble persecution of W. the first attempt was made upon America which roused her rebellion. In the autumn of that year, all her towns and cities were in loud and vehement protest; and before the year closed, Benjamin Franklin had placed in Grenville's hands a solemn protest of resistance on the part of the fellow colonists to any proposition to tax them without their consent. But as yet, this met with little sympathy in England; and to the stubborn nature of Grenville, fear was as strange as wisdom. With only one division in the Commons when the attendance was most paltry, and without a single negative in the Lords, he passed, at the opening of the present year, the act which virtually created the Republic of America. Burke was in the gallery of the house during its progress (it had been his habit for some months to attend almost every discussion), and said, nine years afterwards, that from anything inflammatory, he had never in his life heard so languid a debate.* Horace Walpole described it to Lord Hertford as a "slight day on the American taxes." Burke, who had served in America and knew the temper of the people, was the only man whose language approached to the occasion; and as he had lately lost his regiment for his opposition against general warrants, it was laughed at as the language of a disappointed man. Pitt was absent. On occasions so momentous he had come to the house on crutches, swathed in flannel; yet now he was absent. He afterwards pronounced that some friendly hand could have laid him prostrate on the floor of the house to bear his testimony against the bill;

The minister's triumph in his Stamp Act, however, was brief. The King had hardly given it his glad assent, when the first slight seizure of the terrible malady which in later days more sorely afflicted him, necessitated an act of regency; and the mismanagement of the provisions of that act hopelessly embroiled the minister with his master. Then came the clash and confusion of the parties into which the once predominant old whig party had been lately rent asunder, and which the present strange and sullen seclusion of Pitt made it hopeless to think of reuniting. In vain he was appealed to; in vain the poor King made piteous submissions to induce him to return to power. Fortunate in legacies, a Somersetshire baronet whom he had never seen had just left him three thousand a-year; and it began to be whispered about that he would not take office again. The opposition lost ground, and the ministry did not gain it; the coercion laid upon the King became notorious; the city was shaken with riots, which in the general disorganisation of affairs rose almost to rebellion; and while, on the one hand, a new administration seemed impossible without the help of Pitt, on the other it was plain that Grenville and the Bedfords were tottering to their final fall. The King was intensely grateful to them for their invasion of the public liberties, and had joyfully co-operated with them in the taxation of America; but he hated them because they hated Bute, who had placed them in power; because they had insulted his mother the Princess Dowager, whose intrigues had sustained them in power; and because they

govern without party, and solely by the favour of the crown, and here, then, were its four years' fruits. His ministers become his tyrants, and statesmen held themselves aloof from his service. When his uncle Cumberland came back to Hayes with Pitt's formal refusal, he thought in his desperation of even the old Duke of Newcastle; began to make atonement for recent insults to the house of Devonshire, and threw out baits for those old pure whigs who had been to this time the objects of his most concentrated hatred. Doubts and distrust shook the Princess Dowager and her friends, in which Nugent of course largely shared; the expectation stood on tip-toe in Gerrard-street, where the friends of the club could hardly avoid taking interest in what affected the fortunes of Edmund Burke.

For Burke, not unreasonably, looked to obtain employment in the scramble. Hawkins said he had always meant to throw himself to the highest bidder;† but the calumny is hardly worth refuting. He had honourably disengaged himself from Hamilton, and scornfully given back his pension; nor did his friends kept in ignorance that he had since attached himself to the party of whigs the most pure and powerful in the state. Lord Rockingham was at their head, a young nobleman of princely fortune and fascinating manners, who made up for powers of oratory, in which

* Walpole's *George III.* ii. 160. † Miss Hawkins's *Memoirs*, i. 101.

‡ Since my first edition appeared, Lord Albemarle has published *Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries*, a series of papers relating chiefly to the public affairs of this period, from the collections of his lordship, with a highly intelligent and well-informed comment of his own. At the end of the book (ii. 486-8) the reader will find Burke's celebrated character of

his associates men like himself, less noted for their brilliant talents than for their excellent sense and spotless honour. The manly independence as well as great landed influence of the old Yorkshire family of Savile, was worthily represented in their ranks by the present member for the county, Sir George: and with him were associated the shrewd clear honesty and financial ability of Dowdeswell, a country gentleman of Worcestershire; and the many rare virtues of the Duke of Devonshire's youngest uncle, Lord John Cavendish, who, not more remarkable for his fair little clownish person than for his princely soul, carried out in politics the principles of private honour with what Walpole sneeringly calls "the tyranny of a moral philosopher."* With the extremer opinions of Lord Temple, these men had little in common. Though staunch against general warrants and invasions of liberties and franchises, they were as far from being Wilkite as the reckless demagogue himself; and they had obtained the general repute of a kind of middle constitutional party. Little compatible was this with present popularity, Burke well knew; but he saw beyond the ignorant present. To the last he hoped that Pitt might be moved; and in the May of this year so expressed himself to his friend Flood, in a letter which is curious evidence of his possession of the political secrets of the day:† but, though believing that without the splendid talents and boundless popularity of the

* *Memoirs of George III.* ii. 25. George Selwyn called him, says Walpole, as well for his fair little person, as for the quaintness with which he untreasured, as by rote, the stores of his memory, "the learned canary bird." Gray calls him "the best of all Johns." See *Correspondence of Gray and Mason*, 78. Mason was his tutor at Cambridge.

† Burke's *Correspondence*, i. 80.

that on this plain foundation might be gradually raised a party that should revive whig purity and honour, and when Pitt should be no more. Somewhat thus, too, the honest and brave Duke of Cumberland may have reasoned when to his hapless nephew the King, again crying him in utter despair, and imploring him, with or without Pitt, to save him from George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford, he gave his final counsel. Lord Rockingham was summoned; consented, with his party, to take office and was sworn in First Lord on the 8th of July. Shelburne would not join without Pitt: but a young duke (Grafton), of whom much was at that time expected, gave in his adhesion; and General (afterwards Marquis) Conway, Cumberland's personal friend and the cousin-favourite of Horace Walpole,* a braver soldier than politician.

* There is no pleasanter trait in Horace Walpole than his affection for Conway, which continued steady and unalterable to the last, and was manifested in the most generous disinterested ways. See letters lately published in the *Grenville Correspondence*, ii. 296-9, 320-7, 335-44, &c. The brave quiet soldier had hardly been known to me the man to have inspired so strong a feeling, till I read some fragments of his early correspondence with Walpole lately published by Lord Albemarle, the originals in Sir Denis le Marchant's possession. I subjoin one or two passages which show Conway in a character that but for these letters I should have hesitated (with all my admiration for his sterling sense and manliness) to ascribe to him. The date is at the close of Sir Robert Walpole's ministry, more than twenty years before that to which I have brought my text. "Would you believe it, Horry," writes Conway in the autumn of 1740, "I have been hitherto in this dreary city all this last summer? But I can't bear summer people, and so I live a good deal alone." "The marriage of a great silk-dyer to Miss —, a young lady of great merit, and fortune, and the death of an eminent distiller in Cornhill, is what I find worth your notice. Adieu, dear Horry. Service to Gray. . . . Here, Horry, here is just such a bit of paper as you wrote to me upon. . . . if I can help it I won't write a word more upon it. I have just written to Selwyn and told him that I had received your note and would answer it."

Burke, Edmund's distant relative and dear friend, being appointed his under-secretary. Upon this the old meddling "fizzling"* Duke of Newcastle went and warned Conway's chief against these Burkes. Edmund's real name, he said, was O'Bourke; and he was not only an Irish adventurer, a jacobite, and a papist, but he had shrewd reasons for believing him a concealed jesuit to boot. Nevertheless, seven days after the administration was formed, the jesuit and jacobite, introduced by their common friend Fitzherbert (who had been named to the Board of Trade), was appointed private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham; and Burke's great political life began.

The first letter of the newly appointed secretary to the

"you know I am soon appeased. Indeed, Horry, if one did not love you better than anybody, and you did not write better than other people, one could never forgive you; but I forgot, those are the very reasons why I should be the most angry with you. So, know that nothing but a vehement long letter can ever make it up betwixt us . . . So you cannot bear Mrs. Woffington? yet all the town is in love with her. To say the truth, I am glad to find somebody to keep me in countenance, for I think she is an impudent, Irish-faced girl . . . Poor Sir Robert is to lose his head immediately as they say, about which he seems to trouble his head very little; but I must tell you a good thing of Lady Thanet's before I go any further. Lord Bateman told her at the Bath that he had Sir Robert's head in his pocket. 'Are you sure of it,' says she.—'Nothing surer.'—'Why then,' says she, 'you cannot possibly do so well as to put it on your shoulders.'" I close with a pleasant passage of banter on a love affair of Horace Walpole's, from a letter of two years' later date, written from Ghent. "Dear Horry, I delight in your disowning your amourette twelve miles out of London. Do you forget all that passed in Chelsea summer-house on that head, and in Chelsea parlour too? . . . Yes, twelve miles out of London, Horry; and yet you are in the right to commend London too. I know your beauty was little out of it at that time, gone to shine and do mischief in some country village: but its satellites accompanied it too, for I remember you made frequent excursions about that time, spite of all the dust and heat in the world. I am not simple; I know that people like London, and that London is a very good place, but I should have London for London's sake

pleasant evidence we receive, that whatever may be the result of his adventure in politics, there is little chance of weaning him from the society of wits and men of letters, which this narrative belongs. Burke cheerfully invoked his friend as his "little Horace," his "lepidissime hominum," to call and see his "Mæcenas atavis," and "praise the administration of Cavendishes and Rockinghams in verse, and abuse their enemies in epigram."* Garrick arrived in England, from his foreign tour, three months before; his old weaknesses coming back as he verged on a nearer home, and, for his last few days in Paris, troubling him with visions of Powell. "I'll answer nothing and nobody in a playhouse," he wrote to Colman; "the devil has put his hoof into it, and he was a devil from the beginning of the world. Tell me really whether you think of Powell. I am told by several that he will roar and roar. Ross, I hear, has got reputation in *Lear*. I doubt it. The Town is a facetious gentleman."† A few days later, Sterne wrote to him from Bath "strange news of Powell;‡ and when himself on the point of starting for London, he met Beauclerc accidentally, who reported of the new tragedian not less strangely. "What, 'all my children' 'I fear he has taken a wrong turn. Have you advised him

* *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 189. "My dear Garrick," he said in the letter, "you have made me perfectly happy by the friendly and obliging 'faction you are so good to express on this little gleam of prosperity, which at length fallen on my fortune." It was indeed but a transient gleam, his administration passed away in a month!

† March 10, 1765. *Peake's Memoirs*, i. 141.

‡ "Powell," Sterne adds,—"good heaven! give me some one with less and more fire. There are who, like the Pharisees, still turn their eyes

he wrote again to Colman. "Do you see him? Is he
 "grateful? is he modest? Or, is he conceited and undone?"*
 Nor could the uneasy little great actor bring himself to make
 his journey home, till he had privately sent on for anonymous
 publication at the moment of his arrival, a rhymed satirical
 fable in anticipation and forestalment of expected Grub-
 street attacks, wherein he humbly depicted himself as *The*
Sick Monkey, and the whole race of other animals as railing
 at the monkey and his travels. But it was labour all thrown
 away. The finessing and trick were of no use, the hearts of
 his admirers being already securely his without such miserable
 help.† Grub-street, when he came, showed no sign of dis-
 composure; and there was but one desire in London and
 Westminster to see their favourite actor again.

Let us not be surprised if these intolerable vanities and self-
 distrusting weighed, with contemporaries of his own grade,
 against the better qualities of this delightful man, and
 pressed down the scale. Johnson loved him, but could not
 always show it for hatred of his foppery; Goldsmith admired
 him, yet was always ready to join in any scheme for his
 mortification and annoyance. Two things had been done
 in his absence to which he addressed himself with great
 anxiety on his return. The Covent Garden actors had
 established a voluntary benefit-subscription, to relieve their
 poorer fellows in distress; and, jealous of such a proposal
 without previous consultation with himself, he was now
 throwing all his energy into a similar fund at Drury Lane,

Johnson resolutely opposed it. Reynolds first convinced him Garrick's wish, to the effect that he liked the idea of a club excessively, and thought he should be of them. "be of us!" exclaimed Johnson; "how does he know?" "permit him?" The first duke in England has no right to hold such language."* To Thrale, the next interloper, he threw out even threats of a blackball; but this moved the worthy brewer to remonstrate warmly, and Johnson, hard pressed, picked up somewhat recklessly a line of verse as in self-defence one might pick up a stone by the roadside, without regard to its form or fitness. "What I love my little David dearly, better than all or none of his flatterers do; but surely one ought to sit in a chair like ours

"Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp or player."†

Still the subject was not suffered to let drop, and the man who undertook it was Hawkins. "He will disturb me by his buffoonery," was the only and obdurate answer. Garrick saw that for the present it was hopeless (though long after, as will be seen, Percy, Chambers, and Colman obtained their election); and, with his happier temper and really handsome spirit, § visited Johnson as usual, and said

* *Boswell*, ii. 274-5. Boswell relates this by way of contradicting Johnson whose account, however, it plainly confirms.

† *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 387.

‡ *Life of Johnson*, 42.

§ In the midst of Garrick's uneasy little vanities, let me show him in his character (also from an incident of the present year) as the benefactor and friend of worth and virtue. It will enable me too, as I have already illustrated Goldsmith's Doctor Marrowfat by comparison with a living dignitary of the law (*ante*, 278-9), to offer a not unworthy companion picture to Goldsmith's

my friend Hawkins, who lived at Twickenham, "in his way to and from Hampton, with messages from Johnson relating to his *Shakspeare*, then in the press, and ask such questions as these: 'Were you at the club on Monday night? What did you talk of? Was Johnson there? I suppose he said something of Davy?—that Davy was a clever fellow in his way, full of convivial pleasantry, but no poet, no writer, ha!' " * Hawkins might hear all this, however, with better grace than any else; for that worthy magistrate took little interest in the club. In a letter to Langton, written shortly after, Johnson specially mentions him as remiss in attendance, while he

the happiest man upon earth with a small addition to his present income. . . He is obliged to undergo more labour and fatigue than he can possibly support another winter; he has not only the severe duty of Egham upon him, but, besides that, is obliged to ride five or six miles through much water, and often to swim his horse, for the sake of about thirty pounds a-year—this, to a gouty man, and aged of sixty, is a terrible consideration. I entered lately into a very serious conversation with him about his affairs, and he confessed to me that he found a curate was necessary for him; I made him an offer of money for that purpose, and something might happen, but he absolutely refused me. I am persuaded that any small preferment, with what he has, would make him look down with contempt on the Archbishop of Canterbury. 'My good friend Mr. Garriek,' said he, taking me by the hand, and giving his head the usual jerk of affection, 'could I have fifty pounds for a curate, and fifty to keep up my little garden, I feel no ambition or happiness beyond it.'—'And thirty,' said I, 'Beighton, to keep Hannah your housekeeper.'—'Pooh! pooh!' jerking his head again, 'you turn everything into a joke; let me show you the finest *arbor vitæ* in the country:' away he trotted and forgot his wants in a moment. This is the plain, simple, unaffected truth. . . I assure you, upon my word and honour, that this step is taken without his knowledge or concurrence. . . My friend is a great dabbler in curiosities, and he has collected some few in his little library and garden; but I defy him to show me a greater rarity than himself, for he is a generous, modest, ingenious, and disinterested clergyman." Two years later, this application having failed, he wrote to the wife of the chancellor, Lord Camden, with better effect. "The good man" he writes to her, acknowledging her answer, "happened to dine

are very constant.

Without its dignified doctorial prefix, Goldsmith's name is now seldom mentioned; even Newbery is careful to preface it in his memoranda of books lent for the purposes of compilation; and he does not seem, himself, to have again taken it wholly aside. Indeed he now made a brief effort, at the suggestion of Reynolds, to make positive professional use of it. It was much to have a regular calling, said the successful painter; it gave a man social rank, and consideration in the world. Advantage should be taken of the growing popularity of the *Traveller*. To be at once physician and man of letters, was the most natural thing possible: there were Arbuthnots and Garths, to say nothing of Cowley himself among the dead; there were the Akensides, Graingers, Armstrongs, and Smolletts, still among the living; and what was the degree in medicine belonging to any of them, which the degree in poetry or wit had not given more acceptance? Out came Goldsmith accordingly (in the *Journal* of this year, according to the account books of Mr. William Gilbey, the tailor),† in purple silk small-clothes, a handsome sword, a roquelaure buttoned close under the chin, and with an additional importance derivable from a full dress professional wig, a sword, and a gold-headed cane. The style of the small-clothes may be presumed from the "four guineas" and "and a half" paid for them; and, as a child with its

* *Boswell*, ii. 321. In the same letter he writes "Mr. Lye is printing his 'and Gothic dictionary: all The Club subscribes."

† These account books were communicated to Mr. Prior by the son of the Filby (miscalled John in *Boswell*), Mr. John Filby, "a respectable member of the Corporation of London," and will hereafter be quoted in detail. These

Goldsmith amazed his friends in the next six months. The vanity he was obliged to put on with these fine clothes, indeed, left him this as their only enjoyment; for he had found it much harder to give up the actual reality of his old gambles, of his tea at the White-conduit, of his ale-house club at Islington, of his nights at the Wrekin or Giles's, than to blot their innocent but vulgar names from his now genteeler page. In truth, he would say (*in truth* is a favourite phrase of his, interposes Cooke, who relates an anecdote), one has to make vast sacrifices for good company's sake; "for here am I shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably."* Nor is it quite clear that the most moderate accession of good company, professionally speaking, rewarded this reluctant gravity. The only instance remembered of his practice, was in the case of a Mrs. Sidebotham, described as one of his recent acquaintances of the better sort; whose waiting-woman was even afterwards known to relate with what a ludicrous assumption of dignity he would show off his cloak and his cane, as he strutted with his queer little figure, stuck through with a huge pin by his wandering sword, into the sick-room of her mistress. At last it one day happened, that, his union differing somewhat from the apothecary's in attendance, the lady thought her apothecary the safer counsellor and Goldsmith quitted the house in high indignation. He would leave off prescribing for his friends, he said. "Do so, my dear Doctor," observed Beauclerc. "Whenever you undertake to kill, let it only be your enemies." Upon the

CHAPTER XII.



NEWS FOR THE CLUB OF VARIOUS KINDS AND FROM VARIOUS P

1765-1766.

1765.
Æt. 37.

THE literary engagements of Doctor Oliver Goldsmith were meanwhile going on with Newbery; and toward the close of the year he appears to have completed a compilation of a kind somewhat novel to him, induced in all probability by his concurrent professional attempts. It was "*A System of Experimental Philosophy*, considered in its present state of improvement;" and Newbery paid him sixty guineas for it.* He also took great interest at this time in the proceedings of the Society of Arts; and is supposed, from the small advances entered in Newbery's memoranda as made in connection with that Society,† to have contributed several reports and disquisitions on its proceedings and affairs.

* I give the memorandum (Newbery MSS. *Prior*, ii. 102-3) of books sent to Dr. Goldsmith for the purpose of this compilation. "Sent to Dr. Goldsmith, So. 1765, from Canbery (Canonbury) House the copy of the Philosophy to be sent with the Abbé Nollet's Philosophy, and to have an account added of Ventilation, together with the following books. 1. Pomberton's New System, 4to. 2. D'Alembert's Treatise of Fluids, 4to. 3. Martin's Philosophy, 3 vols. 8vo. 4. Ferguson's Lectures, ditto. 5. Helsham's ditto. 6. Introduction, ditto. 7. Kiel's Astronomy, ditto. 8. Nature Displayed, 12mo. 9. Nollet's Philosophy, 3 vols. 12mo."

† See *ante*, 302, note. Besides the entries there given, others exist

be scant and indifferent enough. Johnson's blind pensioner, Miss Williams, had for several months been getting together a subscription volume of Miscellanies, to which Goldsmith had promised a poem; and she complains that she found him always too busy to redeem his promise, and was continually put off with a "Leave it to me." Nor was Johnson, who had made like promises, much better. "Well, we'll think 'about it,' was his form of excuse.* With Johnson, in truth, a year of most unusual exertion had succeeded his year of visitings, and he had at last completed, nine years later than he promised it, his edition of *Shakspeare*. It came out in October, in eight octavo volumes; and was bitterly assailed (nor, it may be admitted, without a certain coarse smartness) by Kenrick, who, in one of the notes to his attack, coupling "learned doctors of Dublin," with "doctorial dignities of "Rheims and Louvain," may have meant a sarcasm at Goldsmith. I have indicated the latter place as the probable source of his medical degree; and, three months before, Dublin University had conferred a doctorship on Johnson, though not until ten years later, when Oxford did him similar honour, did he consent to acknowledge the title.† He had now, I may add, left his Temple chambers, and become

* The poor old lady was more nervous about having received and spent her subscription halfcrowns than Johnson felt about his subscription guineas (*ante*, 219); "but," she said to Lady Knight, "what can I do? the Doctor [Johnson] always 'puts me off with 'Well, we'll think about it;' and Goldsmith says, 'Leave it 'to me.'" *Boswell*, iii. 9.

† He never, himself, actually assumed it. It was in recognition of the completion of his *Shakspeare* that Dublin University did itself the honour to send him the doctor's diploma, which Oxford (his own University) had not the grace to do till ten years later, on the nomination of Lord North. It is certain, however, and not

while to have got into somewhat better chambers in the same (Garden) court where his library stair-case chambers stood, which he was able to furnish more decently; and to which we shortly trace (by the help of Mr. Filby's bills, and their memoranda of altered suits) the presence of a mau-servant.

1766.
Et. 38. So passed the year 1765. It was the year in which he had first felt any advantage of rank arising from literature; and it closed upon him as he seems to have resolved to make the most of his growing importance, and enjoy it in all possible ways. Joseph Warton, now preparing for the head mastership of Winchester school, was in London at the opening of 1766, and saw something of the society of the club. He had wished to see Hume; but Hume, though he had left Paris (where he had been secretary of the embassy to Lord Hertford, recalled and sent to Dublin by the new administration), was not yet in London. A strange Paris "season" it had been, and odd and ill-assorted its assemblage of visitors. There had Sterne, Foote, Walpole, and Wilkes, been thrown together at the same dinner-table. There had Hume, with his broad Scotch accent, his unintelligible French, his imbecile fat face, and his corpulent body, been the object of enthusiasm without example, and played the Sultan in pantomimic tableaux to the prettiest women of the time.* There had the author

* "They believe in Mr. Hume," writes Walpole, "the only thing in the world "that they believe implicitly; which they must do; for I defy them to understand "any language that he speaks." "Le célèbre David Hume, grand et gros "historiographe d' Angleterre, connu et estimé par ses écrits, n'a pas autant de "talens pour ce genre d' amusemens auquel toutes nos jolies femmes l'avoient "décidé propre. Il fit son début chez Madame de T——; on lui avoit destiné

flattered out of the rest of his wits by the persecution that followed it, stalked about with all Paris at his heels, in a caftan and Armenian robes, and so enchanted the Scotch historian and sage, to whom he seemed a sort of better Socrates, that he had offered him a home in England.* There was the young painter student, Barry, writing modest letters on his way to Rome, where William and Edmund Burke had subscribed out of their limited means to send him. There was the young lion-hunting Boswell, more pompous and conceited than ever; as little laden with law from Utrecht, where he has studied since we saw him last, as with heroism from Corsica, where he has visited Pascal Paoli, or with wit from Ferney, where he has been to see Voltaire; pushing his way into every salon, inflicting him-

“le rôle d’un Sultan assis entre deux esclaves, employant toute son éloquence pour s’en faire aimer; les trouvant inexorables, il devoit chercher le sujet de leurs peines, et de leur résistance: on le place sur un sopha entre les deux plus jolies femmes de Paris, il les regarde attentivement, il se frappe le ventre et les genoux a’ plusieurs reprises, et ne trouve jamais autre chose a’ leur dire que: ‘Eh bien! mes demoiselles... Eh bien! vous voilà donc... Eh bien! ‘vous voilà... vous voilà ici?’ Cette phrase dura un quart d’heure, sans qu’il pût en sortir. Une d’elles se leva d’impatience: ‘Ah!’ dit elle, ‘je m’en ‘étois bien doutée, cet homme n’est bon qu’ à manger du veau!’ Depuis ce temps il est reléqué au rôle de spectateur, et n’en est par moins fêté et cajolé.” *Mémoires et Correspondence de Madame d’Epinay*, iii. 284.

* “I find him,” says the too impressible philosopher, “mild, and gentle, and modest, and good-humoured; and he has more the behaviour of a man of the world, than any of the learned here, except M. de Buffon; who, in his figure, and air, and deportment, answers your idea of a marechal of France, rather than that of a philosopher. M. Rousseau is of a small stature, and would rather be ugly, had he not the finest physiognomy in the world: I mean the most expressive countenance. . . His Armenian dress is not affectation. He has had an infirmity from his infancy, which makes breeches inconvenient for him.” Burton’s *Hume*, ii. 299, 302. In connection with this passage it may be worth adding that Buffon was the only known French writer of this period whom Johnson declared he would cross the sea to visit, and (a his reason for not going) “I can find in

laughter at everybody around him and beyond him: now with aspiring Geoffrin and the philosophers, now with blind Du Deffand and the wits† (“women who violated all the “duties of life and gave very pretty suppers”); lumping up in the same contempt, Wilkes and Foote, Boswell and Sterne;‡ proclaiming as impostors in their various ways, alike the jesuits, the methodists, the philosophers, the politicians, the encyclopedists, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the Humes, the Lytteltons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history Mr. Pitt; and counting a ploughman who sows, reads his almanack, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational, and certainly an honester being than any of them.§ Such was the winter

* “He is a strange being,” writes Walpole of Boswell, “and, like Cambridge, “has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon “me at Paris in spite of my teeth and my doors.” *Coll. Lett.* v. 192.

† *Coll. Lett.* v. 123-4. I must give the reader a peep (from a letter in the *Selwyn Correspondence*) at one of the leading members of this distinguished society. “Madame de Deffand has filled up her vacancies, and given me enough new “French. With one of them you would be delighted, a Madame de Marchais. “She is not perfectly young, has a face like a Jew pedlar, her person is about “four feet, her head about six, and her *coiffure* about ten. Her forehead, chin, “and neck, are whiter than a miller’s; and she wears more festoons of natural “flowers than all the *figurantes* at the Opera. Her eloquence is still more “abundant, her *attentions* exuberant. She talks volumes, writes folios—I mean “in *billets*; presides over the *Académie*, inspires passions, and has not time “enough to heal a quarter of the wounds she gives. She has a house in a nut- “shell, that is fuller of invention than a fairy tale; her bed stands in the middle “of the room, because there is no other space that would hold it; it is surrounded “by such a perspective of looking-glasses, that you may see all that passes in it “from the first ante-chamber.”

‡ *Coll. Lett.* v. 91, 113.

§ *Coll. Lett.* v. 96, 101. Nor can I help quoting from the same volume (116)

of literature in London. I dined with Johnson, he writes to his brother, "who seemed cold and indifferent, "and scarce said anything to me. Perhaps he has heard "what I said of his *Shakspeare*. Of all solemn coxcombs, "Goldsmith is the first; yet sensible; but affects to use "Johnson's hard words in conversation.* We had a

"having engaged with the latter, who contradicts and quarrels with all mankind "in order to obtain their admiration. I think both his means and his end below "such a genius. If I had talents like his, I should despise any suffrage below my "own standard, and should blush to owe any part of my fame to singularities and "affectations. But great parts seem like high towers erected on high mountains, "the more exposed to every wind, and readier to tumble. Charles Townshend "is blown round the compass; Rousseau insists that the north and south blow at "the same time; and Voltaire demolishes the Bible to erect fatalism in its stead. "So compatible are the greatest abilities and greatest absurdities!" Gray's anticipations were not less shrewd.

* This charge, which the not very lively Joe Warton (see *post*, Book iv. chap. iv.) brings against Goldsmith, of affecting to use Johnson's hard words in conversation, is one which Hawkins also brings against him ("He affected Johnson's style and "manner of conversation, and, when he had uttered, as he often would, a laboured "sentence, so tumid as to be scarce intelligible, would ask, if that was not truly "Johnsonian?" *Life of Johnson*, 416); and which Boswell has not omitted ("To "me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of "Johnson, though indeed upon a smaller scale," ii. 189). It is however to be remarked that the same thing is found said so often, and of so many other people, as for the most part to lose its distinctive or pertinent character. Of Boswell himself it is undoubtedly far more certain than of Goldsmith, that he was ludicrous for this kind of imitation of Johnson. Walpole laughs at him for it; Madame D'Arblay highly colours all its most comical incidents; and above all we see it in the conversations of his own wonderful book,—so that when he proceeds to turn the laugh on Johnson's landlord, little Allen the printer of Bolt-court, for "imitating "the stately periods and slow and solemn utterance of the great man" (vii. 106), and on another occasion professes himself "not a little amused by observing Allen "perpetually struggling to talk in the manner of Johnson, like the little frog in "the fable blowing himself up to resemble the stately ox" (viii. 68-9)—the effect is amazingly absurd. On the whole, though I think it by no means unlikely that Goldsmith, as well as others who looked up to Johnson, may have fallen now and then into unconscious Johnsonianisms, I am disposed to regard Joe Warton's charge as a sort of falling in with a fashionable cant, in vogue more or less against all with whom Johnson was familiar. It is at least indisputable that no trace of the absurd imitation alleged is discoverable, as a habit, in Boswell's reports of Goldsmith's

give him his instructions that he withhold all his old
“ editions.”

What Garrick could with greater difficulty forgive (Warton's allusion is to that passage in the *Preface* to his edition which regrets that he could not collate more copies, since he had not found the collectors of those rarities very communicative) was the absence of any mention of his acting. He had not withheld his old plays; he had been careful, through others, to let Johnson understand (too notoriously careless of books,* as he was, to be safely trusted with rare editions) that the books were at his service, and that in his absence abroad the keys of his library had, with that view solely, been entrusted to a servant: but this implied an overture from Johnson, who thought it Garrick's duty, on the contrary, to make overtures to him; who knew that the other course involved acknowledgments he was not prepared to make; and who laughed at nothing so much, on Davy's subsequent loan of all his plays to George Steevens,† as when he read this year, in the first publication of that acute young Mephistophelean critic, that “ Mr. Garrick's “ zeal would not permit him to withhold anything that “ might ever so remotely tend to show the perfections of

* Cooke says (in his *Life of Foote*) his ordinary habit was to open a book so wide as almost to break the back of it, and then to sling it down. Cradock describes the same peculiarity; and adds that on one occasion, Johnson having been admitted to Garrick's room in Southampton-street to wait till its master should arrive, the latter found, on his arrival, all his most splendidly bound presentation-volumes from various authors and writers of plays &c. flung damaged on the floor as “ stuff, trash, and nonsense.” Boswell, who refers to the circumstances mentioned in the text, adds that, “ considering the slovenly and careless manner in which “ books were treated by Johnson, it could not have been expected that scarce an l

such satirical nicety; he must have praised honestly, if at all, and it went against his grain to do it. He let out the reason to Boswell eight years afterwards. "Garrick has "been liberally paid, sir, for anything he has done for "Shakspeare. If I should praise him, I should much "more praise the nation who paid him."* With better reason he used to laugh at his managerial preference of the player's text (which it is little to the credit of the stage that the latest of the great actors† should have been the first to depart from), and couple it with a doubt if he had ever examined one of the original plays from the first scene to the last. Nor did Garrick take all this quietly. The king had commanded his reappearance in Benedict at the close of the year; and, though he did not think it safe to resume any part of which Powell was in possession, except Lusignan, Lothario, and Leon, his popularity had again shone forth unabated. It brought back his sense of power; and with it a disposition to use it, even against Johnson. The latter had not hesitated, notwithstanding their doubtful relations, to seek to "secure an honest prejudice" in favour of his book, by formally asking the popular actor's "suffrage" for it on its appearance; yet the suffrage of the popular

* *Boswell*, iv. 266. The real truth of his apparent inconsistencies about Garrick, of which so many instances are given in this biography, was admirably hit off by Reynolds in the remark, that in point of fact Johnson considered him to be as it were his *property*; and would allow no man either to blame or to praise Garrick in his presence, without contradicting him. In proof of this Sir Joshua himself compiled, from actual recollected scraps of his talk about Davy, two imaginary conversations, in the first of which Johnson attacks Garrick against Sir Joshua, and in the second defends him against Gibbon. These dialogues are to be found in Miss Hawkins's *Memoirs*, i. 110-128.

† *Lear*, and other master-

ingenious mischief, with Hal's gay compliance in Falstaff's vices, such a critic might be at home ; but from Lear in storm, and from Macbeth on the blasted heath, he must be content to be far away. He could, there, but mount his high horse, and bluster about imperial tragedy. The attack was caught by the actor's friends ; is perceptible through his correspondence ; † is in the letters of Warburton, and in such as I have quoted of the Wartons ; and gradually to even Johnson's disturbance, passed from society into the press, and became a stock theme with the newspapers. Garrick went too far, however, when he suffered the libeller Kenrick, not many months after his published attack on Johnson, to exhibit upon his theatre a play called *Falsely Married* ; and to make another attempt, the following season, with a piece called the *Widowed Wife*. The first was damned, and, till Shakspeare's fat Jack is forgotten, is not likely to be heard of again ; the second passed into oblivion more slowly : ‡ but Garrick was brought, by his intimacy into personal relations with the writer which he lived to have reason to deplore. Meanwhile, and for some time to come, what Joseph Warton had written was but too true. Garrick and Johnson were entirely off ; and

* His extraordinary argument in support of the unapproached excellence of a passage in Congreve's *Mourning Bride* (which he held to be superior to any in Shakspeare, because the latter "never had six lines together without a rhyme," *Boswell*, iii. 97) is well known ; but notwithstanding this and other able proofs of his insensibility to the higher and more subtle parts of Shakspeare's genius, his edition was an excellent one, and did noble service to the poet's fame, such was his knowledge of language, and the power of his strong common sense.

† *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 205. But see what Mrs. Piozzi says, *Anecdotes*

stage appeared to have passed away.
"I think, Mr. Johnson," said Goldsmith, as they sat
together one evening in February, "you don't go
near the theatres now. You give yourself no more
concern about a new play, than if you had never had
anything to do with the stage." Johnson avoided the
question,* and his friend shifted the subject. He spoke of
the public claim and expectation that the author of *Irene*
should give them "something in some other way;" on
which Johnson began to talk of making verses, and said
(very truly) that the great difficulty was to know when you

It is worth adding the entire conversation, for in it Johnson offers his excuse
for the comparative scantiness of his writings in the later years of his life: 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 physi-
cian, 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 con-
versation 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 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." Boswell, ii. 318-9.
Ten years later the same subject was resumed, when Johnson, less disposed
to be tolerant of himself than in the present instance, told Boswell that he had
been trying to cure his laziness all his life, and could not do it; upon which
Boswell, with broad allusion to the great achievement of the *Dictionary*, interposed
the remark, that if a man does in a shorter time what might be the labour
of a life, there was nothing to be said against him; and elicited from Johnson
the reply, "Suppose that dettery to be true, the conse-

Wishes ; and turning quickly to Goldsmith, added, " Doctor, " I am not quite idle ; I made one line t'other day ; but " I made no more." " Let us hear it," said the other, laughing ; " we'll put a bad one to it." " No, sir," replied Johnson, " I have forgot it."

Boswell was the reporter of this conversation. He had arrived from Paris a few days before, bringing with him Rousseau's old servant maid, Mademoiselle le Vasseur. " She's very homely and very awkward," says Hume, " but " more talked of than the Princess of Morocco or the " Countess of Egmont, on account of her fidelity and attach- " ment towards him. His very dog, who is no better than " a collie, has a name and reputation in the world ! " * It was enough for Boswell, who clung to any rag of celebrity ; nor, remembering how the ancient widow of Cicero and Sallust had seduced a silly young patrician into thinking that her close connection with genius must have given her the secret of it, were Hume and Walpole quite secure of even the honour of the young Scotch escort of the ugly old Frenchwoman. They arrived safely and virtuously, notwithstanding ; and Boswell straightway went to Johnson, whom, not a little to his discomfort, he found put by his doctors on a water regimen. Though they supped twice at the Mitre, it was not as in the old social time. On the night of the conversation just given, being then on the eve of his return to Scotland, he had taken Goldsmith with him to call again on Johnson, " with the hope of prevailing on him to sup " with us at the Mitre." But they found him indisposed, and

ing at the jovial Irish phrase, called for a bottle of
of which, adds Boswell, "Goldsmith and I partook,
while our friend, now a water drinker, sat by us." *
ne does not discover, in such anecdotes as these, what
st though somewhat dry Joe Warton calls Goldsmith's
an coxcombry. But beside Boswell's effulgence in that
any lesser light could hardly hope to shine. Even
he great commoner himself, at whose unapproachable
sion all London had so lately been amazed, and who
length, with little abatement of the haughty mystery, had
peared in the House of Commons, was he now resolved,
re leaving London, to force his way. Corsican Paoli
the card to play for this mighty Pam; and already he
sent mysterious intimation to Pitt of certain views of the
gglng patriot, of the illustrious Paoli, which he desired
mmunicate to "the prime minister of the brave, the
cretary of freedom and of spirit." Wonder reigned at
club when they found the interview granted, and
tinguishable laughter when they heard of the interview
f. Profiting by Rousseau's Armenian example, Boswell
in Corsican robes. "He came in the Corsican dress,"
Lord Buchan, who was present; "and Mr. Pitt smiled;
t received him very graciously, in his pompous manner." †
us an advantage the young Scot followed up; very soon
eting on Pitt a brief history of himself. He described
general love of great people, and how that Mr. Pitt's

* ii. 318.

† In consequence of this letter," wrote Lord Buchan on the back of one of
Pitt's epistols, "I desired him to call at Mr. Pitt's, and took care to be with
him in the Duke of Grafton's house

“disinterested soul can enjoy in the bower of philosophy.” He told him he was going to publish an account of Corsica, and of Paoli’s gallant efforts against the tyrant Genoese. He added that to please his father, “one of our Scots judges,” he had himself studied law, and was now fairly entered to the bar. And he concluded thus. “I begin to like it. I can labour hard; I feel myself coming forward, and I hope to be useful to my country. *Could you find time to honour me now and then with a letter?*” * To no wiser man than this, it should be always kept in mind, posterity became chiefly indebted for its laugh at Goldsmith’s literary vanities, social absurdities, and so-called self-important ways.

With Pitt’s reappearance had meanwhile been connected another event of not less mighty consequence. On the day (the 14th of January) when he rose to support Conway’s repeal of the American stamp-act, and to resist his accompanying admission that such an act was not void in itself; when, in answer to Nugent’s furious denunciation of rebellious colonies, he rejoiced that Massachusetts had resisted, and affirmed that colonies unrepresented could not be taxed by parliament;—Burke took his seat, by an arrangement with Lord Verney, for Wendover borough. A fortnight later he made his first speech, and divided the admiration of the house with Pitt himself.† Afterwards, and with increased

* *Chatham Correspondence*, iii. 247.

† In the best passages of his *Memoirs of George III*, Horace Walpole celebrates Pitt’s farewell, and Burke’s accession, to the House of Commons. “Two great orators and statesmen,” says Mr. Macaulay, speaking of the debates on Conway’s

ed ;” and when the struggle for the repeal was over, after the most victorious division on the memorable morning of the 17th of February, and Pitt and Conway came out amid the hurraings of the crowded lobby, where the leading statesmen of the kingdom whom this great question so deeply affected had till “almost a winter’s return of light” anxiously awaited the decision, Burke stood at their side, and received his share of the same shouts and benedictions.*

Extraordinary news for the club, all this; and again the great Mr. Hawkins is in a state of wonder. “Sir,” exclaimed Mr. Burke, “there is no wonder at all. We who know Mr. Burke, know that he will be one of the first men in the country.”† But he had regrets with which to sober this admiration. He disliked the Rockingham party, and was zealous for more strict attendance at the club. “We have the loss of Burke’s company,” he complained to Langton, “since he has been engaged in the public business.” Yet he cannot help adding (it was the first letter he had written to Langton since his new study in Johnson’s-court, which he thinks very pretty” about him) that it is well so great a man of a good nature as Burke, should be expected soon to attain to greatness. “He has gained more reputation than

honour should be assigned. It was indeed a splendid sunset and a splendid sunrise.” *Essays*, iii. 517. Burke himself, as though unconscious of his own more than ordinary greatness, speaks in a precisely similar strain of the sudden burst of Mr. Townshend on the scene, as Pitt was magnificently retreating. “Even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western sun was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the firmament arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant.” *ibid.* 482. I may refer the reader who desires to have a notion of Burke’s

Ten days after the date of this letter came out an advertisement in the *St. James's Chronicle*, which affected the town with neither wonder nor curiosity, though not without matter for both to the members of the club. "In a few days will be published," it said, "in two volumes, twelves, price six shillings bound, or five shillings sewed, *The Vicar of Wakefield*. A tale, supposed to be written by himself. Printed for F. Newbery at the Crown in Paternoster Row." This was the manuscript story sold to Newbery's nephew fifteen months before; and it seems impossible satisfactorily to account for the bookseller's delay. Johnson says that not till now had the *Traveller's* success made the publication worth while; but eight months were passed, even now, since the *Traveller* had reached its fourth edition. We are left to conjecture; and the most likely supposition will probably be, that the delay was consequent on business arrangements between the younger and elder Newbery. Goldsmith had certainly not claimed the interval for any purpose of retouching his work;† and can hardly have failed to desire speedy publication, for what had been to him a labour of love as rare as the *Traveller* itself. But the elder Newbery may have interposed some claim to a property in the novel, and objected to its appearance contemporaneously with the *Traveller*. He often took part in this way in his nephew's affairs; and thus, for a translation of a French book on philosophy which the nephew published

* *Boswell*, ii. 320-1.

† My opinion on this point is strengthened by a communication of Doctor Farr's to Bowyer. The Doctor mentions a some instances of haste or carelessness in the

ring at, we find, from the summer account handed in the elder Newbery, that the latter had himself provided payment.* He gave Goldsmith twenty pounds for it; had also advanced him, at about the time when the was put in hand (it was printed at Salisbury, and was y three months in passing through the press), the sum ven guineas on his own promissory note. The impres- of a common interest between the booksellers is con- d by what I find appended to all Mr. Francis Newbery's tisements of the novel in the various papers of the day whom may be had *The Traveller*, or a Prospect of iety, a poem by Doctor Goldsmith. Price 1s. 6d."); t seems further to strengthen the surmise of Mr. John obery's connection with the book, that he is himself d into it. He is introduced as the philanthropic book- in St. Paul's-churchyard, who had written so many books for children ("he called himself their friend, he was the friend of all mankind"); and as having led for the Vicar against the deuterogamists of ge.

let the worthy bookseller, whose philanthropy was s under watchful care of his prudence, continue to live the Whistonian controversy; for the good Doctor rose, that courageous monogamist, has made both rtal.

but for another reason. " 'He gave me (I think he said) £60 for the copy; had I made it ever so perfect or correct, I should not have had a shilling e.' " *Percy Memoir*, 62.

APPENDIX TO VOLUME I.

A. (PAGE 12.)

DOCTOR STREAN AND THE REVEREND EDWARD MANGIN.

Strean was a physician who had taken orders. He died eleven years ago, at nearly ninety years of age. He then held the perpetual cure of St. Peter's in Athlone ; but had in his early life succeeded Henry Goldsmith in the curacy of Kilkenny West, which the latter occupied at the period of his death, and, as he is careful to tell us, in its emoluments of £40 a-year, " which was not only his salary, but continued to " be the same when I, a successor, was appointed to that parish." His relative by marriage, the Rev. Edward Mangin, to whose intelligent inquiries (the answers to which are published in an *Essay on Light Reading*, 12mo. 1808), we owe much of our knowledge of the poet's youth, still lives in Bath.

Thus far I had written in a note appended to my first edition, since when, on the 17th of October 1852, the life of Mr. Mangin closed at the ripe age of eighty-one. A " friend of forty years" thus wrote of him in the *Standard* newspaper of a few evenings later :

" Descended from a Huguenot family, who took refuge in Ireland from the " persecutions in the time of Louis XIV., and who rose to opulent and important " stations in their adopted country, Mr. Mangin had much of the manners of both " France and Ireland—foreign acuteness of conversation, with a remarkable share " of the pleasantry and good humour of the Irish gentleman.

" Educated at Oxford, for the Church, obtaining preferment in Ireland at an " early age, and always disposed to literature and society, no man could commence " his career under happier auspices, and no man enjoyed it with more manly " gratification. Possessing all the allowable indulgences of life without trouble, " and thus wanting the *great* stimulus to exertion, he published but little, and that " little rather as the overflow of a remarkably ingenious mind, than as the labour

now form the melancholy pleasure of friends, who retrace in them the
business, point, and force of his conversation.

Marrying early, but soon left a widower, with an only daughter, worthy of
him, and to whom he was affectionately attached through life; after a long
interval he married again, and has left two sons, like himself educated at
Oxford, and now in the Church.

Residing for many years in Bath, writing occasionally, and associating with all
the intelligent in that intelligent city; easy in fortune, and scarcely visited by the
common casualties of life, he rather glided through years than felt them.

His death was like his life—tranquil. He walked out the day before, sat
with his family during the evening, retired to rest with no appearance of an
increase of illness, and slept undisturbed during the night. In that sleep,
between seven and eight next morning, he expired."

It will not, I trust, be thought unbecoming, notwithstanding its
sessions complimentary to myself, to subjoin a letter on the subject
of Goldsmith with which Mr. Mangin favoured me shortly after the pub-
lication of this book. Its personal information and anecdote may not
be welcome to my readers.

"BATH, Monday April 24, 1848.

SIR, I trust you will kindly pardon my freedom in venturing to
trouble you with this, for which the least bad apology I can offer is
the circumstance of your having kindly mentioned the writer in your
recently published delightful work *The Life and Adventures of Oliver
Goldsmith*.

Your book will, beyond doubt, be generally sought for and relished;
it indeed cannot, I should imagine, fail of a place in the collection
of every one who has a taste for genuine poetry, and discernment
sufficient to approve of your labours in behalf of Goldsmith's renown.
Excuse my pointing out a minute oversight in the early part of
your most interesting volume. I refer to a passage in which you
say my having addressed my inquiries to Doctor Streat 'twenty-
five years ago.' I lament to say that more than *forty* years have
elapsed since I put my queries to the Doctor; whose letter in reply
I observe, dated on the closing day of the year 1807, and was
introduced into a brief forgotten *Essay on Light Reading* published
in the spring of 1808.

Upon a different occasion, I have said that when he died, Streat's
age was almost *ninety*: this is probably not correct; but I remember

“ rare in Ireland, a good prosodian. He had a thoroughly mechanical
“ genius ; he sometimes bound his own books ; and had made, in a
“ very workman-like manner, many articles of furniture in his parson-
“ age-house. He was an expert mathematician, and was valued as such
“ by the learned Bishop Law, of Elphin, with whom he corresponded
“ on their favourite science. The good bishop had, besides, a high
“ opinion of him as a regular and conscientious pastor.

“ Through Strean, I made acquaintance, in 1798, with an old friend
“ of his, Anthony Devenish, who had been, I believe, Goldsmith’s
“ school-fellow, and used to enlarge on the Bard’s dexterity in the craft
“ of ball-playing.

“ I also, in those times, met at Athlone a Doctor Nelligan, a cheerful,
“ shrewd little man, with much humour ; and of him this story was in
“ circulation :—Some one argued in his hearing, that Goldsmith must
“ have written the *Deserted Village* in England, because the nightingale
“ is sketched in as a feature in his rural picture, and it is supposed that
“ there are not any nightingales in Ireland.

“ Nelligan’s retort was, that his opponent’s logic was defective ; for,
“ by his mode of drawing an inference, it might be shown that when
“ *Paradise Lost* was written the immortal author must have been in
“ Hell.

“ As to the name of the birth-place of the poet of Auburn, it is
“ unquestionably *Pallis* ; the word, so spelled, was transcribed from a
“ leaf of the Goldsmith family Bible ; and the entry is concluded to be
“ in the hand-writing of Oliver’s father.

“ Your analysis of the Life and ‘ Strange surprising ’ Adventures of
“ Goldsmith appears to me most ingeniously devised and executed ;
“ the idea strikes me as being eminently happy and new ; and your
“ book might well have been announced as the history of Oliver Gold-
“ smith’s *mind*, for such it really is.

“ You rather intimate, to my great gratification, that you do not
“ conceive Goldsmith to have been *understood* by the persons among
“ whom he usually moved ; I own I have always thought he was not,
“ and that his ordinary deportment and powers of conversation are
“ grossly misrepresented by several who have talked and scribbled so
“ flippantly about his peculiarities and blunders. We had formerly at
“ Upham’s Library here (once Bull’s), an assistant in the establishment
“ of the name of Crute or Croot. He had filled the situation for many

known to him as frequenters of the library; and one day, speaking of Goldsmith, he told us that the poet was eagerly greeted on his entrance, and always conversed so pleasantly, that he had behind his chair a crowd of respectful auditors and admirers.

"Your efforts to uphold the fair fame of him who has bequeathed to the national literature the undying *Vicar of Wakefield* &c, will I hope, plead for me, and prevail with you to forgive this intrusion on the part of

Sir,

"Your most obt. humble servant,

"JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

"EDWARD MANGIN."

B. (PAGES 45—47.)

The letter to Mrs. Anne Goldsmith, which must be read with the allowance mentioned in the text, is here subjoined.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"If you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was that when the wind served I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious, and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

"Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddleback, and made adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This to be sure was but a scanty allowance for man and horse towards a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

"I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. 'We shall,' says he, 'enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse.'

“relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

“Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his night-cap, night-gown, and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to his perfect recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket; but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbour. He made no answer, but walked about the room, rubbing his hands as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and, as that increased, I gave the most favourable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

“It now approached six o’clock in the evening, and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese all over crawling with mites. My friend apologised that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o’clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would *lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark*. My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

“This lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible; accordingly next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution; he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. ‘To be sure,’ said he, ‘the longer you stay away from your mother the more you will grieve her and your other friends; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made.’ Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking ‘how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half-crown?’ I

“ ‘neither here nor there. I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you ; sell your horse and I will furnish you with a much better one to ride on.’ I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag, on which he led me to his bedchamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. ‘Here he is,’ said he ; ‘take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother’s with more safety than such a horse as you ride.’ I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate ; but a rap at the street-door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlour, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself ; and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor at law in the neighbourhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

“ After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my hospitable friend ; but at the solicitation of both I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives ; one, that I was prejudiced in favour of the looks and manner of the counsellor : and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there indeed I found everything that I could wish, abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour’s table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

“ And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies ; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord ; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them ; for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother’s death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father’s cheeks. I every day endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home ; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

“ OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

“ To MRS. ANNE GOLDSMITH, *Ballymahon.*”

This letter, to which I have alluded at p. 50, is dated Edinburgh, Sept. 26, 1753 ; and is addressed to Robert Bryanton, Esq. at Ballymahon, Ireland :

“MY DEAR BOB,

“How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence ! I might tell how I wrote a long letter on my first coming hither, and soon vastly angry at my not receiving an answer ; I might allege that business (with business you know I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen ;—but I suppress these and twenty more equally plausible, and as easily invented, since they might be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth : an hereditary indolence (I have it from the mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more, due to my friends in Ireland. No turnspit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write : yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address. Yet what shall I say now I'm entered ? Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their vallies scarce able to food a rabbit ? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil.—Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove nor brook, lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty : yet with all those disadvantages, enough to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive.—The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them :—if mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration ; and *that* they can plentifully bestow upon themselves.

“From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys, namely, the gentlemen here are much better bred than amongst us. No such characters here as our fox-hunters ; and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them, that some men in Ireland of 1000*l*. a year spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl that will let them with child : and truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress, came among a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman would King George on horseback.

“The men here have generally high cheek-bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Though now I mention dancing, let me say something of their balls which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up with the ladies, who sit

"sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress or intendat, or what you will, pitches on a gentleman and lady to walk a minuet; which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances; each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress; so they dance much and say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres; and the Scotch gentleman told me (and faith, I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains.

"Now I am come to the ladies, and to shew that I love Scotland, and everything that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times handsomer and finer than the Irish:—to be sure now I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality, but tell them flatly, I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or —, a potato; for I say it, and will maintain it, and as a convincing proof (I'm in a very great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious; where will you find a language so pretty become a pretty mouth as the broad Scotch? and the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of their young ladies to pronounce "Whoar wull I gong?" with a becoming wideness of mouth, and I'll lay my life they will wound every hearer.

"We have no such character here as a coquet; but, alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilcoubry's (don't be surprised, my lord is but a glovor), when the Duchess of Hamilton (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot; her battered husband, or more properly the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form.—"For 'my part,' says the first, 'I think, what I always thought, that the Duchess has too much red in her complexion.' 'Madam, I'm of your opinion,' says the second; 'I think her face has a palish cast too much on the delicate order.' 'And let me tell you,' adds the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, 'that the Duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth.' At this every lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the letter P.

"But how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarce any correspondence! There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here; and 'tis as certain there are handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and a poor man is society for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person to look charming in the eyes of the fair world. Nor do I envy my dear Bob such blessings while I may sit down and laugh at the world, and at

II. TO THE REV. MR. CONTARINE.

The first letter to the reverend Mr. Contarine mentioned in the text (p. 51) is dated 8th May, 1753, and runs thus :

“MY DEAR UNCLE,

“In your letter (the only one I received from Kilmore), you call me the philosopher who carries all his goods about him. Yet how can such a character fit me, who have left behind in Ireland every thing I think worth possessing; friends that I loved, and a society that pleased while it instructed? Who but must regret the loss of such enjoyments? Who but must regret his absence from Kilmore, that ever knew it as I did? Here, as recluse as the Turkish Spy at Paris, I am almost unknown to every body, except some few who attend the professors of physic as I do.

“Apropos, I shall give you the professors’ names, and, as far as occurs to me, their characters; and first, as most deserving, Mr. Munro, professor of Anatomy; this man has brought the science he teaches to as much perfection as it is capable of; and not content with barely teaching anatomy, he launches out into all the branches of physic, when all his remarks are new and useful. ’Tis he, I may venture to say, that draws hither such a number of students from most parts of the world, even from Russia. He is not only a skilful physician, but an able orator, and delivers things in their nature obscure in so easy a manner, that the most unlearned may understand him. Plume, professor of Chemistry, understands his business well, but delivers himself so ill, that he is but little regarded. Alston, professor of Materia Medica, speaks much, but little to the purpose. The professors of Theory and Practice (of physic) say nothing but what we may find in books laid before us; and speak that in so drowsy and heavy a manner, that their hearers are not many degrees in a better state than their patients.

“You see then, dear sir, that Munro is the only great man among them; so that I intend to hear him another winter, and go then to hear Alhnius, the great professor at Leyden. I read (with satisfaction) a science the most pleasing in nature, so that my labours are but a relaxation, and, I may truly say, the only thing here that gives me pleasure. How I enjoy the pleasing hope of returning with skill, and to find my friends stand in no need of my assistance! How

* Mr. Prior prints the name as John Binely (i. 145); and let me here withdraw the objection which I made in a former note (*ante*, 50), and admit that the discrepancies in this letter as ordinarily printed are much less grave than I had at first supposed—on the whole indeed are very immaterial.

“ Most affectionate nephew,

“ OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

S.—I draw this time for 6*l.*, and will draw next October but for 4*l.*, as I am obliged to buy everything since I came to Scotland, shirts not even excepted. I am a little more early the first year than I shall be for the future, for I absolutely will not trouble you before the time hereafter.

My best love attend Mr. and Mrs. Lawder, and Heaven preserve them! I am again your dutiful nephew, O.G.

I have been a month in the Highlands. I set out the first day on foot, but my ill-natured corn I have got on my toe has for the future prevented that my method of travelling; so the second day I hired a horse of about the value of a ram, and he walked away (trot he could not) as pensive as his master. Three days we reached the Highlands. This letter would be too long if it contained the description I intend giving of that country, so shall make it the subject of my next.”

III. TO THE REV. MR. CONTARINE.

My second letter to Mr. Contarine, referred to at p. 54, is not dated, but is undoubtedly written at the close of 1753 :

MY DEAR UNCLE,

“ After having spent two winters in Edinburgh, I now prepare to return to France the 10th of next February. I have seen all that this country can offer in the medical way, and therefore intend to visit Paris, where the celebrated Mr. Farhein, Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I shall have the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with that language, and few who leave Ireland are so.

Since I am upon so pleasing a topic as self applause, give me leave to say that the circle of science which I have run through, before I undertook the study of physic, is not only useful, but absolutely necessary to the making of a good physician. Such sciences enlarge our understanding, and sharpen our judgment; and what is a practitioner without both but an empiric, for never yet has a disorder found entirely the same in two patients. A quack, unable to distinguish the particularities in each disease, prescribes at a venture: if he sees such a disorder may be called by the general name of fever for instance, he prescribes a set of remedies which he applies to cure it, nor does he desist till his medicines are run out, or his patient has lost his life. But the skilful physician distinguishes the symptoms, manures the sterility of nature, or prunes her luxuriance; nor does he depend so much on the efficacy of medicines as on their proper application. I shall spend this spring and summer in Paris, and the

“her late complaint? How does my poor Jack Goldsmith? I fear his disorder is
“of such a nature as he won’t easily recover. I wish, my dear Sir, you would
“make me happy by another letter before I go abroad, for there I shall hardly hear
“from you. I shall carry just 33*l*. to France, with good store of clothes, shirts, &c.
“&c., and that with economy will serve.

“I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton’s,
“but it seems they like me more as a *jest*er than as a companion; so I disclaimed
“so servile an employment; ’twas unworthy my calling as a physician.

“I have nothing new to add from this country; and I beg, dear sir, you will
“excuse this letter, so filled with egotism. I wish you may be revenged on me,
“by sending an answer filled with nothing but an account of yourself.

“I am, dear Uncle,

“Your most devoted

“OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

“Give my — how shall I express it? Give my earnest love to Mr. and
“Mrs. Lawder.”

IV. TO THE REV. THOMAS CONTARINE.

Finally, I subjoin the whole of the third letter to Mr. Contarine described at p. 57, written from Leyden, but without any other date.

“DEAR SIR,

“LEYDEN. [Date wanting.]

“I suppose by this time I am accused of either neglect or ingratitude,
“and my silence imputed to my usual slowness of writing. But believe me,
“Sir, when I say, that till now I had not an opportunity of sitting down with
“that ease of mind which writing required. You may see by the top of the letter
“that I am at Leyden; but of my journey hither you must be informed. Sometime
“after the receipt of your last, I embarkod for Bourdeaux, on board a Scotch
“ship called the *St. Andrews*, Capt. John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable
“appearance, and as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable
“passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a
“storm drove us into a city of England called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Wo all went
“ashore to refresh us after the fatigue of our voyage. Seven men and I were one
“day on shore, and on the following evening as we were all very merry, the room
“door bursts open: enters a serjeant and twelve grenadiers with thoir bayonots
“screwed: and puts us all under the King’s arrest. It seems my company were
“Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for
“the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence; however,
“I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off oven
“then. Dear sir, keep this all a secret, or at least say it was for debt; for if it
“were once known at the university, I should hardly get a degree. But hear how

that time ready for Holland : I embarked, and in nine days, thank my God, arrived safe at Rotterdam ; whence I travelled by land to Leyden ; and whence I now write.

You may expect some account of this country, and though I am not well qualified for such an undertaking, yet shall I endeavour to satisfy some part of your expectations. Nothing surprised me more than the books every day published, descriptive of the manners of this country. Any young man who takes it into his head to publish his travels, visits the countries he intends to describe ; passes through them with as much inattention as his valet de chambre ; and consequently not having a fund himself to fill a volume, he applies to those who wrote before him, and gives us the manners of a country, not as he must have seen them, but such as they might have been fifty years before. The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times : he in every thing imitates a Frenchman, but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps exactly what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such is the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature : upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat laced with black ribbon : no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches ; so that his hips reach almost up to his arm-pits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite ? Why she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace : and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats. A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats ; and at this chimney-roozing Strephon lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy healthful complexion he generally wears, by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause. A Dutch woman and Scotch will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy : the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other makes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share of beauty ; but must say, that of all objects on this earth, an English farmer's daughter is most charming. Every woman there is a complete beauty, while the higher class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable. Their pleasures here are very dull though very various. You may smoke, you may doze, you may go to the Italian comedy, as good an amusement as either of the former. This outertainment always brings in Harlequin, who is generally a magician, and in consequence of his diabolical art performs a thousand tricks on the rest of the persons of the drama, who are all fools. I have seen the pit in a roar of laughter at this humour, when with his sword he touches the glass from which another was drinking. 'Twas not his face they laughed at, for that was

" of all nations. Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the
 " play at cards. Any man who likes company may have them to his taste
 " my part I generally detached myself from all society, and was wholly t
 " in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty ;
 " I turn my eye, fine houses, elegant gardens, statucs, grottos, vistas, p
 " themselves ; but when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond des
 " No misery is to be seen here ; every one is usefully employed.

" Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There hills a
 " intercept every prospect : here 'tis all a continued plain. There you m
 " a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close ; and here a dirty D
 " inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted i
 " but I never see a Dutchman in his own house but I think of a ma
 " Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox. Physic is by no means taught her
 " as in Edinburgh : and in all Leyden there are but four British student
 " to all necessities being so extremely dear and the professors so very
 " chemical professor excepted) that we don't much care to come hither.
 " certain how long my stay here may be ; however I expect to have the hap
 " seeing you at Kilnmore, if I can, next March.

" Direct to me, if I am honoured with a letter from you, to Madame I
 " at Leyden.

" Thou best of men, may Heaven guard and preserve you, and those yo

" OLIVER GOLDSMITH

D. (PAGE 222.)

THE PLAY OF *GISIPPUS*.

In brief justification of the opinion I have expressed of this t
 and of the interest I feel in its writer's memory, I subjoin on
 scene. The period of the action is the reign of Augustus Cæsar
 the subject is the friendship borne by the philosophic Greek, G
 to the ambitious Roman, Fulvius, to secure whose happiness
 renders his own. Having made unequalled sacrifices for his f
 having passed from honoured love and worldly esteem into s
 and beggary—he finds himself at last, his friend apparently hee
 forgetful of his sufferings, a slave. The lessons of the Academ
 the Porch (so often taught in unison in the later Athenian day)
 desert their old follower, and the character takes colouring fro
 middle-ages-romance which furnished Boccaccio with the sub

eresset agendum, has mounted nearly to the top of the ladder of
unc. He is Prætor and in the midst of an Ovation, with neither
the dignities contented, when his former friend, in rags and squalid
stretchedness, planting himself in the streets before his Lictors, fixes
dalance upon him, which, though steadily returned, leads to no recog-
on ; and, on the seeming miserable beggar persisting still in his
re to have audience of the Prætor, he is struck by the Lictors'
es. The result is that Gisippus deliberately resolves to place
self in the way of death, and he is sentenced to execution by
vius on the false charge of a murder he has taken on himself.
at follows is at the scene of execution. It is brief, but into the
pass of a very few minutes, by the writer who possesses such
stery, may be crowded thought and passion in abundance. The laugh
h which it closes tells us this. In the thought not worth the notice
he Roman soldier, there is all that the Greek had studied by the
ch and in the Grove, on appearance and the realities.

Decius. Remove his chains.

Gisippus. Let it be ever thus—

The generous still be poor ; the niggard thrive ;
Fortune still pave the ingrate's path with gold ;
Death dog the innocent still ; and surely those
Who now uplift their streaming eyes and murmur
Against oppressive fate, will own its justice.
Invisible rulor ! should man meet thy trials
With silent and lethargic sufferance,
Or lift his hands and ask heaven for a reason ?
Our hearts must speak—the sting, the whip is on them !
We rush in madness forth to tear away
The veil that blinds us to the cause—in vain.
The hand of that Eternal Providence
Still holds it there, unmoved, impenetrable.
We can but pause, and turn away again
To mourn—to wonder—and endure.

Decius. My duty

Compels me to disturb you, prisoner.

Gisippus. I am glad you do so, for my thoughts were growing
Somewhat unfriendly to me.—World, farewell ;
And thou whose image never left this heart,
Sweet vision of my memory, fare thee well !
Pray walk this way.

Decius. I've witnessed that
In many a desperate fight.
Gisippus. In short, there lives not
A man of fairer fame in Rome ?
Decius. Nor out of it.
Gisippus. Good.—Look on *me* now, look on my face :
I am a villain, am I not ?—nay, speak !
Decius. You are found a murderer.
Gisippus. A coward murderer :
A secret, sudden stabber. 'Tis not possible
That you can find a blacker, fouler character,
Than this of mine ?
Decius. The Gods must judge your guilt,
But it is such as man should shudder at.
Gisippus. This is a wise world, too, friend, is it not ?
Men have eyes, ears, and (sometimes) judgment.
Have they not ?
Decius. They are not all fools.
Gisippus. Ha ! ha !
Decius. You laugh !
Gisippus. A thought
Not worth your notice, sir.

END OF VOL. I.

