

XXI. (Page 242.)—He made the common remark on the unhappiness which men who have led a busy life experience, when they retire in expectation of enjoying themselves at ease, and that they generally languish for want of their habitual occupation and wish to return to it. He mentioned as strong an instance of this as can well be imagined. "An eminent tallow-chandler in London, who had acquired a considerable fortune, gave up the trade in favour of his foreman, and went to live at a country-house near town. He soon grew weary, and paid frequent visits to his old shop, where he desired they might let him know their *melting-days*, and he would come and assist them; which he accordingly did. Here, sir, was a man, to whom the most disgusting circumstance in the business to which he had been used was a relief from idleness."—Hill's *Boswell*, vol. ii., 337.

XXII. (Page 262.)—It was his custom to observe certain days with a pious abstraction—viz., New Year's day, the day of his wife's death, Good Friday, Easter-day, and his own birthday. He this year (1764) says—"I have now spent fifty-five years in resolving, having from the earliest time almost that I can remember, being forming schemes of a better life. I have done nothing. The need of doing, therefore, is pressing, since the time of doing is short. O God, grant me to resolve aright, and to keep my resolutions, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."—*Prayers and Meditations*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. i., 483.

XXIII. (Page 265.)—"People in general do not willingly read, if they can have anything else to amuse them. There must be an external impulse; emulation or vanity, or avarice. The progress which the understanding makes through a book has more pain than pleasure in it. Language is scanty and inadequate to express the nice gradations and mixtures of our feeling. No man reads a book of science from pure inclination."—Hill's *Boswell*, vol. iv., 218.

XXIV. (Page 272.)—"An account of the labours and productions of authors was for a long time among the deficiencies of English literature; but as the caprice of man is always starting from too little to too much, we have now among other disturbers of human quiet, a numerous body of *reviewers* and *remarks*."—Johnson's *Preliminary Discourse* to the *London Chronicle*.