

tion of nearly every one of those numerous pieces of ancient English literature which had almost wholly fallen out of memory with Englishmen, but which throw so much light on the history and structure of their language.

On turning over the title-page of Johnson's famous work, no Dedication meets the eye. The celebrated Plan or Prospectus of a Dictionary, circulated before its inception, and still to be seen in Johnson's collected works, was addressed in dignified language to Philip, Lord Chesterfield, by permission; and, doubtless, had the Earl, who, by the way, was Secretary of State at the time, come up to the mark in point of substantial patronage, a grandiose inscription to him would have met the eye in the Folio. But this was not to be. What Johnson expected Lord Chesterfield to do can only be conjectured. By dwelling so much as he afterwards did, in his talk and correspondence and in the preface to the Folio when it finally appeared, on the supposed slight shown him by the Earl, Johnson betrayed, to a greater extent than he had need to have done, the morbidness of mind to which he was unfortunately subject. It would seem that in reality, Chesterfield did take a considerable interest in the projected dictionary, and offered suggestions which were quietly adopted.

We are all of us more or less familiar with the appearance and form of Dr. Johnson. Some of us, perhaps, could easily persuade ourselves that we had seen him personally; that we had been in his company; that we had noted with our own eyes the nervous twitches and jerks of the ponderous shape as it moved restlessly about. In the fine engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds' counterfeit presentment of him, prefixed to this quarto of 1785, we have him again restored to us. Here we see once more the *Doctor Formidabilis* of the latter portion of the eighteenth century; his dread form and its habiliments: the wig, the collarless coat, the large round buttons, the half-shut, short-sighted eyes; the full, unclosed mouth just prepared to utter the combative, authoritative, "No! Sir."

About the time of Johnson's decease, it had become so customary to speak of his labours in clearing the study of the English language of its difficulties, as Herculean, that at last, in 1796, the metaphorical expression took a solid shape; and to this day the visitor to St. Paul's Cathedral in London, is astounded to behold in a Christian temple, looking down on him from a lofty pedestal, a semi-nude, colossal Hercules in white marble, which he learns from a Latin inscription