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DECEMBER， 1902.

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formson＇s mondentr，hichfield．

ARECENT number of The Outlook prints an address by the accomplished es－ sayist，Augustine Birrell，delivered in the presence of the Johnson （lub，at I．ichfield，proposing the question－＂Do we really know Dr． Johnson？＂On the platform，with wher members of the Club，was the vencrable Dr．Birkbect：Hill， the peer of Johnsonian scholars．

The illustrations will engage the reader＇s attention．There is a rare engraving of Johnson，in his prime， showing his rugged，honest，power－ ful features，and his massive hearl in outline，without the traditional wig．There is the great moralist＇s lirthplace，recently set apart as a Vor．Livi．No． f ．
museum of relics；and there is the cathedral at Lichfield，where the wondering child listened to the periorls of Sacheverel，Queen Anne＇s offendiner clergriman，with as much intelligence．＂Macaulay thinhe．＂as any Staff rihhire spuire in the congregation．＂

Surely hic plain huntness not eren Carlyle combl have urpassed， －noe no are trhl that at ater tille he asuled whe of hi－towns－ men，who hav eomphmented what he thought a sood sermon，＂That may be so，sir．but it is impossible for you to know it．＂Then，there sits Dr．Birkbeck Hill，in arboured content ；and there goes Ursa Maior，feeling his way along Fleet Street．Again he is beheld，the pensive philosopher，seated in re－ cumbent calm on his pedestal at Lichfield，as if＂rev，！ving the sal vicissitude of things．＂

Mr ．Birrell is a trifle quizzical on nur knowledge of the real Johnson， and suggests how remote may lie a bingrapher＇s impressions from the truth．But if we do not know the real Johnson，as we think we do， it may be prudent to question our knowledge of any other character who ever appeared on earth．In this age everything goes under the microscope：we cannot get along， io know anything，without our mi－ croscope．But we have the Bos－ well mammoth microscope，and sev－ eral smaller ones；so－to affect words the lexicographer would

