

attorney; Townshend, M.P. for Whitchurch; Dr. Dodd, the popular preacher; Dr. Kenrick lectured at the Devil's Tavern; Macpherson, of "Osian" celebrity; Mr. Woodfall was printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.—F. L.-L.

Scarron (1610-60), whose works Goldsmith had been translating.

Mr. Austin Dobson points out that this poem was composed and circulated in detached fragments, and that Goldsmith was still working on it when he was seized with his last illness.

PAGE 301. No. 377.—From 'Memories of Gormandizing', in which it is printed side by side with the Latin. 'Who knew or studied this cheap philosophy of life better than old Horace? . . . How affecting (Thackeray wrote) is the last ode of the first book:

To his serving-boy—*Persicos odi,
Puer, apparatus,' &c.*

PAGE 302. No. 379.—Pretzel—bretzel, bread; Souse undt Brouse, i.e. Saus und Braus, riot and bustle; Gensy-broest, i.e. Gänsebrust, goose meat; Bratwurst und Braten, sausages and roast meats; Abendessen, supper; himmelstrahlende stern, heavenly shining star; ewigkeit, eternity.

PAGE 310. No. 389.—'Dr. Barnard had asserted, in Dr. Johnson's presence, that men did not improve after the age of forty-five. "That is not true, sir," said Johnson. "You, who perhaps are forty-eight, may still improve, if you will try; I wish you would set about it. And I am afraid," he added, "there is great room for it." Johnson afterwards greatly regretted his rudeness to the bishop, who took the insult in good part, wrote the following verses next day, and sent them to Sir Joshua Reynolds.'—F. L.-L.

'I know not,' Boswell writes, 'whether Johnson ever saw the poem, but I had occasion to find that as Dr. Barnard and he knew each other better, their mutual regard increased.' Boswell also gives with peculiar pleasure to the world, 'a just and elegant compliment' paid to the Bishop by Johnson in the form of a charade:

My first shuts out thieves from your house or your room,
My second expresses a Syrian perfume.
My whole is a man in whose converse is shar'd,
The strength of a Bar and the sweetness of Nard.

PAGE 314. No. 394.—Stale—an excuse, or snare. Shakespeare uses the same word—'for stale to catch these thieves'—in *The Tempest*, iv. i. 187.

PAGE 314. No. 395.—'It is one of Ben Jonson's distinctions among English poets that he contrives to be most spontaneous when most imitative. This immortally careless rapture is meticulously pieced together from scraps of the Love Letters of Philostratus, a Greek rhetorician of the second century A.D.' (Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch in *The Golden Pomp*). Jonson's 'Still to be