

You loved your last book...but what
are you going to read next?

Using our unique guidance tools, **Love**reading will help you find new
books to keep you inspired and entertained.

Opening Extract from...

London Journal

1762 - 1763

Written by James Boswell

Published by Penguin Classics

All text is copyright © of the author

This Opening Extract is exclusive to **Love**reading.
Please print off and read at your leisure.

JAMES BOSWELL

London Journal
1762-1763

Edited with an Introduction by
GORDON TURNBULL

PENGUIN BOOKS

PENGUIN CLASSICS

Published by the Penguin Group

Penguin Books Ltd, 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England

Penguin Group (USA) Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA

Penguin Group (Canada), 90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4P 2Y3
(a division of Pearson Penguin Canada Inc.)

Penguin Ireland, 25 St Stephen's Green, Dublin 2, Ireland (a division of Penguin Books Ltd)

Penguin Group (Australia), 707 Collins Street, Melbourne, Victoria 3008, Australia
(a division of Pearson Australia Group Pty Ltd)

Penguin Books India Pvt Ltd, 11 Community Centre, Panchsheel Park, New Delhi – 110 017, India

Penguin Group (NZ), 67 Apollo Drive, Rosedale, Auckland 0632, New Zealand
(a division of Pearson New Zealand Ltd)

Penguin Books (South Africa) (Pty) Ltd, Block D, Rosebank Office Park,
181 Jan Smuts Avenue, Parktown North, Gauteng 2193, South Africa

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England

www.penguin.com

First published 1950

This edition first published in Penguin Classics 2010

Reprinted with corrections 2013

001

Editorial material copyright © Gordon Turnbull, 2010

All rights reserved

The moral right of the editor has been asserted

Set in 10.25/12.25pt Postscript Adobe Sabon

Typeset by Ellipsis Books Limited, Glasgow

Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

Except in the United States of America, this book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser

ISBN: 978-0-140-43650-1

www.greenpenguin.co.uk



Penguin Books is committed to a sustainable future for our business, our readers and our planet. This book is made from Forest Stewardship Council™ certified paper.

Acknowledgements

To re-edit the manuscript used for so admired a volume as Frederick A. Pottle's frequently reissued worldwide bestseller of 1950 was (to borrow the opening of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*) an arduous and may be reckoned in me a presumptuous task. I have freshly transcribed the manuscript of this portion of Boswell's diary and private memoranda, and re-researched and reannotated the whole, but while these researches have allowed correction in places in which Pottle's edition erred, and the filling-in of matters it passed over in editorial silence, they have naturally been helped by the resources of the former Yale Boswell Editions, established under Pottle's direction and carried on by his collaborators and heirs. For his sustained support of this project – intellectual, moral and practical – I warmly thank the former Yale University deputy provost, Charles Long. I have been able to consult a collection of research notes made by Rufus Reiberg for a planned but not completed volume of Boswell's earliest journals, a file of post-publication correspondence and other documents connected with Pottle's edition, and a copy of that edition with some marginal corrections in Pottle's hand. For assistance with specific research items I am grateful to Brian Allen, Nigel Aston, Rachel Margolis Bond, Marie-Jeanne Colombani, Catherine Dille, Rémy Duthille, Hiba Hafiz, Jacob Sider Jost, James McLaverty, Michele Martinez, Elisa Milkes, Carrie Roider, John Staines, John Stone and Nicholas Wrightson. I am deeply indebted to Marian Homans-Turnbull for some desperately needed last-second scribal assistance. I thank Mark Spicer and Nadine Honigberg for much practical help, and Daniel Gustafson for a careful reading of a

draft of text and notes. The work of Bob Davenport included but far exceeded the normal duties of a copy-editor, and his attentions to the later drafts of text and annotation to the first proofs improved the edition in style, substance and accuracy. Most especially, my work for this edition and James J. Caudle's for the Yale Research Series volume devoted to Boswell's journals of 1758–63 have enjoyed a particularly fruitful reciprocity. It is a pleasure to record here my admiration for Dr Caudle's research skills, and appreciation of his generosity. The edition's errors and infelicities are my own.

A Note on Currency

Before decimalization in 1971, the British monetary system was based on the pound sterling. One pound (£) was worth 20 shillings (*s.*), and a shilling was worth 12 pennies or pence (*d.*). A halfpenny was worth half a penny, and a farthing a quarter of a penny. A crown was a coin worth 5*s.*, and half a crown was worth 2*s.* 6*d.* A guinea was a gold coin worth 21 shillings (£1 1*s.* 0*d.*).

A Note on the Text

The papers of James Boswell – journals, letters (to him as well as by him), manuscripts of his Johnsonian and other published works – are part of the much larger Boswell family collections of legal, estate and other documents, spanning six centuries, in Yale University’s Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library. Boswell’s ‘Journal from the time of my leaving Scotland 15 Novr. 1762’ is an early part of the lengthy series of journals he kept, with lapses, for most of his adult life. This 1762–3 London portion of this journal was discovered (as noted above in the Introduction) in 1930 at Fettercairn House in Aberdeenshire. Boswell’s personal daily agendas (styled ‘memoranda’ by his twentieth-century editors and not intended by Boswell as part of his journal) were part of the earlier and larger recoveries of Boswell’s private papers from Malahide Castle, near Dublin. The journal made its first published appearance at the end of 1950, as *Boswell’s London Journal 1762–1763*, edited by Frederick A. Pottle, published by Heinemann (in the UK) and McGraw-Hill (in the USA). Pottle made a few adjustments and corrections to his annotation for a Signet edition, published in 1956. His version – to date the only one available – has been reissued many times under several different imprints (including Penguin, in 1966). It was brought back into print by Edinburgh University Press in 1991 and Yale University Press in 1992, and this reissue was again reissued (with a new brief foreword added, and oddly described as a ‘Second Edition’) in 2004. In accordance with editorial policy decisions taken for the Yale ‘reading’-edition series of Boswell’s journals, Pottle’s edition rendered Boswell’s text in modern norms: that is to say, in

mid-twentieth-century British spelling, punctuation, capitalization and paragraphing. Pottle decided also, with confessed reluctance, to exclude Boswell's (frequently informationally and psychologically revealing) memoranda, though in the event he reproduced several of them, and quoted from even more, in his footnotes.

This edition restores Boswell's original (sometimes erratic) spelling, punctuation and paragraphing. Some punctuation has been introduced for clarity, always enclosed within editorial square brackets. A sprinkling of obvious slips of the pen have been silently corrected. The surviving memoranda appear in italics ahead of the diary entries for the days to which they refer. When Boswell's abbreviations (which he uses frequently) have been spelled out for clarity, editorial square brackets again indicate the expansions. Boswell occasionally rendered certain words in his memoranda in a version of shorthand, using the consonant strokes (not always accurately) from a seventeenth-century shorthand system, Thomas Shelton's *Tachygraphy*. These words have been normalized, and enclosed within braces. Some sentences and phrases in the memoranda (usually ones referring to Boswell's amorous activities) have been scored out in heavy ink by Boswell's descendants. Boswell's writing in these instances has been with difficulty recovered, but his punctuation (which is generally inconsistent in the memoranda) can sometimes in these passages only be guessed at. For the portion of text after Boswell's final London journal entry (4 August 1763) up to the time of his departure from Harwich for Holland, for law study, the first draft of the *Life of Johnson* has been used. Though written much later by an older Boswell, it completes the narrative of his momentous and life-changing second London stay.

The fluent, demotic prose of Boswell's journal is both brisk and careful, written with precision, but often hasty – put down in the spaces of his London stay's many other activities, excitements, despondencies and distractions – and it seems he posted sequential segments of the journal to his friend John Johnston in Edinburgh without review. Whatever intermittent sacrifices of immediate clarity may result from such things as his infrequent paragraph breaks, the absence of quotation marks, unorthodox

spellings and inconsistent punctuation, restoration of something close to Boswell's original writing and inclusion of the private memoranda may, among other effects, allow recapture of the contemporary feel of the composer and his circumstances of composition. The many accounts of Boswell (following the modernized version of 1950) as remarkably 'modern', as one of us, feel less secure when we sense something of the difference between him, his time and place, and the readers of the times and places in which his private writings were recovered, published and are now read. Should further justification be needed for restoring Boswell's original text, it might be found in the reflections of Claude Colleer Abbott, who recorded in a review his reaction to the 1950 edition some twenty years after he first discovered the manuscript. 'Does it stand up,' he asked, 'to my first thought that Boswell, at twenty-two, had written a masterpiece?' Abbott answered himself 'firmly' in the affirmative, but found it a 'pity' that Pottle's edition had modernized 'Boswell's spelling and punctuation', since something 'characteristically Boswellian is lost, and to small purpose' (*The Listener* 42 (28 December 1950), pp. 843-4). But I quote also, with trepidation, from Abbott's next sentence: in Pottle's 'valuable introduction and helpful notes', some of the 'information gathered were better omitted'. This Penguin edition's annotation aims to explicate the contexts of Boswell's self-record, and to identify the many people, places, works and contemporary topics and concepts to which this densely detailed record naturally alludes. Readers who find Boswell's text here blighted by the frequent endnote cues, and the notes full of even more 'information gathered' that 'were better omitted', are cordially invited to ignore them.

LONDON JOURNAL
1762-1763

Journal from the time of my
leaving Scotland 15 Nov^r 1762.

Introduction

The ancient Philosopher certainly
gave a wise counsel when he said
"Know thyself". For surely this know-
ledge is of all the most impor-
tant. I might enlarge upon this
But grave & serious declamation
is not what I intend at present.
A man cannot know himself better
than by attending to the feelings
of his heart and to his external
actions from which he may with
tolerable certainty judge what
manner of person he is. I have
therefore determined to keep a
daily journal in which I shall
set down my various sentiments
and my various conduct which
will be not only usefull, but very
agreeable. It will give me a habit
of

Journal from the time of my leaving Scotland 15 Novr. 1762.

INTRODUCTION.

The ancient Philosopher certainly gave a wise counsel when he said 'Know thyself.'¹ For surely this knowledge is of all the most important. I might enlarge upon this. But grave & serious declamation is not what I intend at present. A man cannot know himself better than by attending to the feelings of his heart and to his external Actions from which he may with tollerable certainty judge 'what manner of person he is'.² I have therefore determined to keep a dayly journal in which I shall set down my various sentiments and my various conduct which will be not only usefull; but very agreable. It will give me a habit of application and improve me in expression and knowing that I am to record my transactions will make me more carefull to do well. Or if I should go wrong, it will assist me in resolutions of doing better. I shall here put down my thoughts on different subjects at different times, the whims that may seize me and the sallies of my luxuriant Imagination. I shall mark the Anecdotes and the stories that I hear, the instructive or amusing conversations that I am present at, and the various adventures that I may have. I was observing to my friend Erskine³ that a Plan of this kind was dangerous as a Man might in the openness of his heart say many things & discover⁴ many facts that might do him great harm if the Journal should fall into the hands of my⁵ Enemies. Against which there is no perfect security. Indeed said he I hope there is no danger at all; for I fancy you will not set down your robberies on the Highway, or the Murders that you commit. As to other things there can be no harm. I laughed heartily at my

friend's Observation which was so far true. I shall be upon my guard to mention nothing that can do harm. Truth shall ever be observed and these things (if there should be any such) that require the gloss of falshood shall be past by in silence. At the same time I may relate things under borrowed names with safety that would do much mischief if particularly known. In this way I shall preserve many things that would otherwise be lost in oblivion. I shall find dayly Employment for myself, which will save me from Indolence & help to keep off the Spleen⁶ and I shall lay up a store of entertainment for my after life. Very often we have more pleasure in reflecting on agreeable scenes that we have been in, than we had from the scenes themselves. I shall regularly record the business or rather the pleasure of every day. I shall not study much correctness lest the labour of it should make me lay it aside altogether. I hope it will be of use to my worthy friend Johnstone⁷ and that while he laments my personal absence, this Journal may in some measure supply that defect & make him happy.

MONDAY 15 NOVEMBER

Elated with the thoughts of my journey to London, I got up. I called upon my friend Johnstone, but found he was not come from the country[,] which vexed me a little, as I wished to bid him cordially adieu.¹ However I excused him to myself, and as Cairnie² told me that People never took leave in France, I made the thing sit pretty easy. I had a long serious conversation with my Father and Mother.³ They were very kind to me. I felt parental affection was very strong towards me; and I felt a very warm filial regard for them. The scene of being a Son setting out from home for the wide world and the idea of being my own Master, pleased me much. I parted with my Brother Davie leaving him my best advices to be diligent at his Business as a Banker and to make rich and be happy.⁴ At ten I got into my chaise & away I went. As I past the cross the Cadies and the Chairmen bowed & seemed to say God prosper long our noble Boswell.⁵ I rattled down the high-street⁶ in high elevation of spirits[,] bowed &

smiled to Acquaintances, & took up my partner at Boyd's Close. He was a Mr. Stewart eldest son to Ardshiel who was forfeited in the year 1746.⁷ He had made four voyages to the east indies & was now going out first Mate.⁸ I made the chaise stop at the foot of the Cannongate; asked pardon of Mr. Stewart for a minute: walked to the Abbey of Holyroodhouse, went round the Piazas[,] bowed thrice, once to the Palace itself, once to the crown of Scotland above the Gate in front, and once to the venerable old Chapel.⁹ I next stood in the court before the Palace, and bowed thrice to Arthur-Seat,¹⁰ that lofty romantic Mountain on which I have so often strayed in my days of youth, indulged Meditation & felt the raptures of a soul filled with ideas of the Magnificence of God and his Creation. Having thus gratified my agreeable whim and superstitious humour I felt a warm glow of satisfaction. Indeed I have a strong turn to what the cool part of Mankind have named Superstition. But this proceeds from my genius for Poetry, which ascribes many fanci-
full properties to every thing. This I have great pleasure from; as I have now by experience and reflection gained the command of it so far, that I can keep it within just bounds by the power of reason, without losing the agreeable feeling & play to the Imagination, which it bestows. I am surely much happier in this way, than if I just considered Holyroodhouse as so much Stone and lime which has been put together in a certain way; and Arthur Seat as so much earth & rock raised above the neighbouring Plains. We then pursued our Journey.¹¹ I found my Companion a jolly honest plain fellow. I set out with a determined resolution against *shaving*[],¹² that is to say playing upon people, and therefore I talked sensibly & roughly. We did very well till we past Old Cambus,¹³ when one of the wheels of our chaise was so much broke that it was of no use. The driver proposed that we should mount the horses, & ride to Berwick;¹⁴ But this I would by no means agree to, & as my Partner let me be the principal Man and take the Direction of our Journey, I made the chaise be drag'd on to Aytoun,¹⁵ where we waited till the Driver rode to Berwick and brought us a chaise. Never did I pass three hours more unhappily. We were set down in a cold Alehouse in a little dirty village. We had a Beef-stake ill-drest &

had nothing to drink but thick muddy Beer. We were both out of humour so that we could not speak. We tried to sleep but in vain. We only got a drowsy headach. We were scorched by the fire on the one hand and shiv'ring with frost on the other. At last our chaise came & we got to Berwick about twelve at night. We had a slice of hard dry toast[,] a bowl of warm negoes¹⁶ & went comfortable to bed.

TUESDAY 16 NOVEMBER

We set off at six; breakfasted at Alnwick¹ where we had with us a Captain Elliot² of the East indies & were hearty. Stewart & I began now to be acquainted and to talk about the Peace³ & Voyages and ways of living. We had a safe day, & got at night to Durham.⁴

WEDNESDAY 17 NOVEMBER

We had a very good day of it, and got at night to Doncaster.¹

THURSDAY 18 NOVEMBER

We chatted a good deal. Stewart told me that some Blacks in India were attacking their boat in order to plunder it, and that he shot two with his own hand.¹ In the afternoon between Stamford & Stilton² there was a young unruly horse in the chaise, which run away with the driver, & jumping to one side of the road, we were overturned. We got a pretty severe rap. Stewart's head and my arm were somewhat hurt. However we got up & pursued our way. During our two last stages this night which we travelled in the dark, I was a good deal affraid of Robbers. A great many horrid Ideas filled my mind. There is no passion so distressing as fear, which gives us great pain and makes us appear contemptible in our own eyes to the last degree. However, I affected resolution and [as] each of us carried a

loaded Pistol in his hand we were pretty secure. We got at night to Biggleswade.³

FRIDAY 19 NOVEMBER

It was very cold. Stewart was as effeminate as I. I asked him how he who shivered if a pane of glass was broke in a Post-Chaise could bear the severe hardships of a sea life. He gave me to understand that Necessity made any thing be endured. Indeed this is very true: For when the mind knows that it cannot help itself by struggling, it quietly & patiently submits to whatever load is laid upon it. When we came upon Highgate hill,¹ & had a view of London I was all life & Joy. I repeated Cato's Soliloquy on the immortality of the Soul² and my Soul bounded forth to a certain prospect of happy futurity. I sung all manner of Songs & began to make one about an amorous meeting with a pretty girl; the burthen of which was as follows.

She gave me *this*, I gave her *that*
And tell me had she not tit for tat.³

I gave three huzzas & we went briskly in. I got from Digges a list of the best houses on the road and also a direction to a good Inn at London.⁴ I therefore made the Boy drive me to Mr. Hayward's at the black Lyon, water-lane fleetstreet.⁵ The noise, the crowd the glare of shops & signs agreeably confused me. I was rather more wildly struck than when I first came to London.⁶ My Companion could not understand my feelings: He considered London just as a Place where he was to receive orders from the east india Company.⁷ We now parted with saying that we had agreed well & been happy & that we should keep up the acquaintance.⁸ I then had a bit of dinner, got myself shaved & cleaned, & had my landlord a civil jolly man to take a glass of wine with me. I was all in a flutter at having at last got to the place which I was so madly fond of, & being restrained, had formed so many wild schemes to get back to. I had recourse to Philosophy & so rendered myself calm. I immediatly went to

my friend Douglass's[,] Surgeon in Pallmall[,] a kind-hearted plain sensible man; where I was cordially received. His Wife is a good humoured woman & is that sort of character which is often met with in England[,] very lively without much wit.⁹ Her fault is speaking too much which often tires people. He was my great Adviser as to every thing; & in the mean time insisted that I should have a bed in his house till I got a lodging to my mind. I agreed to come there next day. I went to Covent Garden¹⁰ — Every Man in his Humour.¹¹ Woodward played Bobadil finely.¹² He entertained me much. It was fine after the fatigues of my journey, to find myself snug in a Theatre[,] my body warm, & my mind elegantly amused. I went to my Inn had some negroes & went comfortably to bed.

SATURDAY 20 NOVEMBER

I got into a hackney-coach¹ with my baggage, & drove to Douglass's. We calculated my Expenses, & I found that to live would require great œconomy.² However, I was upon honour to do my best. I strolled about all the forenoon calling for different People; but found nobody in. I went & saw a Collection of wild beasts.³ I felt myself bold[,] easy & happy. Only I had a kind of uneasiness from feeling no amazing difference between my existence now & at Edinburgh. I dined⁴ at Douglass's [&] sat in all the afternoon & wrote letters.⁵

SUNDAY 21 NOVEMBER

I got up well & enjoyed my good Situation. I had a handsom dining-room & Bed-chamber, just in Pall-Mall, the finest part of the town. I was in pursuit of my Commission,¹ which I was vastly fond of; and I had money enough to live like a Gentleman. I went to May-fair Chapel² & heard prayers & an excellent sermon from the Book of Job, on the comforts of Piety. I was in a fine frame. And I thought that God realy designed us to be happy. I shall certainly be a religious old Man. I was much so

in youth. I have now & then flashes of devotion, & it will one day burn with a steady flame.³ I waited on Mr. George Lewis Scott⁴ who was very kind & polite to me, & on the Laird of Macfarlane,⁵ with whom I was a good deal diverted. He was keenly interested in the reigning contests between Scots & English. He talked much against the Union.⁶ He said we were perfect Underlings[;] that our riches were carried out of the country[;] that no town but Glasgow had any advantage of trade by it; and that many others were hurt by it. I dined with Doctor Pringle⁷ where were Mr. Murdoch the Publisher or rather the Editor of Thomson,⁸ Mr. Seymours a travelling Governour⁹ & some more all Scotch. I found the Doctor in the way of discouraging me; which as from my Father's friend I took patiently & intended to get the better of. The conversation was on indifferent common topics. The Peace. Lord Bute.¹⁰ Footmen & Cookery. I went to Douglass's & drank tea. I next went & called in Southampton Street Strand, for Miss Sally Forrester¹¹ my first love. Who lived at the blue Periwig.¹² I found that the People of the house were broke & dead¹³ & could hear nothing of her. I also called for Miss Jeany Wells in Barrack Street Soho,¹⁴ but found that she was fled they knew not whither, & had been ruined with extravagance. Good heaven thought I what an amazing change in two years! I saw in the year 1760 these young Ladies in all the glow of Beauty & Admiration; and now they are utterly erased or worse. I then called on Love & saw him & Mrs. Love & Billy.¹⁵ I eat a tart there. He showed me a Pantomime called the Witches of his.¹⁶

Since I came up I have begun to acquire a composed genteel character very different from a rattling uncultivated one which for sometime past I have been fond of. I have discovered that we may be in some degree whatever character we chuse. Besides, practice forms a man to any thing. I was now happy to find myself cool easy and serene.

MONDAY 22 NOVEMBER

I strolled about all day looking for lodgings. At night I went to Drury lane and saw Garrick¹ play *Scrub & the Farmer* returned; and Love play *Bonniface*;² which brought the Cannongate full in my head. I was exceedingly well entertained.

TUESDAY 23 NOVEMBER

I went into the City¹ & called for George Home, Lord Kames's Son.² As Lord Eglintoune had used me neglectfully,³ and as I considered him as not to be depended upon I determined to keep clear of him as a Patron; but to like him as a Companion; and if he offered to do me any service good & well; But I should ask no assistance from him. I called thrice, but he was out. This day, I received a formal card of invitation to dine with him; I went & was warmly received. Finding myself with him in the very dining room where in my days of youthfull fire I had been so happy, melted me much. Millne the Architect⁴ dined with us. We talked on a rude & on a polished state of Society. I kept up a *retenue*⁵ & spoke only when I was sure that I was right. I drank tea. I parted from him on a very good footing.

WEDNESDAY 24 NOVEMBER

I called on Dodsley & found that altho' he had refused to take the hazard of publishing my *Cub*, that it had sold well, & that there was 13 Shillings of proffit, which I made him pay me down.¹ Never did I set so high a value on a Sum. I was much in spirits. I still went about seeking lodgings; but could find none that would answer. At night I called on Pringle. He was sour. Indeed he is a good deal so; altho' a sensible learned man: A good Philosopher & an excellent Physician. By the chearfull ease of my address² I made him smile & be very kind to me. I consulted him about all my plans. I began to find that £200 a

year was very little. I left him before 12. I began to tire much of Mrs. Douglas. She spoke so much. And I was rather somewhat lowspirited.

THURSDAY 25 NOVEMBER

I had been in a bad situation during the night: for I dreamt that Johnstone did not care for me. That he came to see me sett off on a long journey, & that he seemed dissipated & tired, & left me before I got away. I lay abed very gloomy. I thought London did me no good. I rather disliked it; & I thought of going back to Edinburgh, immediatly. In short I was most miserable. I got up & breakfasted. I got a card from Lord Eglintoune asking me to the house of Lords.¹ I accordingly went & heard the King make his Speech.² It was a very noble thing. I here beheld the King of Great Brittain on his throne with the crown on his head addressing both the Lords & the Commons. His Majesty spoke better than any man I ever heard. With dignity[,] delicacy & ease. I admired him. I wished much to be acquainted with him.³ I went to Love's & drank tea. I had now been sometime in town without female sport. I determined to have nothing to do with Whores as my health was of great consequence to me.⁴ I went to a Girl,⁵ with whom I had an intrigue at Edinburgh but my affection cooling, I had left her. I knew she was come up.⁶ I waited on her & tried to obtain my former favours; but in vain. She would by no means listen. I was realy unhappy for want of women. I thought it hard to be in such a place without them. I picked up a girl⁷ in the Strand [&] went into a court with intention to enjoy her in armour.⁸ But she had none. I toyed with her. She wondered at my size, & said If I ever took a Girl's Maidenhead, I would make her squeak. I gave her a shilling; & had command enough of myself to go without touching her. I afterwards trembled at the danger I had escaped. I resolved to wait chearfully, till I got some safe girl or was liked by some woman of fashion. I went to Lord Eglintoune's[.] John Ross M^ckye⁹ was there. We had a little bit of supper, & I was easy. I have never yet mentioned General Douglas¹⁰ whom I found to be a plain

civil man. I learnt that the Duke of Queensberry was not to be in town till Sunday so that till then, I could know nothing certain of my Commission.¹¹

FRIDAY 26 NOVEMBER

I waited on Lord Adam Gordon¹ who was very polite. I liked to see a Colonel of the Guards in his elegant house. I was much diffculted about lodgings. A variety I am sure I saw. I dare say fifty. I was amused in this way. At last I fixed in Downing-Street Westminster. I took a lodging up two pair of Stairs with the use of a handsom parlour all the forenoon, for which I agreed to pay 40 guineas a year, but I took it for a fortnight first; by way of a tryal. I also made bargain that I should dine with the family whenever I pleased, at a shilling a time. My Landlord was Mr. Terrie chamberkeeper to the office for Trade & Plantations. [H]e was originaly from the shire of Murray. He had a Wife but no children.² The Street was a genteel street, within a few steps of the Parade;³ near the house of commons & very healthfull. I went to Mr. Cochrane⁴ my Banker & received £25[,] my allowance every six weeks. I then dined with Lord Eglintoune. Lord Elibank⁵ was there[,] a man of great genius great knowledge & much whim; & Sir James Macdonald⁶ a remarkable young man of good parts & great Application. So that he knows a great deal. Also Sir Simeon Stuart⁷ much of a Gentleman. We had much ingenious talk. But I am dull & cannot recollect it. Before this I Saw the Witches a Pantomime. I felt composed serene happy.

SATURDAY 27 NOVEMBER

I walked into the City & ordered a remaining parcel of my Cub to be sent to Donaldson.¹ I then breakfasted at Child's Coffeeshouse,² read the political papers & had some chat with citizens. On Sunday I had called at the Inner Temple for my old friend Temple.³ But did not find him. This day I called again. He

was out of town.⁴ I longed to see him. I then went to Lord Eglintoune's. Finding him very obliging, I was glad to take the benefit of it. He carried me to Covent Garden in a Coach & bid me wait in the Bedford Coffee-house⁵ till he sent for me. In a few minutes the famous Mr. Beard⁶ of Covent Garden Theatre came for me, & carried me up a great many steps to a handsom room above the Theatre, in which was met the Beefsteak Club,⁷ a Society which has subsisted these 30 years. The room where it met was once burnt. The Gridiron (in Scotch *Brander*) was allmost consumed; but a thin image of it remained entire. That they have fixed in the Stucko in the roof. The President sits in a chair under a canopy above which you have in golden letters *Beef and Liberty*. We were entertained by the Club. Lord Sandwich⁸ was in the chair. A jolly hearty lively man. It was a very mixed Society. Lord Eglintoune[,] Mr. Beard, Colonel West of the Guards.⁹ Mr. Havard the Actor.¹⁰ Mr. Churchill the Poet.¹¹ Mr. Wilkes the author of the North-Britton,¹² and many more. We had nothing to eat but beefsteaks, & had wine & Punch in plenty & freedom. We had a number of Songs. Lord Eglintoune & I talked a little privately. He imagined me much in the stile that I was three years ago; raw curious volatile credulous. He little knew the experience I had got & the notions & the compsure that I had obtained by reflection. My Lord said I[,] I am now a little wiser. Not so much as you think said he: For, as a Boy who has just learned the Alphabet, when he begins to make out words, thinks himself a great master of reading; so the little advance you have made in prudence, appears very great as it is so much before what you was formerly. I owned that there was some justice in what he said: and I hoped that a little diffidence would help to keep me safe. I told him I was sorry that my dedication without leave to the Duke of York, had been ill-taken and I insisted that he should make it up, & bring us together which he half assented to.¹³ My Lord's character is very particular. He is a Man of uncommon Genius for every thing, strong good sense[,] great quickness of Apprehension & liveliness of fancy with a great deal of humour. He was neglected in his Education, so that his knowledge from books, is superficial. Yet he has picked up an infinite variety of knowlege from

conversation. He has at the same time a flightiness[,] a reverie & absence of mind with a disposition to downright trifling. Pope's lines may be applied to him.

With too much quickness ever to be taught
With too much thinking to have common thought.¹⁴

He is very selfish & deceitfull: Yet he has much good-nature & affection. He now declared to me that he liked me as well as ever. And I beleive he spoke truth. For I have such an opinion of myself as to imagine that nobody can be more agreeable company to him. Yet I kept aloof in some measure. And finding myself too fond of him, I pulled the reins hard. We parted at 7. I went to my lodging in Downing-street & put up my things[,] then went & saw the King & Queen pass from the Opera;¹⁵ & then saw the Guards drawn up in the Court of the Palace¹⁶ while the Moon shone & showed their splendor. I was all gentle felicity, & thought on an Edinburgh Saturday past in a variety of amusing scenes.¹⁷ I had now got a genteel violet coloured frock suit.¹⁸ I went home sat a while with my Landlord & Landlady. They made too much work about me. I went to bed.

SUNDAY 28 NOVEMBER¹

Dress — have Barber & hair drest — Then D[ouglas]'s & advise. Then the General's & go to the Duke's; or if he is not come to St. James's church.² Home before 3 — dine if not church forenoon at 4³ — then L's as he's at Club, & try old cannon g[ate].⁴ leave full card at Northumb. House.⁵ Put things in order. Cause buy Candles. Ask about wax or not for a week.⁶ order coals. Get tea & Sugar — & cause buy Bread each day — & butter now & then. Get 4to book to mark Expen.⁷ Finish journ[al] short tull⁸ now — then begin long. keep back to give out linnen.⁹

I breakfasted with Mr. Douglas. I went to St. James's Church & heard service & a good sermon on By what means shall a young

man learn to order his ways,¹⁰ in which the advantages of early piety were well displayed. What a curious inconsistent thing is the mind of Man! In the midst of divine service I was laying plans for having women, & yet I had the most sincere feelings of Religion. I imagine that my want¹¹ of belief is the occasion of this: So that I can have all the feelings. I would try to make out a little consistency, this way. I have a warm heart & a vivacious fancy. I am therefore given to love, and also to Piety or gratitude to God, and to the most brilliant and showy method of public Worship.

I then walked in the Park¹² & went home to Dinner which was just a good joint of veal & a Pudding. This they told me was their usual fare, which I approved of. I found my Landlord rather too free. Therefore I carried myself with reserve & something of state. At Six I went to Mr. Sheridan's.¹³ He had been at court¹⁴ & was splendidly drest. He met me at the door with a cordial warmth. I felt a little out as his plan for me of the Temple¹⁵ was changed. He is a man of great genius & understands propriety of speech better than any body. But he is rather too much of an enthusiast in favour of his darling Study. He has read much, & seen much and is very good company. I was introduced to Mrs. Sheridan[,] a woman of very homely looks, but very sensible and very clever as appears from her memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph.¹⁶ I let myself appear by degrees, & I found that I was agreeable to her which flattered me a good deal. I asked for Mr. Samuel Johnson.¹⁷ Sheridan said he now could not bear him: because he had taken a pension of 300 a year from the court, by the particular interest of Lord Bute, & yet he still railed against the Royal family & the Scots Minister.¹⁸ I said I imagined he put it upon this; that the Pension was not a *favour* but a reward *due* to his merit: and therefore he would show still the same principles of opposition freely & openly. No Sir said he. Johnson took it as a favour: waited on Lord Bute; said he could not find an english word to express what he felt & was therefore obliged to have recourse to the French. I am penetré with his Majesty's goodness. This being the case, his business was to be silent: or if called upon to give his opinion to say 'Gentlemen my sentiments are just the same that they

were: But an obligation forbids me to say much.' It hurt me to find Sheridan abusing a man for whom I have heard him profess the greatest regard. He added 'the Bearish manners of Johnson were insupportable without the idea of his having a good heart: But since he has been made the object of royal favour, his character has been sifted & is bad.' I drank tea & coffee & was very well. I came home and went to Bed.

MONDAY 29 NOVEMBER

Hair drest. Then get tea & Sugar. ask for chest. Order coal & candle & Butter. Wait for Washerwoman. Get some thin writing paper.¹ At 11 call L[ove] & try all rhetoric old {girl}[.] If not in — if in — Mrs. Ward.² If time temple.³ At 4 Erskine.⁴ Then home finish journ. Put things in order. At night have feet washed.⁵ See for Sword & Hat. Keep separate page each artic[le] & mark the week's dinners & pay each Sat[urday] & lodging each quarter. Concert with ϕ & vow {eternal constancy and regard}.⁶ Send for cloaths immed — Say as the {house} is but 52 your {part} should be but 30⁷ —

I breakfasted with My Landlord. I then called at Love's, saw Mr. George Garrick[,]⁸ very like his Brother. Admired Miss Pope⁹ of Drury-lane at the opposite window, sauntered awhile, then dined Lady Francis Erskine's;¹⁰ both her sons were there;¹¹ and Mr. Grant son to Sir Ludovick.¹² We were very genteel & very dull. We just said the same things that every body in town were saying. As I have no conversation of this day to mark[,]¹³ I must be obliged to some former days.

Lord Eglintoune said that a Savage had as much pleasure in eating his rude meals, & hearing the rough notes of the Bagpipe, as a man in polished society had in the most elegant entertainment, & in hearing the finest music. Mr. Millne very justly observed that to judge of their happiness we must have the decision of a being superior to them both, who should feel the pleasure of each; and in that case it would be found that altho' each had his taste fully gratified, yet that the civilized man having

his taste more refined & susceptible of higher enjoyment, must be acknowledged to have the greatest happiness. Sir James Macdonald and Lord Elibank descanted much on the character of Hannibal¹⁴ and admired him most for his thorough knowledge of the People that he had to deal with. Lord Elibank is a man of strong genius[,] great reading & lively imagination. Sir James Macdonald has natural quickness, and has led a life of hard study these many years so that he has got an excellent foundation. How he will build upon it is hard to say. Mr. Sheridan said if he is not able to throw out his knowledge with spirit it will not avail him much. For a Bookcase contains more learning than he. Sir James is too much of the fellow of a College to be easy & agreeable in Company, as he allways introduces some learned subject. He has also the appearance of too much haughtiness, which is disgusting.

Lord Eglintoune said that he¹⁵ knew nothing but Men[,] Women and Horses. Sir James said that the proper knowledge of Mankind was to be gained from History. My Lord said that he who knew men only in this way was like one who had got the theory of anatomy perfectly, but who in practice would find himself very awkward and liable to mistakes. That he again who knew men by observation was like one who picked up Anatomy by practice, but who like all Empirics would for a long time be liable to gross errors. In my opinion History is more usefull for understanding the great lines of men's characters when united in great Societys altho' to be sure the hearts & understandings of individuals are there in some measure displayed. But to know men a long experience of life & manners is most usefull. History & that together render the knowledge compleat.

TUESDAY 30 NOVEMBER

Hair drest. Break[fast] in Parlour.¹ pay Coal Candle & Butter: & cause milk be charged weekly. pay bread also weekly. Send porter for cloaths. Send for Landlord. Say you're sorry. but you have found what will suit you better & you'll allways be glad to see him, & he may let the floor when he pleases. then go

Crown court² & take for year so as to be fixed. Ask all the particulars. Go to Sher[idan's] at 4. Sit in till then & finish journ & write C fully.³ get franks from Dempst[er] & Coutts.⁴

I had young Douglas of Douglas and young Douglas of Pallmall both Westminster Scholars⁵ to breakfast with me. I went with them & took a walk to Westminster-Abbey among the tombs [&] was solemn and happy. I dined with Mr. Sheridan. He was quite enthusiastic about oratory. He said Garrick had no real feeling; that his talents for mimicry enabled him to put on the appearance of feeling & that the nicety of his art might please the fancy, & make us cry that's fine. But as it was art, it could never touch the heart. Mr. Sheridan's distinction was just; but does not apply to Garrick, because he often has touched the heart and drawn tears from multitudes. After dinner, old Victor[,] many years joint manager of the Dublin Stage[,] Poet Laureat of Ireland and Author of the History of the Theatres came in.⁶ He is an honest indolent conversable man, & has a great many Anecdotes. He told us that he was one day dining with Mr. Booth, when Mrs. Booth⁷ brought in a Girl to sing some lively Songs. She was much liked & taken into the Theatre at 20 Shillings a week, & who was this but Mrs. Pritchard who has risen so high in dramatic fame.⁸ Sheridan said there were not three lines in a play spoke well on Drury lane Stage. Victor looked at me, & shook his head. Without propriety of Speech[,] said Sheridan[,] all the powers of acting are nothing. It is just like time in dancing. And let a dancer play never so many tricks & feats of agility he will not be applauded if he does not observe time. This comparison is not just. Because the greatest part of an audience have ear enough to judge of time, but very very few can judge of propriety of speech as that is a thing never taught them, and therefore the ornaments of action must please them independent of that. He inveighed much against the directors of his English Scheme at Edinburgh as if they thought from the beginning of knocking it on the head & so had lost an opportunity of improvement & honour to their country.⁹ I was very easy, as he never mentioned my own plan which I resolved by degrees to talk freely to him of. He asked me to come to his

house in a family way, whenever I had nothing to engage me elsewhere. I resolved to comply with his kind invitation. I found a good table[,] ease & hospitality and usefull & agreeable conversation there.

I thought my present lodgings too dear & therefore looked about & found a place in Crown-Street Westminster[,] an obscure street but pretty lodgings at only £22 a year. Much did I ruminate with regard to lodgings. Sometimes I considered that a fine lodging denoted a man of great fashion, but then I thought that few people would see it & therefore the expence would be hid, whereas my business was to make as much show as I could with my small allowance. I thought that an elegant place to come home to, was very agreeable & would inspire me with ideas of my own dignity; but then I thought it would be hard if I had not a proportionable show in other things and that it was better to come gradually to a fine place, than from a fine to a worse. I therefore resolved to take the Crown-Street place & told my present Landlord that I intended to leave him. He told me that he was very sorry and that he would allow me to make my own terms rather than quit his house: for he was in such circumstances that he was not obliged to let lodgings for bread and that as I was extremely agreeable to the family he beg'd I would stay & he would let me have my three rooms for £30. I thanked him for his good opinion of me; but told him that œconomy at present was my object altho' I was very happy in his house; and that I could not ask him to let me have three rooms in a genteel street, as cheap as two in an obscure one. He paused awhile and then told me that I should have them at the same price. He only beg'd that I would not mention it; as he certainly let them below value. I therefore struck a bargain & settled myself for a year. I do think this a very strong proof of my being agreeable. For here was I a perfect Stranger to my Landlord who showed so great regard for me. I thought my seeking a lodging was like seeking a Wife. Sometimes I aimed at one of two Guineas a week, like a rich Lady of Quality. Sometimes at one Guinea like a Knight's Daughter[,] and at last fixed on £22 a year like the Daughter of a good Gentleman of moderate fortune. Now when fixed, I felt very comfortable having got rid of the inconstant roving

disposition of a batchelor as to Lodging. However I hope my choice of a Wife will be more elegant. I hope that shall not be in haste. When I strolled in high spirits thro' London full of gay expectation, I considered how much happier I was, than if I had been married last year to Miss Colquhoun or Miss Bruce¹⁰ & been a poor regular animal tied down to one. I thanked Johnston¹¹ for his kind advices.

WEDNESDAY 1 DECEMBER

*Try pen.¹ Dress then Gen Doug[las] then the Duke. be modest yet free. tell that you depend on him, & perhaps you will come from him joyfull. Then call Lord Adam & Gould.² *order dinner before you go out. — At 12 go call Temple & pay Sword.³ then home dine. then call Dempst[er]. Then go to Westminster⁴ in old coat — then home for long fertile journal & write C⁵ — lest he may think you neglect. Drury lane on frid[ay]⁶ dine home all week.*

The Duke of Queensberry was now come to town. I had called once or twice, but had never found him. Mrs. Douglas told me that Old Quant the Porter⁷ would do nothing without the silver key. I therefore called today & chatting a little with the surly dog[,] Mr. Quant said I: I give you a great deal of trouble, bowed & smiled & put half a crown⁸ into his hand. He told me the Duke would be glad to see me next morning at nine. On Tuesday I wanted to have a silver hilted sword, but upon examining my pockets as I walked up the Strand I found that I had left the most of my guineas at home; & had not enough to pay for it with me. I determined to make a tryal of the civility of my fellow-creatures, & what effect my external appearance & address would have. I accordingly went to the Shop of Mr. Jefferies Sword-Cutler to his Majesty,⁹ looked at a number of his Swords and at last picked out a very handsom one, at five guineas. Mr. Jefferies said I — I have not money here to pay for it. Will you trust me? Upon my word, Sir said he; you must excuse me. It is a thing we never do to a Stranger. I bowed genteely & said Indeed Sir, I beleive it is

not right. However I stood & looked at him; & he looked at me. Come Sir cried he I will trust you. Sir said I if you had not trusted me, I should not have bought it from you. He asked my name & place of abode which I told him. I then chose a Belt[,] put the Sword on & told him I would call & pay it tomorrow & walked off. I called this day & payed him. Mr. Jefferies[,] said I [,] there is your money. You paid me a very great compliment. I am much obliged to you. But pray dont do such a thing again. It is dangerous. Sir said he we know our men. I would have trusted you with the value of a hundred pounds. This I think was a good adventure & much to my honour. — Sometime after I came to London, I met with Mr. Maine¹⁰ from Scotland who reminded me that he had got me admitted a Member of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts & Sciences¹¹ in the year 1760, that the Subscription was two guineas a year & that three years were now unpaid so that I owed six guineas. This was a most alarming piece of news to a man who was trying to calculate a livelihood out of moderate finances. However I put the best face on it: told Maine that I imagined the neglect of payment for one year made a man lose his place so that I had but two guineas to pay. However if I found it otherwise I should pay the whole. This was really my idea. I went & called on Mr. Box the Collector¹² (admirably named) [&] found him a very civil man; told him that I had been in Scotland almost ever since my admission to the Society, and that I was now uncertain how long I might stay in London. If therefore it was possible to have my name struck off the list so that I should never be considered as having been a member, and might afterwards when sure of settling in London be admitted a member of that elegant[,] usefull & noble Society, it would make me very happy. I treated him with so much complaisance & put the Argument so home to him, that he agreed to my proposal; & I left him with a chearfull heart at the thoughts of having six guineas to spend which I had given up for lost.¹³ This affair was transacted on the evening after I dined at the Beef-steak Club. This afternoon I was surprised with the arrival of Lady Betty Macfarlane, Lady Ann Erskine[,] Captain Erskine & Miss Dempster¹⁴ who were come to the Red-Lyon Inn at Charing-Cross. It seems Lady Betty had written to the Laird that if he would not come

down, she would come up; & upon his giving her an indolent answer, like a woman of spirit, she put her resolution in practice. I immediatly went to them. To tell the plain truth, I was vexed at their coming[,]¹⁵ for to see just the plain *hamely*¹⁶ fife family¹⁷ hurt my grand ideas of London. Besides I was now upon a plan of studying polite reserved behaviour which is the only way to keep up dignity of character. And as I have a good share of Pride which I think is very proper & even noble, I am hurt with the taunts of ridicule & am unsatisfied if I do not feel myself something of a superior animal. This has allways been my favourite idea, in my best moments. Indeed I have been obliged to deviate from it, by a variety of circumstances. After my wild expedition to London in the year 1760 after I got rid of the load of serious reflection which then burthened me, by being allways in Lord Eglintoune's Company, very fond of him, & much caressed by him, I became dissipated & thoughtless. When my Father forced me down to Scotland, I was at first very low-spirited altho' to appearance very high. I afterwards from my natural vivacity endeavoured to make myself easy; & like a man who takes to drinking to banish care, I threw myself loose as a heedless dissipated rattling fellow who might say or do every ridiculous thing. This made me sought after by every body for the present hour but I found myself a very inferior being; and I found many People presuming to treat me as such, which notwithstanding of my appearance of undiscerning gayety, gave me much pain. I was in short a character very different from what God intended me, and I myself chose. I remember my friend Johnston told me one day after my return from London, that I had turned out different from what he imagined, as he thought I would resemble Mr. Addison.¹⁸ I laughed & threw out some loud sallie of humour; but the observation struck deep. Indeed I must do myself the Justice to say that I allways resolved to be such a man whenever my affairs were made easy & I got upon my own footing. For as I despaired of that, I endeavoured to lower my views & just to be a good-humoured comical being[,] well liked either as a Waiter[,] a common Soldier, a Clerk in Jamaica or some other odd out-of-the-way sphere. Now when my Father at last put me into an independent situation I felt my mind regain it's native

dignity. I felt strong dispositions to be a Mr. Addison. [I]ndeed I had accustomed myself so much to laugh at every thing that it required time to render my imagination sollid, & give me just notions of real life, and of religion: But I hoped by degrees to attain to some degree of propriety. Mr. Addison's character in *Sentiment* mixed with a little of the gayety of Sir Richard Steele,¹⁹ & the manners of Mr. Digges were the ideas which I aimed to realize. Indeed I must say that Digges has more or as much of the deportment of a man of fashion, as anybody I ever saw; and he keeps up this so well that he never once lessened upon me even on an intimate acquaintance; altho' he is now & then somewhat melancholy, under which it is very difficult to preserve dignity; and this I think is particularly to be admired in Mr. Digges. Indeed he & I never came to familiarity which is justly said to beget contempt. The great art of living easy & happy in Society is to study proper behaviour, & even with our most intimate friends to observe politeness; otherwise we will insensibly treat each other with a degree of rudeness & each will find himself despised in some measure by the other. As I was therefore pursuing this laudable plan, I was vexed at the arrival of the Kellie family,²⁰ with whom when in Scotland I had been in the greatest familiarity; Had they not come for a twelvemonth I should have been somewhat established in my Address but as I had been but a fortnight from them, I could not without the appearance of strong affectation, appear much different from what they had seen me. I accordingly was very free, but rather more silent, which they imputed to my dullness & roasted me about London's not being agreeable to me. I bore it pretty well & left them. I then went to A Play of Terence's (the Eunuch) performed by the King's Scholars of Westminster School.²¹ There was a very numerous audience; not one of whom I knew except Churchill²² & him only by sight. Altho' I seldom understood them yet I was entertained to see the Boys play & hear them speak latin with the english accent. When Dr. Markham the Master²³ came in, the Scholars gave a loud clap. My mind was filled with many ideas of London, which releived me from care.