Mr Mayor, Mr Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen

I have three reasons to be grateful for your invitation to be your President this year.

The first is that it is an honour for anyone to be President of this Society. The roll of Past Presidents bears the names of many distinguished men and women of letters - not least my immediate predecessor, Professor Bruce Redford. Though I cannot pretend to match their scholarship, I am proud to be numbered among them.

Yet it is daring on your part - even in the bicentenary year of Bozzy's death - to have invited a Scotsman, speaking with a Scottish accent, to propose the immortal memory of Samuel Johnson. But I comfort myself, in Lichfield, with the following exchange:

Sir Alexander Macdonald: I have been correcting several Scotch accents in my friend Boswell. I doubt, Sir, if any Scotchman ever attains to a perfect English pronunciation.

Johnson: Why, Sir, very few of them do, because they do not persevere after acquiring a certain degree of it. But, Sir, there can be no doubt that they may attain to a perfect English pronunciation, if they will. ... Sir, when people watch me narrowly, and I do not watch myself, they will find me out to be of a particular county. ... But, Sir, little aberrations are of no disadvantage.\(^1\)

Indeed, where Bozzy was concerned, Johnson was rather tolerant in the matter of accents:

As to Miss Veronica's Scotch, I think it cannot be helped. An English maid you might easily have; but she would still imitate the greater number, as they would be likewise those whom she must most respect. Her dialect will not be gross. Her Mamma has not much Scotch, and you yourself have very little. I hope she knows my name, and does not call me Johnston.\(^2\)

Johnson’s objections to the "Scotch" spelling of his name have been more than mere prejudice. You will remember that he is said to have had an uncle who was hanged. According to Sir Walter Scott, writing to Croker when he was preparing his edition of the Life:
The fate of this unhappy uncle, who seems to have been
"The man to thieves and bruisers dear,
Who kept the ring at Smithfield half a year,"
is said to have taken place at Dumfries circuit in Scotland.
Old Dr McNicol touches on the circumstance in his remarks on
Johnson's "Tour in the Hebrides". He observes that the
Doctor has said a tree is as great a rarity in Scotland as a
horse in Venice. "I know nothing about this," says the
Highland commentator, "as I do not know the numbers of the
Venetian cavalry. But I am much mistaken if a near relative of
the Doctor's at no remote date had not some reason given to
believe that a tree was not quite so great a rarity." This story,
if true, adds some faith to the report that Johnson's
grandfather (like the grandsire of Rare Ben) was actually an
Annandale Johnstone who altered the spelling of his name,
euphoniae gratia, to Anglicize it. Do not you, however, go to
establish this tradition if you are afraid of ghosts, for spirits
can be roused; old Samuel will break his cerements at the idea
of being proved a Scotchman.

Far be it from me to raise old Samuel's ghost. But if you want a
theory to pursue - and our Chairman told us last night that he has
theories about everything - you might wonder where, but from Scotland,
old Samuel got his quarrelsome and argumentative temper.
Scotch Bozzy certainly was - and in some ways inordinately proud of
it. His father was 150% Scotch in the way that Johnson is thought, at
any rate, to have been 150% English. Scott tells us that:

Old Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer, a good scholar,
after the manner of Scotland, and highly valued his own
advantages as man of good estate and ancient family, and
moreover, he was a strict Presbyterian and Whig of the old
Scottish cast, videlicet a friend to the Revolution and the
Protestant line. This did not prevent his being a terribly proud
aristocrat, and great was the contempt he entertained and
expressed for his son James for the nature of his friendships,
and the character of the personages of whom he was engoué
one after another. "There's nae hope for Jamie, man," he said
to a friend; "Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think,
man? He's done wi' Pauli; he's off wi the land-louping
scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has
pinned himself to now, man?" - here the old judge summoned
up a sneer of most sovereign contempt - "a dominie, man - an
auld dominie. He keepit a schule, and caa'd it an acaademy."
As we know, Lord Auchinleck and Johnson almost came to blows when they met, but the details of the great altercation have been preserved for us only in Scott's letter to Croker. Boswell thought it would be "very unbecoming in me to exhibit my honoured father and my respected friend as intellectual gladiators for the entertainment of the publick". His reluctance to show either Johnson or his father in an unfavourable light brings me to my topic for this evening: the conflict of loyalties.

The conflict of loyalties that splits families and separates friend from friend is something that we, in late twentieth-century Britain, are not well-placed to understand, although women priests and Europe seem, in some quarters, to produce that effect. Christabel Bielenberg and Janet Teissier du Cros have written memorably about the conflict of loyalties in Germany and France during the last War, and it is still part of life for those who live in Ireland and the former Yugoslavia today.

John Buchan thought such conflict was endemic in the Scottish character: writing of Ramsay Macdonald, he said that, "To understand him, one had to understand the Scottish Celt, with his ferocious pride, his love of pageantry and poetry, his sentiment about the past, his odd contradictory loyalties." It is certainly a recurring theme in Scottish literature: in Weir of Hermiston, where the relationship between the Scottish judge and his son surely owes something to Stevenson's knowledge of the relationship between Boswell and his father; and in Midwinter, John Buchan's novel about the Jacobite Rising where Johnson has more than a walk-on part.

The Jacobite Rising - or Rebellion, if you prefer - is the setting of Sir Walter Scott's Waverley, the first great historical novel in the English language. The plot may appear shallow and improbable unless you remember that it is really about the conflict between Edward Waverley's romantic admiration for the Young Pretender and his supporters on the one hand, and on the other, his respect for Colonel Talbot, the model of the gentleman soldier concerned only for the stability of Georgian England.

The sub-title of Waverley, 'Tis Sixty Years Since, reminds us that Scott was writing about events which happened in the lifetime of people who were still alive when he wrote - events which split families high and low, ruined others and made fortunes for those who kept an eye on the main chance (a sub-theme of Midwinter). Specifically, those events happened during the lifetime of Johnson and Boswell and engaged both of them emotionally. John Wain pooh-poohed their significance for Johnson, but I believe he was wrong and I will try to explain why.

That brings me to my second reason to be grateful to you.

People writing about contemporary or near-contemporary events frequently leave out details which later generations need to know in order to understand what they have written. It is an important part of the...
work of the historian or literary commentator to fill that gap.

A writer may leave out what we need to know for one of two reasons. First, he may do so because, writing about contemporary events, he takes it for granted that the reader knows what he, the writer, knows. So, when Boswell was writing about Johnson's life in eighteenth-century England he took it for granted that his readers would know much of what we, in our time, need to be told by historians and scholars.

Second, those who write about contemporary events may not mention what it is unsafe - or at any rate incautious - to mention. Boswell was writing the Tour, but more particularly the Life, at a time of revolutionary upheaval, first in America and then, nearer home in France. The Jacobite flame did not finally die out until the death in 1807 of Henry, Duke of York and Cardinal Bishop of Frascati, to whom the Stuart succession passed on the death of the Young Pretender in 1788. The early 1790's were not a time when it was wise to write what might be construed as sedition. It was safer to write some things in what, nowadays, we would call "code" - understandable to those in the know, but not capable of being used against Boswell himself, or against the memory of Johnson.

So my second reason for being grateful to you is that, as well as setting me the holiday task of rereading Boswell and Johnson, you set me off on a rather breathless chase through recent books about the politics and religion of eighteenth century England in search of coded meanings. Several things became clearer to me.

Most of my generation learned our English history from the pages of G.M. Trevelyan. We were taught to see the eighteenth century as the period during which the abuses of the seventeenth century - particularly of the Stuart monarchy - gave way to the stability of Georgian England, the successes of the Agricultural Revolution and then of the Industrial Revolution, and so, ultimately, to the British Empire. So far as the Church and the ancient Universities were concerned, they were, in the words of Lytton Strachey, inspired by Gibbon, happy to "sleep the sleep of the comfortable".

Johnson was part of that image - the quintessential Englishman of solid yeoman stock. That is the image John Wain gives of him and his family:

Like anyone who stood for public office, Michael Johnson had signed, not once, but over and over again, pledges of allegiance to the Hanovers and renunciation of the Old Pretender. Boswell tells us that Johnson senior "retained his attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart, though he reconciled himself, by casuistical arguments of expediency and necessity, to take the oaths imposed by the prevailing power" - a passage which has led many readers to imagine fearful inner struggles, a final capitulation, a lasting sense of shame.
But these things existed more in Boswell's vivid imagination than in the monochrome inner landscape of a solid Midland tradesman. Boswell, as a Scot, identified his national pride with "the unfortunate house of Stuart"; he would be unlikely to take account of the hard facts, that the Stuarts had been given a chance over two generations to govern England in a way that was to the liking of the English people, had made a mess of it, been replaced by a republic, been recalled after another generation and made a mess of it again. Michael Johnson, as a Tory, would obviously regret that it had been necessary to disturb the regular succession to the English crown, and he might have indulged in some nostalgic head-shaking over the departed Stuarts - especially in view of the utter charmlessness of the early Hanoverian kings! But that he had to bend the rules of his personal morality in order to conform to the existing order, to invent "casuistical" arguments, is a bit of Boswellian nonsense on a par with the teasing suggestion that, if Johnson's mother had really wanted him cured of scrofula, "she should have taken him to Rome". Le. to be touched by the Old Pretender: who, again as a matter of hard fact, was not yet living in Rome in 1712.

In other words, according to John Wain, any serious allegiance to Jacobitism on the part of the Johnson family, father or son, was no more than an absurd product of Boswell's Scottish imagination. But when it suits John Wain's thesis, Boswell writing on the same subject becomes responsible, accurate and trustworthy:

The rest of [1745] was a gloomy one for Johnson. He wrote little; so little, indeed, that Boswell comments on his unproductiveness and mentions a belief, held by "some", that the fateful Rising of that year, the last unlucky adventure of the House of Stuart, weighed heavily on his spirits and brought his mind to a standstill by "sympathetic anxiety". *Boswell himself is careful to state* that he himself believes no such thing; but the hint has proved a fruitful one for more enthusiastic and less responsible writers, and the celebrated John Buchan went so far as to perpetrate a novel (*Midwinter*) which depicts Johnson hastening north to give his services to the Jacobite cause. All good fun; *but Boswell, whose concern was to represent Johnson accurately rather than to write romantic fiction*, is more to be trusted:

I have heard him declare that, if holding up his right hand would have secured victory at Culloden to Prince Charles's
army, he was not sure he would have held it up; so little confidence had he in the right claimed by the House of Stuart, and so fearful was he of the consequences of another revolution on the throne of Great Britain. 19

For myself, the significant words in Wain’s quotation from Boswell are, “he was not sure”. The real question is not whether Johnson and his father were 100% committed Jacobites - there is plenty of evidence that they were not - but whether Boswell’s references to their Jacobitism are more than mere nonsense or romantic nostalgia. The mistake is to suppose, with Private Willis, “That every boy and every gal, That’s born into this world alive, Is either a little Liberal, Or else a little Conservative.” 20

In truth, most people - even those who are strongly committed - have some sympathy with the other side of the political argument, and that was as true of the eighteenth century as of our own. The difference is that, in the eighteenth century, religion was inextricably mixed up with politics and, whatever else we know about Johnson, we know that he was a deeply religious man, much troubled by problems of conscience. Ambivalence about important things is as much a part of human nature as strong conviction.

The commonsense, "solid English yeoman" view of Johnson’s England is - if not untrue - at least seriously incomplete. Jacobitism was not just about whether it was better to be ruled by the romantic but incompetent Stuarts or the boring but solid Hanoverians. Jacobitism was about religion as well as politics, and the High Church belief in the divine right (or at least the divine authority) of kings was alive and well throughout the century.

Do you remember the story about Johnson’s remark at dinner to Miss Roberts, the cousin of Bennet Langton: "My dear, I hope you are a Jacobite."

Old Mr Langton, who, though, a high steady Tory, was attached to the present Royal Family, seemed offended and asked Johnson, with great warmth, what he could mean by putting such a question to his niece? "Why, Sir, (said Johnson) I meant no offence to your niece, I meant her a great compliment. A Jacobite, Sir, believes in the divine right of Kings. He that believes in the divine right of Kings believes in a Divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right of Bishops. He that believes in the divine right of Bishops believes in the divine authority of the Christian religion. Therefore, Sir, a Jacobite is neither an Atheist nor a Deist. That cannot be said of a Whig; for Whiggism is a negation of all principle." 21
Belief in the divine character of kingship was the basis of the widespread belief in touching for the King's Evil (scrofula). Although Johnson himself failed to benefit from it, touching was regularly practised, not only by Queen Anne, but by the Old Pretender ("James III") and great was the dismay in London when, in a History of England published in 1747, a Jacobite historian recorded a successful case of touching by him in Avignon. Touching was still being practised by his son, the Cardinal Bishop of Frascati ("Henry IX"), at the end of the eighteenth century, and Charles X of France touched for the evil at his coronation in 1824 as affirmation of his just title. It was a matter of more than antiquarian controversy whether the royal gift was conferred by anointing or by blood succession from St Edward the Confessor.

On either view, anointing was of utmost importance since it conferred the sacred quality of kingship. It is no accident that one of the great anthems written by Handel for the coronation of George II was on the text, "Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet anointed Solomon King". Another High Tory text appropriated for Handel's coronation anthems is "My heart is inditing of a good matter ... Kings shall be thy nursing fathers and queens thy nursing mothers." For High Churchmen, this was the text which justified the Royal Supremacy, since it reflected the sacral office of the monarch to watch over and protect the church as a 'nursing father'. So, well into the eighteenth-century, High Church belief in the divine office of kingship was turned to Hanoverian advantage.

Again, it is no accident that the altercation between Johnson and Boswell's father came to a head over Cromwell and the execution of Charles I.

Johnson press[ed] upon the old judge the question, What good Cromwell, of whom he had said something mitigatory, had ever done to his country, [and] after being much tortured, Lord Auchinleck at last spoke out: "Why, Doctor! he gar'd kings ken that they had a lith in their neck". He taught kings they had a joint in their neck.

Scott says that, at this point, Boswell had to separate them like fighting dogs, and one of Rowlandson's cartoons shows Johnson attacking Auchinleck with a large book entitled "Liturgy". The attempt to force Laud's Liturgy on Scotland was one of the many ways in which Charles I 'made a mess of it'.

Two little details will suffice to emphasise the significance of Charles I, the Martyr King, for Johnson. First, his London church was St Clement Dane's which, in 1721, installed a handsome new picture of Charles I. In 1725, it went further and installed an altpiece which was said to depict Clementina Sobieska, wife of the Old Pretender, as an
angell. Second, when Johnson accompanied Boswell to Harwich on his way to Holland, they stopped at Colchester. "Johnson talked of that town with veneration, for having stood a siege for Charles the First".27 Perhaps that is hardly surprising in a son of Lichfield, brought up on the story of Dumb Dyott. But then the Lichfield of Johnson's youth was hardly the monochrome landscape of John Wain's imagining.

At the beginning of the Life, Boswell tells the story of Michael Johnson taking Samuel on his shoulders, at the age of three, to hear Dr Sacheverell in Lichfield Cathedral.29 The panel on the statue in the Market Square of Lichfield depicts the young Samuel listening with rapt attention to the sermon of a devout and serious preacher - a monochrome presentation, and perhaps just faintly boring. The truth is more exciting.

If, in fact Samuel was only three when he was taken to hear Dr Sacheverell, that was at a time when Sacheverell was barred from preaching, having been found guilty by the House of Lords of seditious libel. The nearest contemporary parallel to Dr Henry Sacheverell is Dr Ian Paisley. According to the Dictionary of National Biography,

Both in pamphlets and sermons he advocated the high church and tory cause, and violently abused dissenters, low churchmen, latitudinarians and whigs. ... Not less violent than his pamphlets, his sermons on political and ecclesiastical matters attracted special attention owing to his striking appearance and energetic delivery.

In 1702 he preached a sermon in Oxford saying that "the throne was based on the altar; that heresy and schism [i.e. the Glorious Revolution of 1688] must lead to rebellion [i.e. Tory rebellion]; and that, rather than strike sail to a party that is so open and avowed an enemy of our communion, he would hang out the bloody flag of defiance".

In 1709, the year of Samuel's birth, Sacheverell was impeached in respect of two sermons (one in Derby, the other in St Paul's) which were described as "malicious, scandalous, and seditious libels, highly reflecting upon Her Majesty and her government, the late happy revolution, and the protestant succession". When Queen Anne went privately to attend his trial, she was greeted, somewhat contradictorily, by the crowd with shouts of "God bless your majesty and the church. We hope your majesty is for Dr Sacheverell". Riots followed, meeting-houses were attacked and the houses of several leading whigs threatened.

In March 1710, Sacheverell was convicted, the two offending sermons were ordered to be burned by the common hangman, and he was suspended from preaching for three years.
Such a sentence was felt to be a triumph for him and the high-church and tory party, and the news of it was received with extra extraordinary enthusiasm throughout the kingdom; great rejoicings being made in London, Oxford, and many other towns, and continued for several days. The ladies were specially enthusiastic, filled the churches where he read prayers, besought him to christen their children, and called several after him.30

That is the nature of "the publick spirit and zeal for Sacheverell" to which Boswell refers, and that is why Michael Johnson believed that Samuel "would have staid for ever in the church, satisfied with beholding him". So forget the picture of the good little boy listening to the pious preacher, and think instead of the Samuel we know and love attending his first political meeting.

Another Johnsonian hero of the same caste as Sacheverell appears only in one of Boswell's footnotes.

Almost at the end of Johnson's life, Boswell gives us him talking about "that learned and venerable writer" the Hon. Archibald Campbell31 who, surprisingly for a Campbell, was a Bishop of the non-juring communion. Johnson says, "I never knew a non-juror who could reason." But Boswell adds a footnote telling of another discussion of non-jurors, in the course of which the learned but eccentric John Henderson asks, "But Sir, what do you think of Leslie?" Johnson replies, "Charles Leslie I had forgotten. Leslie was a reasoner, and a reasoner who was not to be reasoned against".

And who was Charles Leslie? Another vehement pamphleteer and preacher who, in 1695, published Gallienus Redivivus, or Murther will out. Macaulay identified this pamphlet as one of the principal sources for the facts of the Massacre of Glencoe. And who was the target of the pamphlet? None other than William III - King Billy - whom Johnson described as "one of the most worthless scoundrels that ever existed."32

Leslie followed the Old Pretender to St Germains, Bar-le-Duc and Rome, but before doing so, he published The Finishing Stroke, Being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme of Government -- an imaginary Battle Royal between, on the one hand, two noted apologists for the Glorious Revolution, and on the other, Hottentot, who stands for man in the supposed state of nature. According to the DNB, "This is probably the most plausible presentation ever made of the older form of the patriarchal theory of the origin of government".

The patriarchal theory of the origin of government was the antithesis of John Locke's theory of government based on a supposed compact between the governed and the governors. According to the patriarchal theory, the natural state of mankind is not an imaginary social contract between governors and governed, but acceptance of patriarchal rule - a
form of rule which involves reciprocal obligations of protection on the one hand and obedience on the other. That is the essence of High Toryism, as opposed to Whiggism. *Patriarcha*, written by Sir Robert Filmer during the seventeenth century, remained influential throughout the eighteenth century and was even mentioned with approval by Jeremy Bentham. With that in mind, I ask you now to take yourselves in imagination to the island of Raasay, lying between Skye and the mainland, to which Boswell and Johnson were rowed, with Johnson "sitting high on the stern, like a magnificent Triton" while the oarsmen sang a Jacobite song. Boswell "was strongly struck with our long-projected scheme of visiting the Hebrides being realized."

They had spent a disagreeable time as the guests of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat (the same Sir Alexander who "corrected several Scotch accents in my friend Boswell") with whom "having been an Eton scholar, and being a gentleman of talents, Johnson had been very well pleased in London". On Skye, they were "dissatisfied at hearing of racked rents and emigration; and finding a chief not surrounded by his clan ... My endeavours to rouse the English-bred Chieflain to the feudal and patriarchal feelings, proving ineffectual, Dr Johnson tried to bring him to our way of thinking". Johnson said, "Sir, we shall make nothing of him. He has no more ideas of a chief than an attorney who has twenty houses in a street and considers how much he can make of them. All is wrong. He has nothing to say to the people when they come about him." On Raasay, five days later, they were the guests of Macleod of Raasay who did not force his people to emigrate. On their first morning on Raasay, Johnson exclaims: *This is truly the patriarchal life; this is what we came to find*. So, they had come to Scotland with a purpose. The purpose, at least in part, was to find evidence for the patriarchal theory. The sin of Macdonald of Sleat lay, not in his arrogance or his stupidity, but in his failure in his hereditary obligation to protect and succour his people.

To some extent, that concurs with Pat Roger's theory about the tour of the Hebrides. He argues that Johnson's *Journey* is a "tacit rebuke" to the Edinburgh Enlightenment, "the theorists of primitivism and the students of savage society who had never strayed far from their metropolis".

Whereas the great productions of the Scottish enlightenment (as, broadly, with its French equivalent) had been works of pure analysis, Johnson provides a study of manners and morals conducted within that society - on the hoof, so to speak. ... His book does not refuse to pass judgement, but it judges on the basis of empirical evidence. Naturally, this was not what Boswell wanted at all.
According to Rogers, the *Tour of the Hebrides* was, for Boswell, "a
fantasy recreation of Charles Edward's experiences in the Highlands", in
which Boswell used Johnson "as a kind of fetishistic aid" to act out his
(Boswell's) own identity crisis. He "stage-managed events so that his
objects of wish-fulfilment could occupy the same space": Johnson "the
Rambler" sleeping in the same bed as Charles Edward "the Wanderer" at
the home of Flora Macdonald who is, according to Rogers, "a relatively
small character in the Johnson narrative".39

I suggest, with the greatest of respect, that that is as great a nonsense
as Boswell ever conceived.

Flora Macdonald, it is true, does not take up many lines in Johnson's
*Journey*. But his meeting with her caused him to write two sentences
which, in their classic simplicity, are amongst the most moving in
English literature:

> We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr
> Macdonald and his lady, Flora Macdonald, a name that will be
> mentioned in history and, if courage and fidelity be virtues,
> mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle stature,
> soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence.40

*Johnson* wrote those words and published them *ten years* before
Boswell published the *Tour*. Can you doubt the genuine emotion? Does
it not remind you, as it reminds me, of Johnson's splendid rebuke to
Boswell when he began to "indulge old Scottish sentiments":

> Sir, never talk of your independency, who could let your
> Queen remain twenty years in captivity, and then be put to
death, without even a pretence of justice, without your ever
attempts to rescue her; and such a Queen too! as every man
of any gallantry of spirit would have sacrificed his life for.41

At Corriechatachan, another happy place like Raasay, we have the
delightful picture of Johnson whispering with great animation to his
hostess, Mrs Mackinnon, the sister of Flora Macdonald. Here is the
account in Boswell's original manuscript version:

> While we were at dinner, Mr. Johnson kept a close
whispering conference with Mrs. M'Kinnon about the
particulars of the Prince's escape. The company were
entertained and pleased to observe it. Upon that subject, there
was a warm union between the soul of Mr Samuel Johnson
and that of an isle of Skye farmer's wife. It is curious to see
people, though ever so much removed from each other in the
general system of their lives, come close together on a
particular point which is common to each. ...We were merry with Coirechatachan, on Mr. Johnson's whispering with his wife. She cried, "I'm in love with him. What is it to live and not love?" So she humoured our merriment. At the same time, she was really most heartily taken with his conversation. Upon her saying something, which I did not hear or cannot recollect, he seized her hand keenly, and kissed it. Here was loyalty strongly exemplified.42

The oddity in that passage is the words "something which I did not hear or cannot recollect". Are we seriously to believe that Boswell, if he heard it, would have forgotten a Jacobite remark that caused Johnson to seize and kiss the hand of his hostess? And why, in the published Tour, did Boswell omit the concluding sentence: "Here was loyalty strongly exemplified"? Johnson, who read Boswell's manuscript journal as they went along, presumably did not object. Was it too dangerous to leave it in, even after Johnson's death?

The whole story of the Young Pretender's escape after Culloden is one of divided loyalties. The step-father of Flora Macdonald and Mrs Mackinnon was the captain of a troop of militia sent to South Uist to search for the Wanderer. It was he who gave his step-daughter the safe conduct which enabled her to take the Wanderer to Skye dressed as Betty Burke. The Macleods of Raasay, father and son, were closely involved in the escape. They were all risking their lives and those of their families for someone who, for all his charisma, had shown himself to be weak and selfish.

Johnson's fascination with the story is not a figment of Boswell's fevered imagination. On the contrary, it was part and parcel of his High Tory belief in the divinely ordered patriarchal society. By way of proof, I ask you to consider the closing paragraph of his description of Raasay:

Raasay has little that can detain a traveller, except the Laird and his family: but their power wants no auxiliaries. Such a seat of hospitality, amidst the winds and waters, fills the imagination with a delightful contrariety of images. Without is the rough ocean and the rocky land, the beating billows and the howling storm: within is plenty and elegance, beauty and gaiety, the song and the dance. In Raasay, if I could have found an Ulysses, I had fancied a Phaeacia.43

Phaeacia was the fairytale island where Ulysses was washed ashore after his shipwreck in the fifth book of Homer's Odyssey. It was a land of patriarchal happiness to which Johnson might well have thought to compare Raasay. But why does he need to say "if I could have found an Ulysses"? Fleeman suggests that Ulysses is Johnson himself44, but that
Surely this is "code". Ulysses is the archetypal "Wanderer" and Johnson's last sentence with appropriate substitutions, means this: "In Raasay, if I could have found The Wanderer, I had fancied a society in the perfect state of nature - the archetype of the patriarchal life". All that was missing was the Wanderer - and was he not the Young Pretender who, by then, had succeeded his father as "Charles III"?

If that be the true interpretation, Johnson was still ambivalent about Jacobitism at the age of 64. But he was not alone in his ambivalence. Croker records that a daughter of George III told a friend:

I was ashamed to hear myself called Princess Augusta, and never could persuade myself that I was so, as long as any of the Stuart family were alive; but after the death of Cardinal York, I felt myself to be really Princess Augusta.45

Well, you may feel that all this challenges too much your image of Johnson as the archetypal commonsense Englishman. For myself, I have never been comfortable with that image of him. After all, for someone whose chief characteristic was common sense, he committed himself to a surprising number of extravagant and, by modern standards, irrational remarks!

Of course, there was a side of Johnson that was robust Georgian common sense. But there was also another side - an obsession with sin and death, and a fear of Hell, which belonged more to the seventeenth than to the eighteenth century. If we have to add to that a deep and lasting conflict of religious and political loyalties, that does not - for me at least - make Johnson a lesser or less interesting man.

That brings me to my third and simplest reason for being grateful to you. Today, in the sunshine, Lichfield itself has been far from monochrome. I had always wanted to see this town and its beautiful Cathedral, but I had never found my way here. On behalf of my wife and myself, thank you for bringing us here; thank you for arranging the weather; and thank you, above all, for your friendship and hospitality.

This was Judge David Edward's Presidential Address at the Annual Supper of the Johnson Society in the Guildhall, Lichfield, 23rd September, 1995. Judge David A. O. Edward, CMG, QC, LLD, FRSE has, since 1989, been one of the 15 judges of the Court of Justice of the European Community, and he lives in Luxembourg. He was born in Perth, graduated in classics at Oxford and law at Edinburgh, practised as an advocate in Scotland until 1989 and was Salvesen Professor of European Institutions at the University of Edinburgh from 1985 till 1989. He has published extensively on legal subjects and European institutions. Among his many other appointments, he has been a trustee of the National Library of Scotland (1966-95) and he is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.
References


3. "I had likewise an uncle Andrew (my Father's Brother) says Dr Johnson - who kept the ring at Smithfield a whole Year - (where they wrestled and boxed) - and never was thrown or conquered here says he are Uncles for you! - if that's the way to your Heart."; Thraliana, vol.I, p. 380 (17 April 1779).

4. Donald McNicol, Remarks on Dr Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides, 1779.


6. Scott to Croker, Ibid. p. 113. (In Scotland, an "academy" was a grammar school.)

7. Tour, 6 November 1773.


10. John Buchan, Memory Hold-the-Door, 1940, p. 239.

11. Boswell and his father, Scott and Stevenson were all members of the Faculty of Advocates, the Scottish Bar.


18. John Wain seems never to have read *Midwinter*. Johnson was hastening north after the heiress (Claudia Grevel) who had been committed to his charge and had eloped to marry the weak English Jacobite, Sir John Norreys. The point of the story is that Johnson persuades Alastair Maclean, the hero, hastening north to join the Pretender, to help him rescue Claudia. This prevents Maclean from joining the Pretender in time and they part at the Border, Maclean to go north, Johnson (sorrowfully) south. The book is worth reading, not least for its portrait of Johnson as a youngish man.


20. *Iolanthe*, Act II.


30. *DNB*, "Sacheverell".

32. *Life*, p. 611 (6 April 1775).

33. See Clark, *op. cit.*, for numerous references to Filmer in the Index and especially p. 75 for Bentham.

34. *Tour*, p. 162 (8 September 1773).

35. *Tour*, pp. 150-151 (4 September 1773).

36. *Journal*, p. 117.

37. *Tour*, p. 167 (9 September 1773), italics added.

38. Rogers, *op. cit.*, pp. 4-5.


42. *Journal*, p. 229 (28 September 1773).

